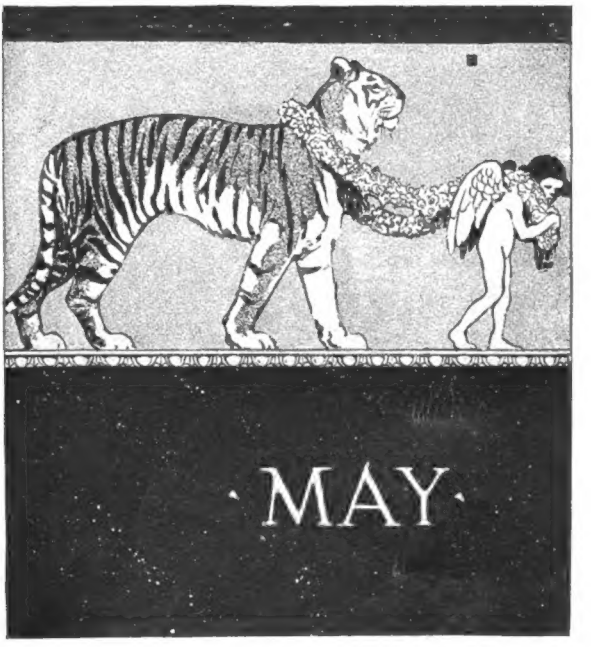

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THE ÆGEAN SEA.

From a painting by Frederick E. Church, in the Metropolitan Museum.

—*Little Talks on Pictures, by Sir Caspar Purdon Clarke.* *Page 622.*

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VOL XXII EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE NO. 5

MAY 1910

The BARRED GATEWAY

by JOHN L. MATHEWS

Author of

"REMAKING THE MISSISSIPPI"

JIMMY BALL was a drummer who used to visit our town regularly once a month. He stood in front of the post-office one day and read for the third or fourth time a brief letter from his employer which he had just received.

"If that ain't just like the blame old tightwad," he said, and read it again:

Dear Sir: I note in your last expense account an item of $3.18 for ten telegrams. Please report in detail net returns to us on this item.

That was, indeed, just like Jimmy's "Old Man." He had a way of singling out little, unimportant items from a big expense bill and demanding to know precisely how they redounded to the benefit of his business.

This habit of the "Old Man's" was tiresome to Jimmy Ball; but it was a pretty good thing for the "Old Man," since it assured in the end that the money he paid out accomplished its real purpose. It is a good habit for all of us to acquire, and it would not be a bad idea to apply it once in a while to our national expenditures. We trust the government employees at Washington to handle with care the many appropriations which are made by Congress for their disposal; and we look at the annual report of each department, when it comes along, with an easy feeling that the bulk of the money has been well and wisely spent. Such an attitude, however, would never suit Jimmy Ball's Old Man.

He would pick up, for example, the annual report of the Chief of Engineers of the War Department, and, running through its pages, where total expenditures of nearly $500,000,000 are accounted for, would find some small and unimportant item like this:

"*Bridgeport, Connecticut; improving harbor, total to date*, $623,400."

The Old Man would look at that thoughtfully for a few minutes, purse his lips, and then reach for his bristly stub pen, and write:

MAJOR HARRY TAYLOR, U. S. Engineer, Bridgeport, Connecticut.

Dear Sir: I see your department has us, the people, charged with $623,400 for harbor work at Bridgeport. Please make a detailed statement showing exactly how that expenditure improves business or is otherwise justified by returns.

What would Major Taylor reply? Try it yourself and see. The chances are he would report that for this sum we have deepened the two-foot Pequonnock River to fifteen feet, dredged an eighteen-foot anchorage, and so made a channel by which ships can come from Long Island Sound to Bridgeport waterfront.

That answer would satisfy you, or me, because we do not know enough about harbor business to judge what we ought to receive.

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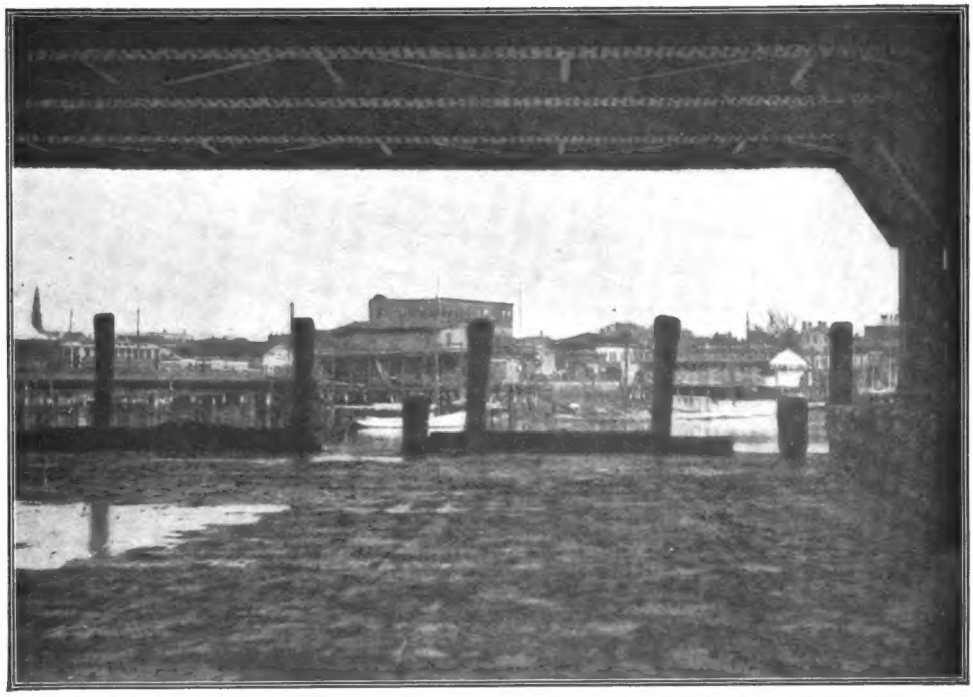

BRIDGEPORT'S CITY DOCK—FORTY-EIGHT FEET WIDE, THE ONLY WATER-FRONT PROPERTY OWNED BY THE CITY. VIEW TAKEN FROM WALL STREET, LOOKING UNDER THE BRIDGE OF THE NEW YORK, NEW HAVEN, & HARTFORD RAILWAY, WHICH OWNS OR CONTROLS THE REST OF THE SHORE LINE.

But the Old Man is wiser. He goes deeper into such questions. He has not had that channel dug just to employ dredges. He has had before him steadily an idea, a purpose—to open a gateway, broad and clear, from our country to the sea and to the world, through which incoming and outgoing commerce may flow with the least possible resistance. Gruff, hard, businesslike though he is, he is a bit of an idealist, this Old Man of Jimmy's, and he believes that the interchange of commodities and of the ideas which go along with them, among nations, is an uplifting and a developing process for mankind. (As well as profitable business.) He knows that there are in every port, as on every river, three elements necessary for this flowing of commerce—the ship to carry the freight, the channel for it to enter by, and the docks on which to discharge its cargo. With the ships he has at the moment no concern; but docks are an important proposition. He wires back to Major Taylor:

"*What benefit are Bridgeport merchants receiving from this channel?*"

Right there Major Taylor is stumped—and so would be many another engineer upon our harbor works. For the fifteen-foot channel in Bridgeport, like numerous other government-built waterways that we shall hear about in this story, is separated from its free use by the people by an entanglement of steel rails and worn-out piling, privately-owned railroad tracks and ill-equipped docks—stretching across the channel like a barbed wire across a farmyard gate. It matters not whether you are an independent shipper seeking an outlet to the world, or an independent carrier endeavoring to land a cargo in America—you will see as you approach Bridgeport, or many another port, this sign hung out, reading on both sides the same:

"THIS GATEWAY BARRED."

On our seaboard harbors we have spent, altogether, something like $150,000,000 to facilitate our foreign and coastwise trade. Germany, France, England, and Japan are pouring out their surplus manufactures into the markets of the world; and success in reaching these markets is with each nation a vital problem. England is slowly dropping back from the lead. France was long ago outstripped. Japan we have not yet tested.

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LOOKING EAST FROM BRIDGEPORT, DOWN THE HARBOR. THE SHORE ON THE RIGHT HAS BEEN THE SCENE OF A THREE-YEAR FIGHT FOR POSSESSION BETWEEN THE CITY AND THE RAILROAD. THE RAILROAD HAS WON SO FAR.

But Germany, her people sturdy, well-nourished, well-ruled; her manufacturers aided in the highest degree by science and system; her transportation cost reduced to the lowest figure, is building on a sure and solid foundation, logically and with clear foresight, in order to lay down her goods in the markets of the world at a lower figure than any of her rivals can meet.

Time was when America, exuberantly young, rested content with the great bulk of raw products which she was able to sell abroad. Millions of bushels of wheat, millions of bales of cotton, cattle, corn, coal, iron—all went abroad in their crude condition and made a magnificent balance of trade in our favor. But our own cotton mills are rapidly taking up our cotton supply; our increasing population has reduced our other exports. We have, instead, an increasing manufacturing business in which, though much of it is still crude, we are gradually acquiring skill and an ability which puts us in the first rank, beside Germany herself.

The surplus manufacturing products we must place in the world's markets, and particularly in the ports of South America. All that science can do to cheapen manufacturing processes, and make them more efficient, it is doing for Germany, and it must do the same for us. But there remains, after that, transportation, the greatest problem; the chief cost between the factory and the consumer; the item which makes it possible or impossible for us to compete with Germany at Montevideo and Buenos Ayres. This transportation cost is divided into three parts: the sea carriage, the inland carriage, and the transfer between them. The problem of the ships we must leave to another chapter. The inland transportation we considered a year ago ("Making Rivers Work," EVERYBODY'S, April, 1909), and found that the railroads and rivers of Germany work together, and that especially on the rivers the state and the cities have done everything possible to provide economy in the handling of freight. We, too, in the past year, have taken great strides forward in this direction. But for the third element, the cost of transfer between inboard and seaboard traffic, we are only groping blindly, far behind our rival. And as we went to Germany for a lesson in river traffic with which to beat her at the game, so we must go to her

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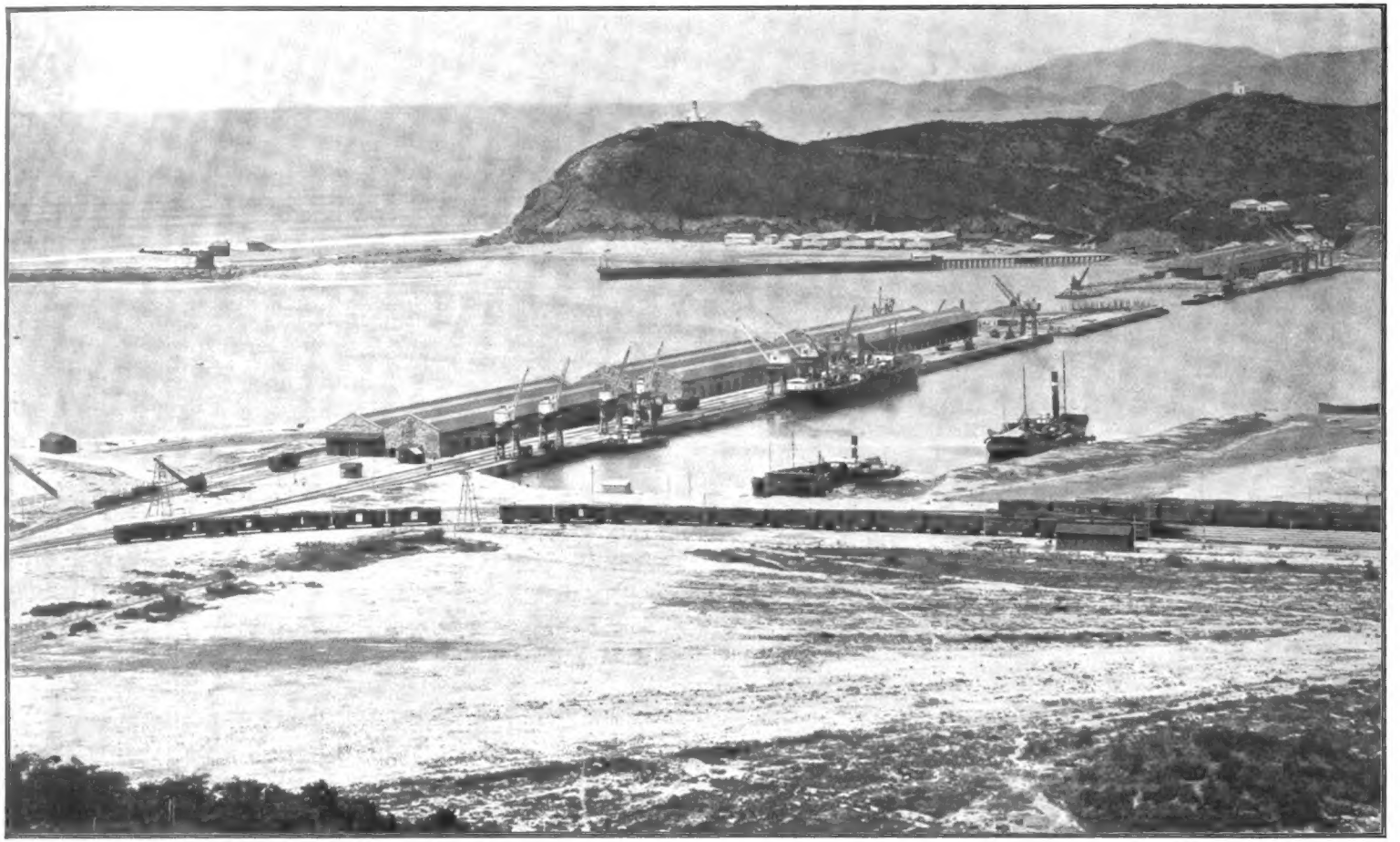

Courtesy of the Tehuantepec National Railway Co.

THE INNER HARBOR AT SALINA CRUZ, MEXICO, AND ITS MAGNIFICENT EQUIPMENT FOR UNLOADING CARGOES. NOTE THE CRANES WHICH LIFT FREIGHT DIRECTLY FROM SHIPS INTO WAREHOUSES OR CARS.

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again to learn how to untangle the wires that render difficult and slow the passage through our seaports to the sea.

Let us look abroad, then, before we examine, with the proper exhibits before us, Major Taylor's report on Bridgeport harbor. Let us go down some evening to St. Catherine's Dock, hidden among the big warehouses that fringe the Thames below the Tower, and board one of the thousand-ton hookers which sail away from that intricate basin at sunset each day for the ports of Germany and Scandinavia, north England and Russia. We will find them ocean steamships, carrying good cargo, staunch, profitable little craft plying on fifteen feet across as stormy seas as our Gulf or the Caribbean, and entering harbors forbidden by bars to larger vessels. Let us board one of the Argo boats, with jolly old Captain Rabien, and sail away for Bremen with the outgoing tide. At daybreak of the second day we are in the mouth of the Weser, steaming swiftly up that safe and certain channel which the engineer Franzius built last year, with Prussia on one hand and Oldenburg on the other, until, at nine o'clock, in a bend of the river, we enter into the municipal harbor of the ancient Hansa town.

This is Haven One that we enter, a straight-away slip a mile in length and three hundred feet wide, lined on both sides with stone and brick walls. Back of these walls, separated from them by a railroad track and a wagon road, stand the handsome brick warehouses with which all Germany fills her harbors. But the real symbol of economy is not in the abrupt wall nor in the warehouse. It is in the traveling crane which rides one leg on a rail along the quay, and the other leg on a rail along the front of the warehouse, above the doors, while the engine and arm run aloft on this straddler, swinging the freight up out of the hold and delivering it in the freight car or the wagon bed, or in the warehouse door.

Under these cranes, busily taking on and discharging cargo, lie a score or more of ocean ships, all of the type in which we have come, none drawing as much as eighteen feet. Yet these are the ships that do the world-wide traffic of Bremen, and that sail away to South America, to Asia, to Africa with rich German cargoes. These are the ships that Bridgeport might have, if she had the dock to receive them.

The provision of this dock and two others like it, parallel with it, and a third slip given up to woodworking industries, are the second step taken by Bremen to open her gateway to the sea. The first was the development of a channel in the Weser, by Franzius. The third, which we have not time now to consider, was the construction at the river mouth of a great deep-water harbor, in which the largest North German Lloyd steamships from New York are berthed. And the fourth, which is vital to us, we will examine when we have taken one more look at this three-slip harbor at the gate of the city.

For the purpose of its proper conduct, the whole business of the local port is gathered into a single district below town and on one side of the Weser River, nearly two miles long and half a mile wide. Part of this region is given up to domestic manufacturing; but the rest is surrounded by a high wall, with numerous gates, and floating barriers across the mouth of each slip, constituting a "toll boundary." Within this boundary lies the free port, and commerce from all the world can be brought in, unloaded, manufactured, and taken out again, without being either examined or charged toll by the customs' men, unless it is taken through the gate that leads into Germany.

The railway which serves this port and which connects with every berth, with every factory, and with the main freight yards of the Oldenburg and Prussian railway systems, and which has also a branch to Bremerhaven, is the property of Bremen, built and operated by the city, just like the harbor. The cranes which handle the freight, the warehouses back of them, all are publicly owned and operated; and every citizen of Germany, on the one hand, and every citizen of the world, on the other, comes on equal terms with his fellows here to an interchange of traffic.

Trains from all parts of Germany, barges of freight from the Fulda and the Weser come here to meet the ships; and while many lie alongside the quays, there is provided a special anchorage for steamships which intend to transfer a whole cargo over the side to river barges.

Everything which has been done by Bremen at this port has been done to facilitate trade. No obstacle which can be removed is allowed to remain. Charges are made so low as merely to repay the bonds for the cost in a long term of years. Prompt service, efficient and intelligent transfer business—that is the Keeping of the Gate as these prosperous burghers view it. But they have gone a step farther than this in their fourth contribution

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to the race for international traffic, and are establishing now on the bank of the Weser such a "Harbor of Industry" as New Jersey will build some day, perhaps, in the Hackensack marshes.

About a mile below the mouth of the Wood Harbor, the city has purchased a tract of more than a thousand acres bordering the river and chiefly formed of land reclaimed by Franzius in straightening the river. A great basin has been dredged in this, and a lock gate constructed between the basin and the river. Then from the basin long slips are being cut back into the land, leaving between them broad tongues of ground. The city railway, extended, circles the land, and sends two or three tracks down the middle of each tongue. The slips are deep enough for vessels drawing twenty-six feet, and the lock remains open for such vessels three hours on the top of every tide, six hours out of twenty-four, so that this is practically an open port.

These tongues of land are the sites for economical manufacturing. Each tract has a railway on one hand, a ship channel on the other. Barges from every river town in Germany can come to the front door with raw material or fuel, or to take away finished goods. Ships from every port in the world can lie there. And at the back door railway cars from all Germany may be loaded or unloaded. This is the cheapest situation in the world for manufacturing. Surrounded by a toll-boundary, it is outside the German tariffs. It eliminates absolutely all wagon and truck transfers. Machinery moved by electricity handles everything. Such a harbor can manufacture American cotton, South American rubber, German steel, Norwegian wood, Chinese silks, and ship them out again cheaper than any port America has yet constructed. But this provision by the city is not enough. She adds to it some of the factory buildings in which she leases floors, and the electric power which she procures from a municipal dam above town in the Weser.

Long ago Bismarck laid down the principle that it was the duty of the government of Germany to keep her people employed and to provide for their old age. Pensions, sick benefits—and public works: these have been the inevitable results. Driven by the force of this policy, Germany has set her people at work for themselves—building handsome structures for every need; constructing railways, canals, and waterways; erecting public docks; developing the forest. The government owns and directs an interest in the mines, and works constantly to steady and make continuous the employment of labor. Under this policy the public ownership of common utilities continually increases, and with it the business sense of the multitude, the feeling of solidarity, the eagerness of all to work for general prosperity. This dock-building of Bremen is but a type, but a part, of a work which goes on steadily all the time, everywhere in Wilhelm's dominion.

We will find the same at any river mouth in the Fatherland. Let us pay but a flying visit to Hamburg before returning home and comparing this new standard with our American ports. Hamburg, like Bremen, is an old Hansa town, numbering more than half a million people, and occupying some irregular tracts of land entirely surrounded by Prussian territory, near the mouth of the Elbe. Like Bremen, Hamburg dug her own channel to the sea, and, like Bremen, she has built at the sea-gate a big auxiliary harbor, Cuxhaven, where the Hamburg American liners from New York discharge cargo. Up to the city, however, there is a channel for vessels drawing as much as twenty-six feet at high tide, and at the head of the channel the city has made full preparation to receive them.

One hundred million dollars measures Hamburg's investment in her own harbor in the past twenty years, and in that time her swelling commerce has grown from almost nothing at all to pass first Genoa, then Marseilles, then London itself, so that it now ranks second to New York, with 18,000,000 weighed tons a year. Yet all this tremendous financial burden is borne without taxation, being supported by the charges on the harbor.

From all parts of Germany down the Elbe, and from all parts of the world up the Elbe, comes Commerce, a personality to be reckoned with as an Exalted Ruler. And for his reception Hamburg has prepared a port, a Free Port surrounded by a floating wall, embracing many islands in the Elbe and many natural and artificial channels, such as no other city in the world has yet attained. A dozen huge basins, bordered by quays, equipped with warehouses, railways, freight-handling machinery, and, in addition, long rows of dolphins, or groups of piles, at which vessels may lie in the stream to discharge into lighters—these make on a grand scale the same story we have read at Bremen.

The water surface in the basins is more

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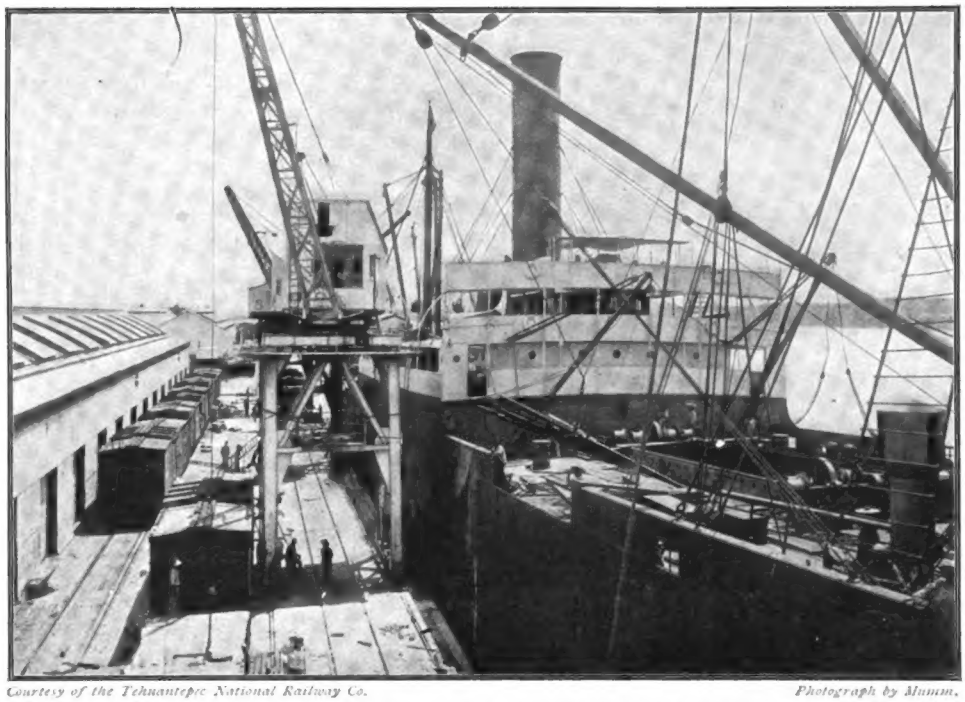

Courtesy of the Tehuantepec National Railway Co. *Photograph by Munn.*

ELECTRIC CRANES AT PUERTO MEXICO, ON THE GULF OF MEXICO: A HARBOR CONNECTED BY RAIL WITH THAT OF SALINA CRUZ, ON THE PACIFIC SIDE OF MEXICO.

STEAMSHIP LOADING AT PUBLICLY OWNED WHARF IN NEW ORLEANS, LA.—ONE OF THE TWO AMERICAN CITIES THAT OFFER HOPE FOR OUR DOCK SYSTEM. THE BELT RAILWAY BACK OF THE SHED IS ALSO PUBLICLY OWNED.

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INTERIOR OF ONE OF THE NEW CHELSEA PIERS ON WEST STREET, NEW YORK. ALL FREIGHT IS TRUCKED BY HAND AND SWUNG BY SHIP'S DERRICKS INSTEAD OF BY MODERN MACHINERY.

than 1,250 acres. The warehouse floors cover more than 600,000 square yards For ocean steamships there are eighteen miles of crane-equipped quays, and for river barges twenty-five miles. Besides the great number of "fast-standing" or rotary cranes on the docks, there are also 667 traveling cranes, of which 273 are steam and 285 electrical, ranging from two tons to 150 tons each in lifting power. Shipyards, dry docks, everything a port needs is found in the basins of Hamburg, and all the world comes there to use them.

Out of Seattle in Washington, every fortnight, down the South American coast and around into the Atlantic comes the Hamburg ship to Germany, carrying our trade with South America. I traveled in a launch through these Hamburg basins with Engineer J. T. Schatzler, seeing what I might, and in three of them found no less than forty of these big ships, all belonging to the Hamburg American Packet Company, lying idle, rusting their stacks and earning nothing. It was the same fleet which a week later caused a panic in England by the supposition, voiced in Parliament, that it was being gathered for invasion.

"There," said Engineer Schatzler, pointing at it, "you see what your American panic has done to Hamburg." (This was at the close of the panic of 1907.)

"What have we to do with it?" I asked.

"Everything," said he. "Hamburg carries most of your freights on the sea, and most of your immigrants. When the panic came, you stopped shipping freights, and the immigrants ceased to go to you; so we have the ships idle, waiting till you are recovered. These are but a few. More than a hundred great ships of this company are now in every sea of the earth."

I give you the story to show what shipping means to Hamburg. This great packet company, like the North-German Lloyd at Bremen, is a thing of pride to the city which controls it. Owning, under its line flag, more tonnage than the entire merchant marine of France—750,000 net registered tons—it carries our trade into the Seven Seas, but carries more of Germany's because Germany has made preparation for transferring goods.

In France, we find the sea trade receiving the same attention as in Germany, but not so well supported by local municipalities. Marseilles, having spent $30,000,000 for her outer harbor and its magnificent machine construction, finds herself handicapped by the privately owned railroad which serves her, and is spending $14,000,000 to build a barge canal

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through a mountain to the Rhone. Havre is extending and almost doubling the area of her basins. But after we have seen Bremen and Hamburg, there is little for us here.

We have established a standard, and we must bring it home with us. It is a standard of economy of transfer, a standard of a free gate. It must provide mechanical handling of freight in simple and economical terms; harbors with light charges, controlled by the public, so that every ship which comes may find a berth and facility for assembling or distributing its cargo; a railway serving every berth impartially on equal and economical terms, which means a Public Belt Railway; and in the end, if not a Free Port (Oh, Republicanism, when will you grant us that?), at least a Harbor of Industry where we may manufacture for our foreign trade under ideal conditions. It is this standard we have acquired with which to compare our own ports.

We are starting in with Bridgeport because it is a small and typical place. We can see the whole of it at a glance. One hundred thousand people, dwelling on the shore of Long Island Sound, make in profusion automobiles, sewing-machines, and all the ingenious mechanisms in which New England excels, and which we should supply almost without a successful rival to the people of South America. We come home expecting to see in Bridgeport harbor thousand-ton steamboats—like the Argo boat in which we entered Bremen—trading down the American coast, and away to South America. And so we open Major Taylor's letter and read this answer. It is hypothetical—but it is entirely true:

"*All the shore line of Bridgeport Harbor except forty-eight feet is owned or controlled by the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railway. This railway controls all the docks and operates the only steamboats allowed to land here. There is an oyster fleet which used to anchor here, but it is moving to South Norwalk because the railway is filling in the harbor.*"

"No place to dock!" "Filling in the harbor!" At this news you may imagine Jimmy Ball's Old Man sniffing with a new interest, and ordering a ticket for Bridgeport. We will go down with him and investigate.

We are met at the depot by a red-headed, energetic, and decidedly enraged harbormaster, Charles H. Morris, who takes us in

Courtesy of the Tehuantepec National Railway Co. *Photograph by Munn.*

ELECTRIC CRANES AT SALINA CRUZ, MEXICO, SHOWING FREIGHT-CARS WITH REMOVABLE ROOFS.

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tow and shows us the territory under his control. Mr. Morris represents (in spite of his appearance) the German ideal in Bridgeport. He believes in the public's "getting busy" and taking possession of its own water-front. For Major Taylor's reply was entirely correct, but did not go quite far enough. Here in front of us, as we stand on the railway platform, lies the harbor which has cost us our half million —a blue ribbon of sea water, rather narrow and crooked, but sufficiently straight and clear for such thousand-tonners as we hoped to see. A battered mass of piling, half bulkhead, half ruin, runs along the railway property to our right, and in the distance is a single ancient pier, very much out of repair. On the other side a few docks, a few coal hoists, and then a residence section—controlled, we learn, by the railroads so that no steamboat company may erect a wharf or land a boat.

Not a cargo of any sort can go out from, or come in to, this harbor without the sanction, expressed or understood, of the railroad—unless it can be landed on the forty-eight feet of shore line at the foot of Wall Street which has inadvertently been overlooked. This forty-eight feet is our access to the half-million channel. The Bridgeport people may swim in the channel, may use rowboats on it, and may breathe the air from it—but they cannot otherwise use it without consent of the railway. Year after year independent steamboatmen come looking for a chance to land—and find the harbor closed. When they come this year, they will find the railroad fencing and filling in eleven acres of the anchorage ground—over the united protest of Bridgeport, but with the connivance of the legislature of Connecticut. If they come another year, they may find the railway dock removed and no boats at all allowed to land; for railway steamboat service is a farce played for the benefit of the railway and not for the shipper. But then again, if Mr. Morris wins his fight and awakens Bridgeport as he hopes to do, they may find 600 feet of public dock, having its foundation on tide land and its entrance from Wall Street—a very neat solution of a difficult problem.

If Bridgeport had independent steamboat service even to New York, rates would go tumbling. If it had independent service to the world at large, prosperity would go booming. If this independent harbor master,

UNLOADING FREIGHT IN HAMBURG, BY CRANE AND TRAVELING ENGINE.

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LOADING ONE OF THE GREAT OCEAN LINERS AT TILBURY DOCKS, ENGLAND.

representing the first blush of the awakening Public Dock idea in New England, wins his fight, he will start a long and important series of such consequences.

This tangled barrier of rails and ties, barring the gateway of our commerce, does not stop at Bridgeport, but extends up the shore beyond the mouth of the Connecticut, closing many ports. We can imagine that Jimmy Ball's Old Man followed it up, and examined the exhibits which show what has been done on the Connecticut River to merit the expenditure of $500,000 there and to make it useful to Hartford.

I went there myself—a year ago—on that errand, and my hosts sarcastically asked me to point out a nice spot for a landing for an independent boat. I pointed out several, but the railway had thought of them first.

"Well, then, let's go across the river and use that farm land," I said, pointing to a big unoccupied tract opposite the city.

"Unfortunately, the railway has also bought the whole front on that side for several miles," said Mr. E. H. Warner, secretary of the Business Men's Club. We boarded a steamboat (belonging to the railway company) and went down the river to its mouth. But nowhere on it could I find a landing which had not been acquired by the railway or the railway's steamboat company, or was not controlled by them.

No steamboat or barge without the permission of this railroad can carry a cargo and land it, or load one, along this $500,000 Connecticut River channel. The railway runs a boat, and the rates by water to New York are as high as those by rail, or higher. Here are some of them in cents per hundred pounds:

Class of freight	1.	3.	6.
River	22c.	16c.	11c.
Rail	22c.	16c.	10c.

Rail cheaper than river! One would have to search far to find the equal of that. River rates in the Middle West for first class goods range as low as five mills per ton mile, and for sixth class as low as two mills; whereas the rates here established by monopoly are FOUR CENTS per ton mile by river or rail for first class, and TWO CENTS (ten times what they should be) for sixth.

Hartford is not supine under this imposition. Mr. Warner, like Mr. Morris, has led a fight, and is now the chairman of a Harbor Commission, empowered by the state to oust

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the railway from its land and to erect a public dock for competing steamships wherever the city thinks it most needs one. But it is a long way that the city must struggle yet before this possible public dock becomes an open gateway to the world at large.

Perhaps when he has gone thus far on his round of our ports and has seen so much money spent for so little gain, Jimmy Ball's Old Man will begin to complain to his Congressman about this waste of public money.

"Oh, nonsense!" says the Congressman, who is wiser than the Old Man. "Those little places—the railway has to own them. They're too little to do anything for themselves. Go down to Philadelphia or New York. There's where they know how to handle traffic."

What does he find in Philadelphia to justify the expenditure of $13,000,000 on the Delaware?

He finds, to be exact, a ragged and unkempt water-front, served by two or three railway tracks, and supporting here and there a big, old-fashioned pier and shed, without any appurtenance suggesting commerce except the land on one side and the water on the other. Twenty-four per cent. of this water-front, in large blocks, belongs to the Pennsylvania Railway. Twenty-two per cent., in large blocks, belongs to the Reading. Eight per cent. belongs to the Baltimore and Ohio, controlled by the Pennsylvania—fifty-four per cent. railway owned. The city also owns some—a mile and a half altogether—but it is divided into tiny parcels at the foot of each street, some only thirty feet wide, and there is scarcely a place for a wharf.

Nevertheless Philadelphia, which suffers as few American ports do, under railway discrimination—for the railways seem to have made a definite plan to injure the harbor business—has organized a Harbor Commission and set out to redeem herself. The effort is already leading to failure. For no plan worthy of carrying into effect can omit the establishment in a single large tract of a complete harbor owned under one head, served uniformly by one railway, and equipped and managed to receive impartially whatever ships and cargoes may demand admission. Instead of this, Philadelphia has adopted the plan of buying and rebuilding isolated piers and leasing them to established steamboat companies. The Harbor Commissioner, having visited Hamburg, reported in favor of something better; but that railway oppression which broods over Philadelphia was too much for him, and he withdrew his plan. Old-style sheds on isolated piers, served by a medley of railways—that is Philadelphia's lot. There is a Public Belt—but it is a pitiful orphan, isolated, without engines and cars, and only offering opportunity for the Pennsylvania Railway to make a little money hauling the Reading's cars over it at night. Millions have been wasted in Philadelphia, and millions more must be spent before the gateway will be unbarred and the Philadelphia factories be enabled to compete in South America with their Hamburg rivals.

And then, disappointed in Philadelphia, we come back with the Old Man to the great port of the Ambrose Channel, to the metropolis, the Hope of America, the port of all ports where we might expect to find modern science employed to facilitate free commerce. And we find——

We find that Manhattan has done exactly as much in that line as Boothbay Harbor, or West Southport, Maine. She owns her own shore line and her own wharves. Out from the shore she has built pile docks, primitive, temporary, inefficient; and on them has erected sheds—not one whit different, except that they are steel and concrete, from the sheds on Si Tarbox's whaler shed up on Sheepscott Bay. Old Si drove his piles by hand and built the shed himself; but, for all that, it was as good a landing and as economical for his old square-rigger as the expensive new concrete and steel shed and pile dock at Fourteenth Street, where the *Mauretania* and the *Lusitania* dock.

Individual piers, leased on long terms at enormous prices to individual companies—that is the Manhattan plan; and it closes the gateway to all independent transportation. No machinery of any sort serves these piers. Everything is trucked by hand and swung in ship's derricks at a cost of forty cents a ton, when modern telpherage would handle it for ten cents. A privately owned belt railroad crudely serves some of the piers, switching at night through a main roadway. But everything which a port should have, Manhattan lacks; and all the faults, all the expensive methods, all the bars to independence and competition which Germany has eliminated—these the metropolis has maintained.

Is there, then, no light in the country? Is it all bad? Have we wasted the whole sum? Do the railways own us? Or are we too ignorant to see the way out?

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LOADING AND UNLOADING GREAT LINERS AT HAVRE, FRANCE—A CITY THAT HAS ALMOST DOUBLED THE AREA OF HER BASINS.

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These are the questions Jimmy Ball's Old Man is apt to ask in his bewilderment. He wires to the Pacific coast—Tacoma, waterfront owned by the railroads; Seattle, even the tide lands sold and the railways in control; Everett, everything owned by private interests except the foot of one street—and his gloom increases. But, after all, he need not be so sad. The cloud is not so heavy as it looks. Light can come through it. And in two directions the sun is actually shining.

Two ports, and those two destined to be, if not the greatest, at least among the greatest, in America, have already gone far toward the German ideal of Public Docks—toward throwing down the bars that close the gateway. They are San Francisco and New Orleans—the port of the South Pacific and the Port of the Mississippi Valley—the two cities most vitally interested in the opening of Panama. California, the very state which we expect to find most railroad ridden, is the freest of all. In all her ports she owns the tidelands, and in 'Frisco the entire harbor shore line, piers and all. Two piers she has leased to the Pacific Mail, but, besides that and two small industrial piers, every landing on her shore belongs to, and is operated by, the state authorities, and the low and uniform charges are fixed by the state. Back of the wharves, and serving them well, is a Belt Railway, and this too is owned by the state and serves everybody at the same flat price of two dollars a car.

Recently, California has been studying her port conditions. She believes that in twenty years San Francisco will have a business of thirty million tons, and that to take care of it she must begin now. Nothing less durable than concrete piers will do for her. She is discarding piling. Warehouses ample for their purpose, wide piers equipped with such cranes as Hamburg has—this is the outfit her legislature is asked to buy. Fifty million dollars will be the price of it, and she is asked to issue bonds for the first instalment as follows:

To extend the sea-wall and reclaim tide lands	$3,000,000
To build and enlarge wharves and equip them	6,500,000
To acquire additional land	1,000,000
Dredging	400,000
To rebuild and extend the Public Belt	50,000

That is the beginning of a reasonable and profitable venture. It is part of a system mapped out, in which every dollar has a part. Not isolated piers, but a complete harbor designed for an increasing traffic, and a harbor in which any ship from any port may find a berth, and any cargo may find a landing place. Built, owned, and operated by the public, with charges low and uniform, it will be the strongest bid California could put forward for the development of her trade.

And at New Orleans we find the same foresight, the same public spirit beginning to make a way for the enormous tonnage which will find this the natural gateway to and from the Mississippi Valley. By a fortunate decision of the courts, obtained in Jefferson's time, Louisiana can never alienate her waterfront. The shore of the Mississippi is forever free to the people. On that shore, for many miles along the city front, New Orleans has erected public docks, and on these docks steel sheds. Back of them she has built her Public Belt Railway, serving every dock and connecting with every railway in the city; and every car comes over this Public Belt Railway at a uniform charge of two dollars. It is her further intention to erect storehouses in which cargoes can be assembled so that occasional steamships coming to the port may be assigned a landing and an entire cargo may be assembled at shipside cheaply and quickly.

New Orleans has built her docks of wood and must some day replace them with concrete. She has not yet begun to install freight machinery—but she will come to it. Her docks, however, are free from leasehold, owned by the people, and under conservative direction; and any ship can find an open landing with its proper rail facilities.

"South and Southwest Pass Jetties, thirty-five-foot channel, $16,000,000," is the item which interests Jimmy Ball's Old Man in Louisiana. And when he has seen the increasing commerce coming and going, the public spirit actuating its movement, the community of New Orleans working as a community about this, its own business, I think he will go away satisfied. For, like San Francisco, New Orleans is opening the gate. There are no entanglements there. The road is not as broad and smooth as it can be made. There is great lack yet in the facility for commerce. But the spirit is there and the freedom is there, and they will carry any city a long way. More than that, New Orleans has shown, as 'Frisco is showing, how the work may be done, and how, in our international race, we may eliminate our own handicaps, by going to work through state and municipality to back up the work of the nation—by advancing directly and with purpose to the unbarring of our gate.

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ONCE A BLUEJACKET

A Story of the United States Navy

By ROBERT DUNN

Author of "The Shameless Diary of an Explorer," etc.

Illustrations by Henry Reuterdahl

WE were arguing about "mustangs" and Annapolis men. It was the night we left Guantánamo for New York, to give the crews "general liberty" after the winter maneuvers. Our chairs were tipped back away aft on the quarter-deck, and the life lines sagged under our feet. The two squadrons were holding night signal practice, and, as we talked, we idly watched the red and white lights of the ardois system as they winked from the flag-ship ahead. One moment the ocean heaved us onward, eight steel-girdered leviathans, dark and turreted, moving in parallel lines of four ships each; the next, a bead-string of incandescence pricked itself out from the aftertop of our leader, and flashed lightning variations of her four signal lamps. Instantly the answering eyes of the seven other bridges flared up and vanished, blazed and died in countless color changes, each one a letter, and all with dazzling speed.

Now, mustangs are rare in the Navy. The merchant officers who received commissions during the Rebellion first owned the name; but to-day any enlisted man who rates himself upward by ambitious hard work, wins a warrant officer's papers, and finally passes his examinations for ensign, is called a mustang. Officially, he stands on a par with all line officers. And mess relations, which in the service are on a sort of family basis, as if they sprang from ties of blood, are preserved instinctively in his regard. He is no outsider; no one ever intentionally touches upon the gulf between himself and a mustang; although, mind you, traditions from which he is forever cut off have molded these Annapolis officers since boyhood. Their separate way of life links them to one another by the closest band which the strong bondage of the sea can ever forge.

Naturally, we had no mustang aboard to hear Lieutenant Harkness debate with Ensign Raile. Raile had just been transferred to us from a gunboat on the South Atlantic Station, where he had been shipmate with two brand-new mustangs. He argued that they made ideal officers, combining the practical efficiency of the best bluejackets with the high-minded loyalty of his own classmates; that they were never "snobs" (as he said), nor prone to "uniform worship"—and the Navy needed more of them. Harkness, on the other hand, held to it that a mustang could never lose his "flat-foot" (bluejacket) viewpoint; that he would not forego the flat-foot's "divine right of personal judgment in the face of discipline," or of "pressing a personal advantage—if he has one," over an Annapolis man. And he added—admitting that perhaps he spoke too strongly—that mustangs might not always be trusted in loyalty to rank, and on occasion might not consider certain deceptions dishonorable.

"'Once a bluejacket, always a bluejacket,'" quoted the Lieutenant, and stared overside at the phosphorus boiling in our wake. "It's just his—you might call it—Original Diffidence—that I condemn in the mustang. It never could become disloyalty to one's skipper, of course—" he paused. "And mustangs feel that they have gone through the mill as we haven't; that they're more 'practical' than we are. They won't admit the value of theory, although theory is what makes them."

"Oh, all professional men like us are snobs," interjected Raile. "Intellectual snobs, I mean—and I meant that before. We feel that our ideas must be *the* ideas."

"But the mustang finds out soon enough," continued Harkness, gravely, on his own tack, "that whatever mill we have been through, we can beat him at his own 'practical' game. Original Diffidence bilges one

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of us out of the Academy as a plebe, but it doesn't put a bluejacket ashore as an 'undesirable.' Neither mustang nor flat-foot grasps that we want to be the leaders, not the bosses, of our gangs. That's the ideal ambition—to keep them in uniform, make them submit to discipline, and yet have them willing to follow us to hell. And an officer with a perfect knowledge of ordnance or engineering is properly doomed if he can't work a sounding tube or belay a boat-fall."

There was a silence. Then a man who was leaning against a stanchion at a little distance, and had not spoken before, said: "I suppose that makes us all think of Fred Winthrop and his mix-up with Pete Scarlet aboard the *Alaska* last year."

We recognized the voice of young Cole. He was a tall, hollow-cheeked youth with white eyebrows and white hair; indeed, except for his dark eyes, his whole body seemed quite to lack pigmentation. And Cole's personality was no less striking. He had the power of self-expression, which is so rare in a naval officer, and with it a restraint that assured respect for his incisiveness.

"Why, yes," said Raile. "Winthrop's business with Scarlet started us talking. You weren't here then, Cole. . . . Hello! The drill's over. . . ."

All the ardois of the fleet turned black together. The kaleidoscopic stream of orders, of answers; all the acute intelligence flashing through the warm darkness on high—died abruptly. A new stillness, a deeper isolation, pervaded the tropical night.

"You hear a lot of versions of the story," said Cole, "but I saw it happen. I was the midshipman on duty with Winthrop on the *Alaska's* bridge that night. He and Scarlet have both asked me to speak for them whenever there's reason to, so I violate no custom of rank in telling you the truth. And after hearing Mr. Harkness condemn all mustangs—which includes Pete Scarlet—I want you to know the truth.

"If Pete had filled the mustang coat exactly as you cut it," Cole went on, turning to the Lieutenant, "then Winthrop wouldn't be the—I hate the word, but—the hero that we hold him to-day. And yet if Pete hadn't partly filled it, if he had acted just as one of us thinks we should aim to, then Fred Winthrop might have been cashiered."

Cole stepped closer to us. The utter blankness of the night seemed to magnify his voice, as he began:

"I was on the *Alaska* when Pete Scarlet came to her—stout and shy, phlegmatic, not clever, but doggedly ambitious and long-headed. He had round, chubby cheeks, and the wholesome look of a boy. His face had been roughened into the purplish hue that you often see up for'ard, but it still told of his straight American blood and his father's farm, in Iowa, I think. Only we never understood his eyes, with their irises like polished knobs of gray agate rimmed by enormous whites. But Pete's history was typical enough. He had run away from home and 'shipped in the outfit,' perhaps after some family tiff. He had made a hit with the officers on his first ship, being intelligent and willing; and the men had had little use for him because he was cleaner in character even than those of the average drafts we get now. But he couldn't keep on worshiping their trinity of profanity, fights, and target-practice. So he had nothing left but an innate ambition to advance himself, and started in to learn navigation on his ditty-box, as all mustangs do.

"I don't know what ratings of 'p.o.' and 'w.o.' he went through before he passed his examinations for ensign and came aboard with his commission. At first he felt out of place. He would apologize to us midshipmen, and was familiar with warrant officers, and got a drag with our Old Man, who was always hipped on helping along 'ambition.' Whenever a dinner was given to 'cits' in the wardroom, Pete would come into the steerage and eat with us—'dodging his social duties,' as Fred Winthrop used to say. Mustangs generally will. But he soon felt his oats, and regained the bluejacket attitude of knowing everything as well as his superiors, so that when the First Luff would pass him the order, Pete might give it, 'The Captain says—' and so forth, as if he personally didn't approve.

"But by the time Pete came to take his examinations for lieutenant, he saw the foolishness of that sort of thing. He realized that his messmates at least equaled him at his own game, and he respected them accordingly. His name stood beside Fred Winthrop's on the Navy List, so they were practically equals in rank, although Pete was some years the older; and therefore they wrote their papers for promotion together during the last week of our practice cruise off Panama. Then each of them applied for assignment to our for'ard turret, which

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"PETE, GIGANTIC, A MAN MADE OF IRON, AT THE WHEEL."

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had rather celebrated itself by breaking all records in the last battle practice, and was the most coveted detail on the ship. The Old Man said that whichever passed the higher—assuming that each won his new commission—would get the turret, since in his eyes they had always run nip and tuck as to general efficiency. They would hear from their papers on reaching 'Frisco, so that their futures would diverge for good from then on, and the Pacific Fleet mess-rooms would have another chance to reflect on the respective disparities of Annapolis man and mustang."

Cole, who had been standing all this time, sat down on the gun-carriage beside us. He lit a cigarette, and continued:

"It was exactly such a night as this that the thing happened: even to the two squadrons traveling abreast in line. Only the fleet was in the Pacific, and steaming north to give liberty in 'Frisco. The ocean was calm and warm and still like this. And signal drill just over. It seems like the same ship; we were third in line, like to-night, with the *Luzon* ahead and the *Utah* behind us. Yes, it might be here—now—on our own bridge.

"Imagine Winthrop and me coming up there to go on duty. Pete didn't see us at first. He was ship's signal-officer, and had been standing for hours by the ardois keyboard, stop watch in hand, timing and verifying our part in the chorus of dissolving lights that flowed from every foretop. His signal-boys were massed like ghosts about him, and he was so intent on instructing them how to win for the honor of the ship that I doubt if he saw the flagship pulsate 'Good night,' and the glitter fade away.

"Fred laid his lead-covered signal-book on the rough-log table, and studied the entries there by the masked ray of the portable light. And I had my stadimeter adjusted just as Pete walked toward us around the wireless telephone box.

"'By heavens, Fred!' he said, figuring on a slip of paper. 'This time we win. Every ship but the old *Alaska* forgot to pulsate 'T' in that last aëroplane message.'

"Fred laughed, 'You always win out, Scarlet,' and Pete frowned at the allusion to their rivalry.

"'You always could, too, if you cared enough. But you're never sure of yourself,' said Pete. 'Yet I wish I had had your training in "math" and navigation, and your head for them.'

"'But you're the "Idol of the Crew,"' said Fred. 'What more does any one want?'

"Pete colored. 'I can't help that,' he said solemnly. 'You know I can't. A man like me, who was one of them once, has either got to be a god up for'ard—or anathema.'

"A mustang will only talk like that to a man alone with him. I tried not to listen, as this was none of my business.

"Then they began to compliment one another. Fred said that to be solid and reliable as Pete was, and sure of yourself, and never to worry about passing your papers, counted in the long run. And Pete told how the skin was always off his teeth when he did land on his feet for promotion, so he moped for a week, dazed and cursing himself for having been too cocksure.

"'Oh, we both fool ourselves,' Pete said. 'You fuss that an exam will bilge you, and bluff every one into believing it—and then you come in first at the finish.'

"Fred swore that merit and examinations didn't count any more in getting on in the service, and told how his dad, the admiral, had been cheated by the old bureaus. He said that the promotion game, as he'd seen it played ever since he could remember, was crooked, and he was sick of it.

"'It all makes a man sore on the narrowness and exactions of this Navy life,' he growled. 'It makes a man cynical, always seeing a lot of pin-heads and outsiders——'

"Fred caught his breath. I could see that he was furious with himself. If he'd skated on the thin ice of Pete's feelings before, now he was sure plunging in headlong.

"He stammered: 'I—I— Only generalizing— Oh, forget it! you understand— Let's have coffee,' and he stepped to the voice-tube and gave the order down to the dynamo room.

"Pete said nothing this time. He just leaned on his arms, and gazed over the wind-screen, having to stretch his short legs and stocky body to stand so. And then I noticed that his face had grown hard and dark, and now and then he heaved his big chest, the muscles of his neck tightened, and his eyes opened wide—those gray eyes that always seemed as if they oughtn't to belong to him at all, but rather to some lithe and high-strung being, such as Fred Winthrop. The two made rather a clean contrast, poised there in what I suppose are

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the quietest moments in the world—the mid-watch in the tropics on one of our bridges.

"Finally half a dozen bluejackets began skylarking below on the fo'castle deck. They chased and dodged each other among the anchor chains like a lot of phantoms.

"'Look there,' Fred whispered at last, in his appeasing way. 'Look at those men breaking regulations and turning out at this hour.' And as he spoke one of them slipped and fell. We heard the others chuckle, and Fred joined in and laughed.

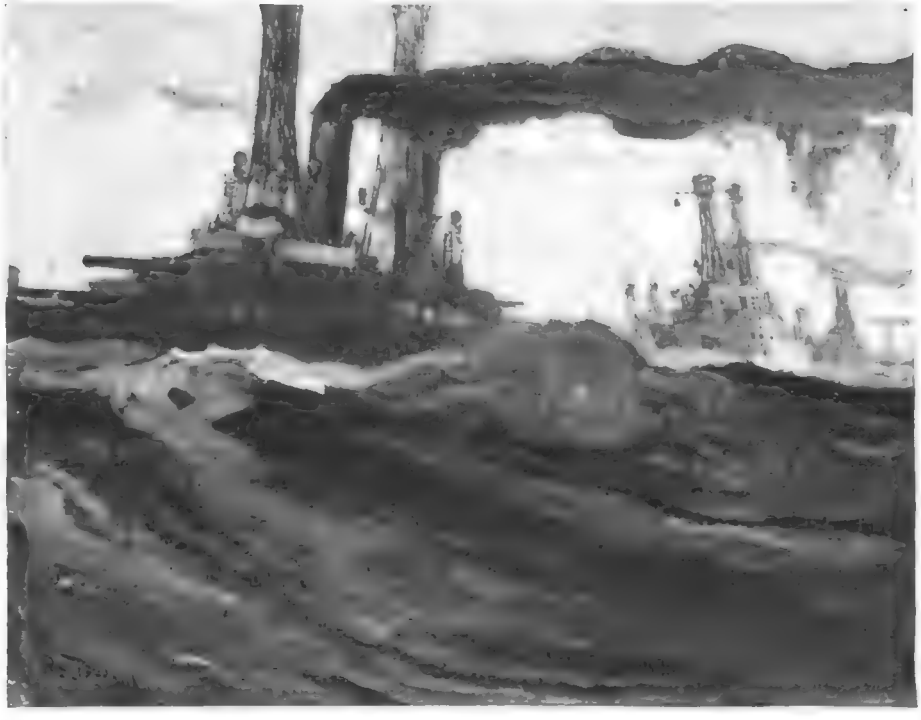
"'Sometimes I think we all take our responsibilities too hard,' he said. 'I often wish I had a bluejacket's disposition.'

"'I hope I haven't lost mine,' said Pete, bluntly, looking up.

"And Fred, only half understanding him and his change of mood, sort of sighed, 'What more can you want than a life like theirs?'

"'Want?' snapped back Pete, quite truculently. 'That—that!' And he jabbed a finger downward at the turret below us, having to rise on tiptoe for the gesture. 'And thank heaven the test is fair,' he went on, 'and that what you say about merit and exams not counting in the service is a lie—a lie! If I thought that our papers, lying there on some landlubbering admiral's desk in Washington, would be rated just from his reading "gunner's mate" on my record, and "half-back at Annapolis" on yours—if I thought that anything counted in getting that turret except the fate of our separate gifts and ability—I'd bilge out of the outfit here and now. I'd desert even!'

"I could see Fred flush to the tips of his ears. Of course an outburst like that was



"ALL THE MASTS OF THE FLEET SPRANG OUT MAGICALLY AGAINST THE MORNING SKY."

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unreasonable—unheard of. It struck him speechless—filled his mind, like mine, with protest, pity, and revulsion. And then Olsen cut in by sounding four bells right under our feet.

"Yet none of us knew how close at hand the careless Destiny of Pete's tirade was right then. He seized the vacuum bottle on the log-table, poured out a cup of coffee, and gulped it down. The midshipman on watch on the quarterdeck appeared in the binnacle light, reported in two words to Fred, and seemed to tiptoe below.

"'Port light all clear,' a messenger saluted, coming from the signal keyboard. Then, 'Starboard light all clear,' said another from the opposite side of the bridge.

"But we were rising on our toes, with every muscle rigid, staring forward to sea three points to starboard.

"A black oblong was slipping across our bows, midway between us and the *Luzon*. She couldn't have seen it. That useless thought struck us, along with the gasp from Olsen and the appealing glitter which his eyes turned on Fred, as his fingers crackled and tightened on the spokes of the wheel.

"It was a craft—yes—but showing no lights. A derelict—no—for she floated high and easily. We could see no sail set, no funnel. Yet she moved. Her size—anything. The sea haze refracted, lied about her.

"Pete muttered, 'Fishing-boat! . . . Damn them! . . . All hands asleep!'

"I saw Fred's eyes fixed on the concave arc that the ships ahead of us had suddenly made. He hadn't seen it before, but the squadron was veering to starboard; and I knew that that idea filled his mind, explained why the Thing seemed to drift to port, and was a hateful thought because its force delayed the action for which the very rivets of the mast were crying aloud."

Cole paused, and threw his cigarette over the side.

"You know," he went on slowly, "how the telling chokes the galloping sequence of action. Well, thought, too, is a sort of proudflesh about the stab of a crisis like that. . . . Fishermen. . . . The nearest land. . . . But the Regidos Islands were uninhabited. . . . And then we caught the clear image of a sail lying rumpled around a sprit which was unshipped from the foredeck of the little boat, of a lantern hidden down a hatch, so that its glimmer was invisible until you stood right over it—and of a man asleep there, with an arm crooked about his head.

"'Starboard—starboard your helm!' commanded Fred.

"His voice came weakly, but afterward he said that he had seemed to roar the words; that all his life and training up to that second flashed out to him as the silly weaving of a spider's web, a net designed for this very showdown, one that must harden into steel to hold its impact, and as firmly—as easily as one deciphers a signal. I could see that his brain was only groping toward the full meaning of the order; that he was a man overboard, under water, struggling upward to a level of fact and realness.

"Pete had stepped aside. That was right. It was all Fred's business. Fred was in command there, for his own glory or disgrace. Any comradeship, the years of child's-play drills and maneuvers, all that was shattered. His entire past was focused on that instant. For the likes of it, as we all know, the Navy exists, trained, ready, waiting.

"Our stem quivered as we nosed to starboard. Olsen grunted as his hand bore the wheel downward to the deck. And the fishing-boat slipped exactly under the jackstaff, and to port, as Fred craved. Sure—sure—he had missed her! I seemed to feel her bumping along the armor-belt—safe, and I felt like shouting out how those spikadees had had the narrowest squeak of their lives. If they hadn't waked yet, the swirl about our screws would spin them into their senses. I could see the blood fill and retreat from Fred's forehead, and knew how delicious that must feel. I managed to snap my mouth closed, and jerk the stadimeter, which I'd been holding in both hands like a man praying, back to my eyes.

"If that had only been all! Fred was grasping things clearly enough; when Pete cut in with, 'It's the whole fleet veering—columns right,' and his voice was slow and husky.

"'Steady on!' ordered Fred, but not for an awful moment or two, and then as weakly as before, with his thin face white again.

"'Gods, man—behind—the *Utah!*' Pete fairly hissed it. 'And the second squadron's following—all changed to single column!'

"But Fred didn't turn to look. His grip was slipping away. He only snarled, 'Shut up—! Ge—!' and seemed to gag in his throat.

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"'*Behind!*' groaned Pete.

"'Damn you!' blazed out Fred. 'It's the *Luzon* I'm not fouling.'

"You see, in veering to starboard, she had swung less than we had, so we were making a cord, a short cut, across the arc that the fleet was describing.

"And you know the look and feel of 'walking aboard' a ship—the illusion of one deck to both of you, though each is vibrating in a different rhythm—and how you see the sponges in their cutter, as you wait for the buckle and crash of armor. Well, I could hear the *Luzon's* quartermaster swearing.

"And I had looked behind, and thanked God that Fred in his state of funk had not. He couldn't have stood it. He had broken formation, and it was up to him not to foul any other ship; and to reduce speed or point further to starboard, as he may have known without looking, would land him on the bows behind us.

"But she *was* aboard us, the *Utah*. Only no blow, no roar of plates, proved—not yet. She seemed to topple over on us, as if she were twice as big as we, in all the dim tracery of her masts and funnels like volcanoes. I felt as if a cold finger moved inside my head, and crushed all the cells there like paper.

"Fred must have known now—instinctively, perhaps—that in the beginning he should have turned to port, and to hell with the fishing-boat. He'd fallen down through not having noticed the whole fleet veer. I saw the muscles stand out like wickerwork on his face, as he grabbed at the only straw left. There was still time!

"'Sheer out—port helm!' he cried, and seized the wheel himself, shoving the quartermaster aside.

"Olsen's face was livid, as the ship answered like a canoe, altering her head to port.

"'Keep your course—great God, man!' Pete shouted.

"But Fred was deaf. And next, Pete seemed to leap and fasten himself on Fred's neck.

"'The *Utah's* altered hers, you fool,' Pete yelled into his ear. 'Look behind. You're too late. Lemme——!'

"I knew what that meant. Twenty million dollars as good as scrap iron on the bottom of the Pacific, and the three thousand of us gulping wet salt.

"'Help me. . . . Collision quarters—sound 'em!' Fred stuttered, and, shaking Pete off, he made a dive for the long-arm switch behind him.

"We were done for, I believed. I tore the stadimeter from my eyes with half an oath, half a cry. I was about to smash it down on the deck like a toy torpedo, when Pete let out a lot of flat-foot curses, and struck his right fist forward. It landed with a chug on one of Fred's temples, just as he was touching the collision switch. He collapsed in a heap under the log-table. Then Pete flung himself on the wheel, and gave it so fierce a spin to the first course that the steering engines should have flown to pieces. I braced myself for the big shock. I felt the ribs of the stadimeter bending in my grip.

"But no shock came—and still none. The *Luzon* had pulled ahead a bit in the 'S' we'd made. It was always the *Utah* crushing us. We were still under her, her masts and ours rising in line like four towers on a single deck—all our tons of steel and hundreds of souls bounding along at fifteen knots. And then they came—the wracks and buckling impacts, below and aft in the darkness. But that was all—no blow that tumbled us off our feet—only the quarterdeck davits and stanchions grinding up. And the two sets of masts were slowly drawing together, no longer in line. Things swam in my eyes: Fred on his face under the table, Olsen shivering against the telephone box, the signal-boys braced like a lot of runners on their marks, and Pete, gigantic, a man made of iron, at the wheel. Maybe the ship was saved. The *Utah* was slowly rubbing up along our port side. And I began to breathe again, breathe out hard, long breaths, and each one I drew seemed to make me drunk as if I were gulping whisky.

"Oh, it was luck, of course—whatever you want to call it. I must have drawn a blank, for I don't remember seeing the skipper come up on deck. I only heard the patter-patter of his slippers, very loud on the ladder, and then close to Pete. The sideswipe against our after stanchions had waked him and every one. I clapped the stadimeter to my eyes—I was on duty, too—but only saw red and trembling things through the lenses.

"The Old Man and Pete talked a long time before I made out what they were saying. I only grasped that great towers and a lacelike darkness were eating upward over us. Now and then a boat-fall *cru-u-n-n-ched* as it carried away. The *Utah* was cuddling

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close, like some huge airship settling clumsily down. Her starboard light floated abreast, a green bonfire, and hung there, welded to us. Her bridge force seemed glued in the steel openings of the mast, glaring at us as if we were animals in a cage. You could have passed a handkerchief to them. An officer, walking about, made his boots creak like a creature in pain; and then she began to drop back, and the blood warmed all my veins again.

"At last I heard our Old Man saying: 'Send a messenger for the Senior Surgeon. When he's brought the man around, tell Mr. Winthrop not to report in the cabin till after quarters to-morrow. Send Mr. Conings to inspect the damage done aft and see me immediately. Scarlet, you finish out the watch. We're safe enough now,' and the skipper slippered away, down to his emergency cabin, muttering something like, 'The *Utah* ought to have slowed down.'

"'Yes, sir.'"

"That was all Pete answered, all I heard him say. Not a word else, not a hint of the desperate thing he'd saved us from and the Old Man hadn't seen. Pete just saluted, without turning from the wheel.

"Then Fred reached out a limp hand, as if he felt a foot or something pressing on his neck, and wanted to brush it away.

"'Help him, Olsen,' said Pete, looking over his shoulder; and the quartermaster lifted Fred to his feet and leaned him against the telephone.

"Fred swayed and gritted his teeth, fighting for his senses. As his brain cleared, I saw that he was mostly angry. His eyes burned like coals, and his face was as tight drawn and leathery as a mummy's. He glared about wildly, and tried to swear at Pete, but couldn't. He was mad clear through about that blow and the interference with his duty.

"But he was still helpless and crushed by the bungle he'd made, by the way he'd lost his head over a simple cruising evolution. And he cringed when he began to realize that we were safe, and that Pete had pulled the ship through.

"'Pete, you had no right—' he muttered at last. 'But you've saved the ship——'

"'Cut that out,' said Pete. 'I had to. You were all in.'

"But Fred struggled to go on: 'The "S" I made. The Admiral, the whole fleet saw it. There'll be an inquiry and a court. I was on duty. It was all up to me. That second time I blundered.'

"'Yes, you blundered,' Pete answered. 'But there'll be no court-martial—not if I can help it.'

"Fred widened his eyes, and said, 'You —you—won't—then——?'

"'Won't what? Tell the truth? No!'

"It took a while for that to sink into Fred's head. First his eyes filled. I never saw such a look of gratitude on any man. But the next minute he collapsed again. What I suppose we'd call our sense of honor had overcome him.

"'Always—tell the truth—' Fred said, dazedly; but Pete only laughed quietly at him, as you laugh at a foolish child.

"So Fred stammered, 'What—wh-what—did you tell the Old Man? What did he say?'

"'I told him that you were taken by a sick spell,' said Pete with impatient distinctness. 'And about the fishing-boat, I said that but for you—the way you commanded —we should have rammed the *Luzon*. And how you avoided her, and then while getting back into position—you—you had a fainting turn, and fell to the deck. That's true. I haven't lied yet.'

"A sort of guilty happiness spread over Fred's face, and his eyes filled again, seeing the terrible debt Pete was giving him to pay.

"'So you've saved me, too?' he whispered. And after a pause, 'But think of your chance!'

"'What chance?' snapped back Pete, angry again, for he suspected what was coming.

"'I'd never get it, exams or no exams,' said Fred, trying to swallow three or four times, 'if they ever knew——'

"'Get what?' ripped out Pete. 'What in hell do you mean?'

"'The turret, you fool!' cried Fred. 'It's yours—by telling the truth. But you throw it away. . . .'

"Pete faced about on him, his agate eyes on fire. For a full minute they read each other's back-thoughts. You could tell by the way their eyelids quivered.

"Pete was mad up to his ears, and said, as cruelly as he could, 'This won't make any difference. I have you beaten on the exams. I'll get the turret anyway.'

"And Fred was still off his head enough to mock back: 'So that's the reason, eh, for all your sacrifice? Or was it because *you* might get the court for hitting me on duty?'

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"Pete eyed him, puzzled, and then burst out: 'You cynical hound! Do you mean that?'

"I don't know what might have happened if the Doc hadn't shown up right then and stepped between them.

"'You mustang!—You bluejacket!—

"WINTHROP HELD THE JAPS SINGLE-HANDED, AT THAT RIOT IN KOREA."

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You—' Fred began to laugh out and sniffle, and the Doc took him by the arm to lead him below.

"Pete only turned back to Olsen at the wheel, without saying a word. It was almost daylight then. The mate-o'-the-deck was ordering out the hoses to wash down, as all the masts of the fleet sprang out magically against the morning sky."

Cole came to a dead stop.

"Yes, always a bluejacket, always a mustang. Yes—and yet—" he resumed speaking, slowly. "But Pete was one to the end. He smashed discipline with his right to personal judgment when he hit Fred, and yet he saved the *Alaska*. But about pressing the selfish advantage, Mr. Harkness? Good heaven!—he *was* throwing the turret away, those last minutes on the bridge, and he fought to the end on those lines. But I've still to tell you about that. You may know it already. It's rather the core of the whole story, I think sometimes, at least from the Annapolis viewpoint."

"Yes, I think I know," said Harkness, complacently.

"How we got to 'Frisco and Fred and Pete heard from their exams?" asked Cole. "I was in the wardroom when the mail orderly came down. They took their envelopes, and each turned his back to open them. We were standing by the fourth ward table. Every one hushed up for a moment, and then Pete was springing over and shaking Fred by the hand. 'I didn't even pass; I bilged,' Pete said. 'Look here.' Fred dropped Pete's hand without a word, and walked straight up the ladder to the cabin. He made out his request for transfer to another ship then and there. And Pete got the turret when it was granted.

"But his messmates couldn't budge him. He deceived, and he kept on deceiving, and saw nothing dishonorable in it, even at the inquiry. You were right there, Mr. Harkness. But think of his reasons—what about loyalty to rank? That was *why* he deceived: to be loyal. That came first with him, as it does with every bluejacket. He'll fake stories about an overstayed liberty, as if the right went with the uniform, and when he knows it's against his own interests. So won't he lie his face blue, even against bigger odds, to save an officer he respects and likes—a man like Fred, who had every one's heart?

"It was the inquiry that made the talk. They had it in spite of our Old Man, who insisted, for the honor of the ship, that the *Utah* had forced the 'S' on us. Pete was a bluejacket most of all there. He stuck to his guns—he didn't lie outright, but just repeated exactly what he said on the bridge: that Fred was sick, so he had to take command. When they pinned him to details, he just didn't remember. But it was Olsen and all the signal boys took our breaths away. They wouldn't add a word to Pete's testimony; they just followed his lead; he was their idol, all right.

"Then they put up Fred," ended Cole. "But it was no use after that, and I wasn't even called, thank heaven! He tried to tell the truth, but the court hardly listened, because the Doc had testified that Fred was off his head there on the bridge."

"Well, his record before—and his record since, God knows—prove his nerve," said Harkness. "Winthrop held the Japs single-handed, at that riot in Korea. Hasn't a man like him a right to stumble once? It's like quarreling with a friend; the tie ought to come out stronger. . . . Come, let's turn in."

As we moved toward the wardroom ladder, Raile asked: "Would we have our mustangs judging us? Have we the right to cut coats for them? Will we ever understand each other from the cradles of our first cruises up? I hope not. The bluejacket gulf won't be bridged. If it could be, all mutual respect and discipline might go to pot. Still, I think that we demand too much from them—on the personal side. More, anyhow, than we can give. And yet—only the other day in Guantánamo—I heard a 'cit' say, and a 'cit' that knows us, that after all, as far as he could see, there was no difference at bottom between an admiral and a bosn's mate. Maybe he was right. Ask the sea. She made the lot of us."

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A SUCCESSFUL WIFE

Illustrations by James Montgomery Flagg

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING INSTALMENTS: At fifteen, Esther Carey faces the necessity of supporting herself and a family of five. She becomes a stenographer in a New York office, and at twenty-five she has her own office as a law stenographer, with two assistants. One of her principal employers, in the same building, is Will Falsworth, for whose shallow-natured wife Esther has worked. Falsworth, bitterly discontented, begs Esther to go away with him, but she persistently refuses. Meantime, Senator Bellars, also in the same building, has summoned home from Paris his nephew, Stephen Kirkland. A man of distinguished manner and brilliant genius, but with a record of ineffectiveness and dissipation, Kirkland goes to work in his uncle's office. Esther Carey helps him in his fight against the powerful attacks of temptation to drink, once actually walking in silence with him all the way from Wall Street far into Central Park. At last Will Falsworth wins her consent to go West with him. When the day comes, however, she does not meet him; he rushes to her office, but finds her unyielding. That fall Mr. Kirkland stands by Esther through the illness and death of her brother, and in the spring they become engaged. Senator Bellars furiously tries to induce Esther to break with Kirkland, and her sister Fanny is so angry that Esther leaves home and is married at once. Kirkland has been absorbed in writing a drama; but when the manuscript meets one refusal, he turns abruptly to finance. At intervals Esther has to renew her fight against his besetting temptation, and she employs the unusual weapon of silence. The next summer after he has entered business, they go to the Adirondacks for vacation, where Kirkland's attention is caught by Miss Pagee, a beautiful Washington girl.

CHAPTER XXV

MR. SINCLAIR stayed up in the woods for several days. He didn't seem in the least bothered about my husband's flirtation with Miss Pagee, although he had been upset in the case of Fanny; but now, he kept with me and the other two were left together all the time. But as soon as my husband was free, Sinclair would join him and get him talking about the speculating in which they were absorbed.

Mr. Kirkland had the habit of telling me about his affairs, but he said nothing about this last business deal, and when I came anywhere near the subject it irritated him so that I let it drop. One night I was taking a walk up and down the piazza, and I heard Mr. Kirkland say to his friend:

"Now we mustn't get all the eggs in one basket, Sin, and I am really not willing——"

"YOU HAVE BEEN SO SIMPLE IN YOUR LIFE THAT I DOUBT IF YOU CAN REALIZE WHAT IT MEANS TO BE RICH," HE SAID.

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Mr. Sinclair interrupted in his quiet voice. And I went right up and sat down by them, and they stopped talking.

I could see my husband's face in the full moonlight. The nights were gorgeous, for it was the harvest moon, and the lake was all white like snow, and the forests around as black as death. My husband's face was quiet and peaceful and serene, and I was glad that he had kept straight for so long. As I looked up at him, he smiled and said in a soft voice, "*Dear girl . . .*"

And Mr. Sinclair asked, laughing, "Who, pray?" and my husband answered:

"Milly Pagee. Isn't that a euphonious name—*Milly?* Dear girl!"

He didn't seem to know I was there. "What hair!" he went on. "Have you observed it, Sin? It's like a Byzantine prune in July."

There was a storm set loose in me every time Mr. Sinclair and my husband talked together like this; and I began, by and by, to be afraid I would bear its ravages in my face. Once I looked in the glass to see whether I hadn't changed terribly since we came to Paul Smith's, but I couldn't see that there was a difference; as I hadn't been off the piazza much, I hadn't even tanned, and there was such a calm in my face I didn't wonder they talked on before me as if I were a statue.

What could I do?

One time my husband said:

"Sin, do you recall that Spanish marvel of sinuosity, that little beauty, who threw a rose into our box at Madrid?"

"Yes," Mr. Sinclair answered, "but she was too thin."

And my husband replied scornfully: "A woman is only attractive when she is so thin that if you held her up by the neck you could hear her bones rattle."

I tried not to mind that there wasn't anything of the skeleton freak about me. I wasn't fat, but there wasn't a bone in view, and once more I felt lowered in my husband's standards of "absolute loveliness."

The two men had memories together, experiences together, things they should have kept to themselves and never referred to before me. It shamed me. I suffered, in my way, and I shouldn't like to write what my feelings were toward Mr. Sinclair. He seemed to want to put my husband before me in his weakest light, and then to lead him on with Miss Pagee. As for Mr. Kirkland's nonsense, well, I didn't half believe all he said: he was so poetical!

The next day after his admiration of the bony woman, he said to Mr. Sinclair—and I suppose meant it at the time:

"There is something of the sultan in us all, Sin; for my part, those ivory-shouldered, round beauties of the harem are the one feminine type I can understand a man's admiring."

It may be awfully silly—one way or another it was all perfectly ridiculous—but that night when I undressed I felt a little higher up in the line.

The day Mr. Sinclair went back to New York on the early train, my husband wasn't himself, nor for several days after. What the people thought was unimportant, but it made me ashamed for him, for he seemed timid when he went down on the porch. But everybody acted as though they thought he had been ill, and Miss Pagee was lovely to him.

That first day, they went out for a long walk, and the day after, he took her paddling; then they made a plan to go up into one of the little rivers on an excursion. He paddled like an Indian, and it made a pretty sight to see them shooting off in the slender, thin canoe. They left the hotel at four in the afternoon, and from being up so much in the night I was tired, and lay down on my bed. It was hot and stifling, and the flies buzzed and buzzed. You couldn't keep them out, screens or no screens. I slept heavily, for when some one came in and waked me up, I didn't know where I was at first. It was Mrs. Burdett, Miss Pagee's aunt. They hadn't come back yet, and it was after nine o'clock, and she was much alarmed.

For a minute it just went over me, and like a vision I saw my husband carrying the long, white cloak on his arm—then I knew how silly I was, and I told Miss Pagee's aunt that I was sure it was perfectly all right—that my husband never had any idea of time and that he was like a fish in the water. But she was still anxious. She "didn't like it at all—*at all*," she kept saying, and "everybody in the house was talking about it." Then she stopped as though she remembered to whom she spoke.

"About what?" And I guess my tone scared her.

"Oh, *you* know how people go on!" and I answered:

"Yes, summer hotels are celebrated for the rocking-chair club."

"You are too indifferent, Mrs. Kirkland."

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And as lightly as I could I said that my husband was a great admirer of ladies' beauty.

She stared at me as though she thought I was a fool. "Why, but don't you *care?*"

"I like to see him amused."

Miss Pagee's aunt gave a sniff and said: "Well, *I* would like to see them come home! It's scandalous. I'll never chaperon Milly Pagee again as long as I live."

As time went on and ten o'clock came, and eleven o'clock came, everybody in the hotel was talking and wondering and watching out on the lake for the boat, and calling out through the megaphone. Miss Pagee's aunt had the guides start out for White River at midnight, and we sent more guides through the woods. A telegram had come for my husband, and I kept it in my lap, while Miss Pagee's aunt and I sat side by side on the piazza in the corner next to the woods, and she cried and told me a lot about her niece—how gay Milly was and how headstrong, and that she had always been a flirt.

"*But this is the worst case!*" she said, with perfect indifference to my feelings. "I have *never* seen Milly so absorbed as she is now! I shall take her away from here to-morrow—that is, if she ever comes back! If she does," she concluded, "her reputation is *ruined, ruined!*" And she blew her nose.

At three o'clock in the morning Miss Pagee's aunt and I were still sitting there close to the piazza rail; she was dozing a little, when I heard voices near my side, and I looked over the rail, and there were my husband and Miss Pagee walking in from the woods! Miss Pagee's aunt and I both stood up, and she called out:

"Well, Milly Pagee, are you stark, staring *mad?*"

My husband's voice sounded cheerful and calm, and he laughed and answered:

"We *are* nearly mad," and they came up on the steps to us. It seemed that their canoe had sprung a leak upstream, and the only thing they could do was to make an old carry and walk in to Paul Smith's. So they told us, and they looked very white and very tired. Miss Pagee sank down on a chair and put her face in her hands, and her aunt scolded and scolded, and pretty soon the girl burst out crying.

"Can't you be *still*, Aunt Jessica? Can't you see I am *exhausted* and on the verge of *hysterics?*"

My husband had gone to get some sandwiches and milk for her, and when he came back I gave him the telegram. He read it under the lamp hanging up against the door. Then he stuffed it in his pocket and said:

"Esther, let's go up. We will bid these ladies good night. I have to go to town by the morning train," and he shook hands with Miss Pagee's aunt and said he was dreadfully sorry. Miss Pagee just touched his hand, hardly looking at him, and we went upstairs.

CHAPTER XXVI

My husband was very much excited, and when we got up to our room he told me that he was about to become a rich man.

"I am speaking in large figures," and he emphasized—"*very* large figures. You have been so simple in your life and your ideas that I doubt if you can realize what it means to be rich. Can you?"

Our rooms were hot and close, and the lamp made it hotter. He took off his coat and vest and collar, and walked up and down the room.

"It will be superb," he said, "to find ourselves above these petty annoyances—to be able to do legitimately some of the things I have dreamed of. Esther, how will you look in Bellagio?" He caught me by the arm and stared at me. "I shall build a pink villa and dream for days on the bosom of Como."

He talked about many things he would do, and the places he would see again.

"Sin is a *great* friend!" he repeated many times. "And you didn't like him. My dear girl, you must learn to know the ring of true metal. Sin is the king of friends."

I was sitting on the bed braiding my hair, and it was thick enough and shiny gold, but I couldn't help thinking of Miss Pagee's dark hair and how pretty she must look with it all down. I don't care so much for blondes.

My husband went on to say how Mr. Sinclair put him on this deal and advised him to invest in the opening of Wisconsin oil lands, and that he had put in all his own money, and that Mr. Ellis had advanced him a year's salary. Coming up to me, he said:

"Now I have to put up just a little more margin for a day, for this is the crisis. How much money have you in the Savings Bank?"

I told him, and he asked me to lend it to him, and I gave him a check.

He went off at six o'clock as gay as a boy, and he looked well and handsome, I thought,

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and not a bit as though he had walked twenty miles through the woods. He wrote a long note to Miss Pagee while he waited for the stage in the office.

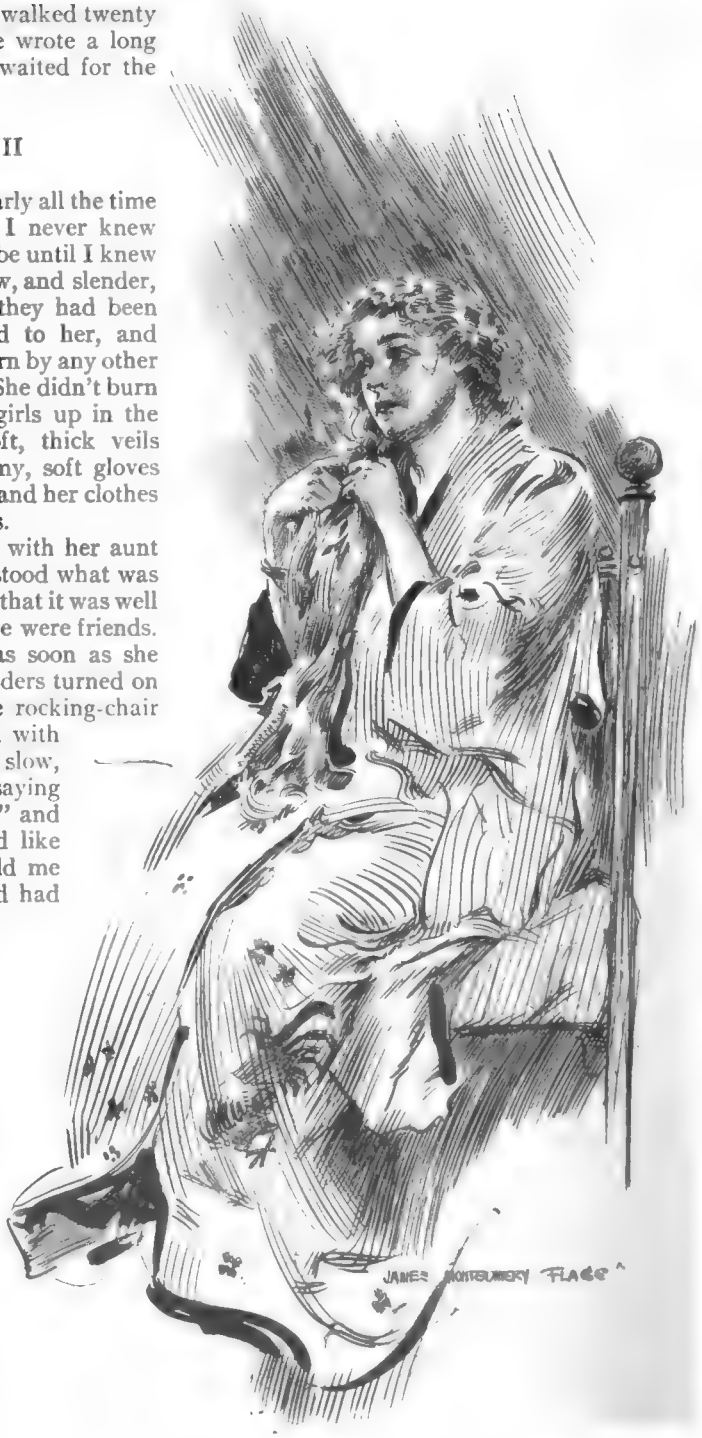
CHAPTER XXVII

Miss Pagee was with me nearly all the time Mr. Kirkland was in town. I never knew how attractive a woman could be until I knew her. She was tall, like a willow, and slender, and her clothes looked as if they had been created *on* her, and belonged to her, and couldn't possibly have been worn by any other person. They just *were her*. She didn't burn and tan like the rest of the girls up in the woods, because she wore soft, thick veils wound around her, and creamy, soft gloves that reached up to her elbow; and her clothes smelled like a bunch of flowers.

After dinner she came over with her aunt and talked with me. I understood what was meant by this. She had the idea that it was well to show the hotel guests that we were friends.

After that, Mrs. Burdett, as soon as she knew there were no cold shoulders turned on her, joined her friends of the rocking-chair club, and Milly Pagee stayed with me all the time. She had a slow, sweet voice and a cute way of saying "*Really*" and "I mean to say," and I sometimes thought I would like to speak as she did. She told me a lot about herself. She had had a very full social life in America, and abroad, too. And though she was older than I was, she looked like a girl of twenty.

In a week's time she got talked out and grew nervous and restless, and somehow I thought she acted as though she were worrying for a letter which she wanted and which didn't come. I hadn't had a word from my husband, and I was sure that she hadn't had, either. She sat quietly when we were together, with her chin on her hand, gazing out on the lake, and my husband's name never passed between us. Then one night, of my own accord, I began to talk about him. She dropped her hand like she was shot,



MY HAIR WAS THICK ENOUGH AND SHINY GOLD, BUT I COULDN'T HELP THINKING OF MISS PAGEE'S DARK HAIR

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and her cheeks grew scarlet as fire; but I acted as though I didn't notice it; and then she burst in and questioned me as though I were his mother or his sister, not his wife!

After a little I came to the conclusion that I had made a mistake, and tried to change the topic, and when I did so she asked about Mr. Sinclair.

"How awfully in love with you he is, Mrs. Kirkland. Poor man!"

I guess my face must have been a caution. She laughed out loud. "Oh, don't look so horrified! Poor Mr. Sinclair! I know it is hopeless. Don't be angry." It was too silly to be angry at.

I couldn't but recall Minnie Falsworth all the time this summer. I thought: "Here you are, Esther Carey, getting paid right back. If Stephen Kirkland loves Miss Pagee, as Will Falsworth loved you, it will be your just deserts!"

But I didn't think he did. . .

No letters came for either of us, and we sat and rocked and talked, and she grew paler and bigger-eyed every day, and prettier and more silent. I sewed and was making myself some cravats, but she didn't do anything, only leaned with her face on her hands and studied the lake.

Things in Wall Street were feverish. I couldn't follow them, for the papers were late and the Wisconsin Oil fields were not quoted, and honestly I didn't care so very much. Miss Pagee went out paddling a great deal these days. Her aunt didn't want her to go far and she floated around in sight, and it was nice to see her paddling in the water when it was red from the sunset. In the evening she let her veil loose, and it floated around her like a cloud.

On the second Friday night after my husband went, Miss Pagee danced very hard. She looked perfectly lovely in her ball dress, and I could hear her laughing with her partners as she walked up and down between the dances on the piazza. Before I went up to my room she came over to me.

She asked me if I had heard from Mr. Kirkland, and for a minute I didn't answer. I knew how I would feel if she said *she* had heard. I didn't want her to be the kind who would tell a man's wife she had been the one to receive a letter. When I said that I had had no word from him, she exclaimed softly: "I am *so* sorry. . . . I hoped you could give me some news of him and his exciting weeks."

After a few minutes she leaned over and took my hands in hers. "I admire you awfully, Mrs. Kirkland. Please don't think me a stupid flatterer to tell you so. You are the sort of woman I have longed all my life to be—so quiet and so strong."

She got up and said that she must go upstairs, and we walked along side by side to the stairs that led up to my room. She was taller—a good deal—than I was, nearly as tall as my husband, and she bent down and whispered:

"Let me kiss you. May I?" And she did, quickly, and as I turned to mount the stairs I thought I heard her say, "Forgive me," but perhaps it was only "Good night." We parted there like that, and she was laughing and gay, with her soft scarf floating around her bare neck and arms.

"We are leaving to-morrow for Lake Champlain," she called—"on the six o'clock stage; and will you be sure to say good-by to Mr. Kirkland for us?"

And my first thought was, "I am glad she won't be here when he comes on Sunday"—for he had said when he left he would be back at that time; and then my next thought was that I was sorry for her.

CHAPTER XXVIII

At noon next day a lady told me that Miss Pagee and Mrs. Burdett had not gone: that Mrs. Burdett had caught a bad cold, and they were staying on over Sunday. It showed what I really felt. "Esther Carey," I told myself, sitting there in the window with the blinds drawn to keep out the heat and the flies, "this isn't the hardest thing a woman has to do. Aren't you ashamed?" And I was. I looked out through the blinds down at the piazza. Miss Pagee sat a little to one side, her white parasol, edged with lace, in her hand. She wore a big hat with white roses around it. She seemed to be sitting there waiting for some one. A stage came in from the station, and crowds of passengers got off from New York. She thought Mr. Kirkland would come up by that stage. She talked with the guests, and one of the passengers gave her a paper and pointed to something in it which she looked at. Then I saw her go down the steps toward the boathouse, under her white parasol; one of the gentlemen walked along with her.

I got a book out of my trunk and read until I got interested in a story, and then, as it was

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warm and I hadn't anything else to do, I lay down and went to sleep. I was wakened by some one bursting into my room and rushing up to me. . . . It was Mrs. Burdett in her dressing gown, her hair done up in kid curlers. She rushed right over to me and fell on her knees and clutched me.

"My God!" she cried, "My God! Keep me here! Don't let me go out of here!"

As soon as I could, I asked her what was the matter.

"Milly's drowned—drowned!" she cried, and shuddered and held on to me like a crazy woman, praying me not to let her see her niece—not to let her go out of my room.

I tried to get her to tell me what had happened, and one or two of the other ladies came into my room in great excitement.

It seems that Miss Pagee had been paddling out on the lake, and that her paddle slipped and the canoe capsized, and she fell into the water. A guide saw her and hurried as fast as he could, but it was some time before he could get there. She had gone under the third time.

"They're bringing her in now," the ladies said.

I don't know how I got rid of Mrs. Burdett, but I did, and went right downstairs, and by the time the guide's boat was at the landing, I was waiting there. He carried her up in his arms as if she were a child. She hung all limp and slender, and he brought her out like that. There was quite a crowd gathered. We took her into the boathouse, upstairs, and the doctors did everything they could; but it was no use—she was drowned.

Nobody else seemed to want to, so I took my place by her side and stayed there, and laid her, with the guide's help, on the bed they got ready for her, and I did all that was to be done. Alone there that night with the lamps and the candles, somehow I didn't want any one to help me, and I sort of felt that it was what she would have liked. I dressed her beautiful wet hair, I washed her and dressed her in the things her aunt sent. I never knew anything *could* be so beautiful. She had died in health, and she was perfectly lovely as she lay there.

Her wet clothes were still drying on a chair, and as I picked up her waist something heavy fell out of it. It was a letter all soaked through: the one Mr. Kirkland had written her the night he left for New York. I knew it. It was on the Paul Smith paper. It lay heavy as lead in my hands. I took it over and put it on her breast, where she had worn it all that fortnight. It belonged to *her*—whatever it said—and she could take it with her where she was going. . . . I was glad nobody else had found it, and I couldn't help but wonder what these fourteen days had been for her, and think how she had stayed over at the last in one more hope of seeing him again. I never wanted to know what that letter said. I understood that I didn't have any real right. . . . It might have put my husband so far away from me that he could never get back. It might have made me *despise him* . . . and if he had been hard to her and cruel, somehow I couldn't have borne it—as she lay there. If he had been more to her than I would ever know—well, I wanted to let that secret be.

Anyhow, nothing would ever bother her any more. I felt dreadfully sorry about it all. I would have done anything I could to have had her alive, bright and pretty and laughing, as she had been.

Everything was quiet down there at the boathouse; there was the sound of the lake just washing up around the boards, and once I heard a boat dragged up on the landing, and a guide's voice. Some people were going out fishing early. I was glad that I had decided the way I had, and that this very afternoon I had forced myself to look at Miss Pagee until I honestly didn't care how pretty she was.

Sitting by her side that night, it was hard to believe that she was dead. She seemed to have fallen asleep, nothing more.

Little by little my husband and what she had to do with him just faded out of my feelings entirely, and as I looked at her lying there, she grew to be like my sister. If she had been my own sister then, I could have been fond of her, much fonder than I am of Fanny.

It was very strange.

Then and there I forced myself to think over every hour of that long, dreadful day when the two had been out from four in the afternoon until three in the morning, and I faced it and what it might have meant, and after a little I got up and kissed her forehead. It was sweet like a lily. I had taken off her rings and sent them up to her aunt, and her hands looked so white and beautiful and helpless I kissed them too, and cried over them.

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HE CARRIED HER UP IN HIS ARMS AS IF SHE WERE A CHILD.

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I stayed there with her until nearly six o'clock, and then the people came and I went up to the hotel.

CHAPTER XXIX

It was Sunday morning, and there wasn't a soul in sight on the way up to the hotel; but by the time I reached the piazza, the horn of the station stage sounded in the woods at the Paul Smith's turn. When the 'bus swung around and up to the block, I saw a man sitting by the driver. It was Mr. Kirkland—all huddled up in a bunch, his hat jammed down on his head; and my first thought was, "Good gracious, he isn't himself." Coming on what had gone before—the day and the night—it seemed as though I *couldn't* face it, and I nearly ran down the piazza to escape into the piny woods! But he was climbing off the stage, and as soon as he turned about and I saw his face, he lifted his hat to me with a bow, as though I were a great lady, and when I came up to him he smiled. He was almost as white as the dead I had left. His beard had grown out, and his hair was long, and he looked as though he hadn't slept or eaten for ages.

"You're sick, aren't you?" I said. "Lean on me."

And he answered: "I will, my dear girl, gladly."

We crawled up to our room, and he threw his overcoat and hat on the bed and made a sweeping gesture with his hand around the room once or twice; then he said:

"To the four winds, Esther . . . to the proverbial 'four winds of Heaven.' Have you got any cigarettes?"

I sat down on the edge of the bed and waited for him to tell me what was the matter. There were no signs of dissipation about him, nothing but great fatigue and dreadful excitement. Mr. Kirkland was so tall and impressive-looking that he had a way of filling up the place wherever he was, and the little upstairs room appeared too small for him now. He smiled something like himself and then said:

"I'm *bust*, Esther!"

It was the first slang or vulgar word I ever heard him use.

"I haven't got a cent in the world, not a cent. Last week I was worth two hundred thousand dollars, though I didn't tell you, and I hung on till the market closed yesterday, when I was wiped out. Peterson, who came up with me, failed for a million. The market has been insane. My broker went to pot; I might have pulled out otherwise . . ." He waited a minute, then said: "*But you don't seem to realize what this means to you and me.*"

And I said: "I have always been poor, and I can go to work to-morrow. I don't mind for myself, but I know that it is awful—*perfectly awful—for a man like you.*"

It was seven o'clock in the morning. He asked me how long it would take me to get my things packed, and I said about a quarter of an hour. He said he would send for the hotel bill at once and pay it, that he had enough for that and for our tickets to New York.

"We can't stay here an hour, and I never want to see this place by broad day, anyway." I hoped to Heaven that he would not speak of Miss Pagee. I wanted to get away without telling him. He told me that the heat in New York was infernal, and that the mental and nervous strain of the week had been beyond words. He wouldn't take a thing to eat except some coffee, and he drank that strong and black while the men were carrying down our trunk.

The guests at Paul Smith's stayed in bed late on Sundays, and we were the only people for the train. I was awfully glad. I couldn't fix Mr. Kirkland up. He wouldn't hear of it, and even refused to wash his hands. We sat on the back seat, and the stage started off. It was a lovely morning, quiet and fresh and cool. The lake was bright already with flecks of sun, and the smell of the piny forest was spicy and refreshing. Just before we went around the turn in the woods, I looked back at the boathouse, and I thought to myself that death and ruin aren't very pleasant things with which to end up a vacation!

CHAPTER XXX

Mr. Kirkland went right to work as if nothing had happened. He seemed to forget all about his financial experiences, and he was so talented and well educated that it was no time at all before he got another position. It was with Senator Roxburg of Wisconsin. Senator Roxburg was an archenemy of Senator Bellars. I really think it was partly to annoy Senator Bellars that he gave my husband the position of secretary. The salary was $3,500 a year, with promise of a raise if Mr. Kirkland should go later with his chief to

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Washington. As it was, my husband looked after the New York office, for, like many another politician, Senator Roxburg was interested in several financial deals—chiefly railroads.

Mr. Kirkland had crowds of friends, all fond of him, and in the little boarding house where we went to live, the parlor was full of smoke and talk every evening, until one week the landlady just gave the parlor right over to Mr. Kirkland. She said to me:

"Nobody but your husband has ever seemed to have anything to *say* in my parlor before, and if Mr. Kirkland wants to use it like a libr'ry, he's welcome."

Neither my husband nor myself ever spoke of Mr. Sinclair, and he didn't come around. Fanny did, though. Her employer's wife had taken a great fancy to her, and invited Fanny to go to Europe with her on a trip. I went down on the first of September to see them sail, and it was great to watch the ship push out of the dock, Fanny standing up there so gay and pretty and so perfectly delighted. I couldn't believe my eyes, when I realized that a *Carey* was actually going abroad! She had been kind about criticizing my husband, and had never said a single word about his failure.

I was the last person on the dock, and I waited until the boat was out of sight, and as I turned to go off the landing who should I see but Mr. Sinclair standing there.

"I had an idea you would be down here this morning, Mrs. Kirkland," he said, "and I have taken the great liberty of joining you."

He was all broken up. I couldn't but feel sorry for him. He asked, "May I walk over as far as the elevated with you?"

I had to do the talking, for he hadn't a word for himself, until we got into the car —I saw he was going along with me. Then he began to tell me how fearfully he felt about my husband's misfortune.

"So badly, so dreadfully, that I haven't dared to approach his wife."

I told him that it was all over, anyway, and that we had both of us forgotten about the failure.

"But I haven't forgotten it, and there's no use of your saying that you have, Mrs. Kirkland, for you never will."

His voice was as funereal as his black clothes, and his face was as tragic as though every one in the world were dead and he was the mourner for them all. I was sorry for him, and I felt like saying it was all right; but yet I knew perfectly well that this was the time for me to clear his influence right out of my husband's life. I had never liked it. I wondered how I could protect Mr. Kirkland without wounding Mr. Sinclair. He carried a cane with an ivory handle and leaned on it, looking at me in such an intense way I thought all of a sudden of what Miss Pagee had said to me about him, and I reddened up like fire.

"You don't answer me," he said earnestly. "Can you forgive me?"

If I said yes, then he would be up to the house that very night, and my husband would be under his influence deeper than ever.

"Why don't you get some work to do? Why don't you go out West to some ranch? Lots of men are going West now."

He smiled very slowly, and it wasn't a bit like Mr. Kirkland's smile, which was sunny and boylike.

"The farther the better?" he asked very sadly. "Is *that* all you have to say to me?"

There was nobody in our car. Fanny's ship had sailed early. Mr. Sinclair had stuck his cane in the holes of the car mat, and he looked down at it very hard. Then he said, speaking down to the point of his cane as though it were another human being:

"When I first saw you at Trinity, the morning of your marriage, when Kirk did me the honor to let me be his best man, I knew that you would pull Kirk out. Stand by Kirk—he is worth it. I know him better than anybody else does, perhaps, and he's worth it, although probably nobody else will ever tell you so, my dear lady—*My dear lady*"—very gently and softly. He took his silk hat off and wiped his forehead with a silk handkerchief. It was perfumed with violet essence. I saw that there were drops of perspiration all across his brow, like a little row of beads. Then he put his hat on and rose.

"Will you shake hands with me?"

"Why, of course." But I tried not to meet his eyes. We were coming to the station before the one where I changed to go to Harlem. He held my hand very lightly for a minute and then let it go. I wanted to alter the state his mind was in, so I asked him if he had heard about Miss Pagee. He said yes, of course, poor girl—poor girl! But he wouldn't get his thought on this a bit; he just looked at me in the most intense way, and as the car slowed down he said:

"I don't believe there's any limit to what you can do, except in my case," and he

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touched his breast. "There is a stone right here, and even your hand—your hand, my dear lady—couldn't roll it toward the West."

Whilst I was wondering what to make out of him anyway, he turned and went right out of the car, but he stood on the platform until my train started out again from the station, his silk hat in his hand, and the other hand stuck in the breast of his black coat, as though it were over the stone.

I waved to him and smiled, but he stood stock-still, like a statue, and just bowed his head to me.

It gave me a perfectly awful, ghostly feeling—perfectly awful! I didn't know what to do, and it wouldn't have surprised me a single bit if he had jumped on the track after our train had gone and let the next train pass over him. I didn't dare to look in the paper for suicides for days.

Once my husband said, a few weeks later: "Poor old Sin doesn't dare come here any more, Esther. He has an idea that you have taken a dislike to him, and that he is to blame for all my losses. I wish you would write him a line and ask him up. I assure you he will never come until you do."

"Then Mr. Sinclair will never come," I answered.

And he never did.

CHAPTER XXXI

My husband didn't want me out of his sight. He told me everything: just what his position was with Senator Roxburg and just how things went. I sat in the parlor with his friends, and after they had gone we often talked together until one or two in the morning. For a long time he never touched a drop of anything, and grew brighter and more cheerful and more absorbed in his work. One day he left in the morning nervous and irritable. He found fault with everything, with the coffee and the rolls, and I had to make him some cocoa over the alcohol lamp, and he drank that up in our room. When he went out, it seemed as though some kind of a storm had passed through the rooms; and just at twelve o'clock one of my bad headaches came on, and I was getting ready to lie down when a boy brought me up a note from his office. It read:

"Please come down immediately and fetch my green umbrella."

For a second I thought to myself, why, I will just give it to this boy and say I have an awful headache, but instead I got up and dressed. It was one of those hot days that come in October just before winter. I could hardly see what I put on, but I succeeded in fastening up my hair and getting a hat pinned on, and I took the umbrella and went down to Nassau Street. When I reached the office, I had to wait in the stenographers' room for half an hour. They told me that Mr. Kirkland was in with Senator Roxburg. Here I listened to the click of the machines, and it was like music to me. Mr. Kirkland came in and beckoned me to go into the office. Senator Roxburg had just left, and my husband was alone in an elegant room. He was tired and excited, but I was glad to see that he was all right.

"I have been in this infernal cage for four hours without moving," he said, "and every now and then I hear a whistle from the bay that tells me that some boat is off for France or England."

Then he walked over to the window and sat down at Mr. Roxburg's table and began to sort letters.

I handed out the umbrella to him. "Here is what you asked for," I said, and he looked up.

"My umbrella," he repeated, staring at it, and he laughed out loud. "And you have actually brought it down? You are adorably literal, my dear girl!"

He got up, though still laughing. "An umbrella on a glorious golden October day?"

"Didn't you want it?"

"No," he said, "of course not."

I stood there holding it out, and for the first time since I had left my own house in Bracketsville when Fanny made a fuss, I was angry—very, very angry.

"Then it was a joke on me," I said.

When I saw how bright my husband's face was—for he kept on smiling—I just forced back that awful fury. It was lucky that I did, because my husband came up and took the umbrella out of my hands and put it on the table, and took hold of my arm and looked at me.

"An 'umbrella' is what the French would call a '*piége*,' my dear girl. *I wanted to look at you*, that was all—that was all."

He did look at me. And a feeling I had never known with him began to come over me; but it died at once, like a little thing that hadn't time to grow or live. I saw my husband's expression change like lightning, and I understood: it was only *the trouble* pursuing him.

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"That's all right—I didn't mind coming down. But I really did think you wanted the umbrella, for you said so."

He turned around again to his work. "I am afraid you will have to excuse me, Esther," he said formally. "I shall be occupied until late to-night classifying these papers."

I went, of course. I don't think I had been with him ten minutes, but I was glad I had gone down, for it turned out that was all he wanted—just to look at me—to be sure I was somewhere where he could call on me.

I don't begin to say that he was not an autocrat and that he didn't love to exercise his rights. I don't say that it didn't appear to be a selfish, tyrannical thing to do, and I daresay there isn't a strong-minded woman who wouldn't laugh at me or who wouldn't swear she would see her husband further before she would go to him like a messenger boy! I just didn't look at it that way, that's all! He needed me, and I felt it, through the short note he sent up to 111th Street, and I knew it when he looked into my face.

He came home at midnight, perfectly tired out and exhausted, but there was nothing else between us save his great fatigue.

CHAPTER XXXII

I FELT so rushed all the while, as if life were hurrying us on like lightning somewhere or other. It was really because I was watching my husband so hard, and waiting to see how things went for him. It wasn't his position with Senator Roxburg that was so very important; it was his acquaintances that counted.

There was a Mr. Collins who kept coming up to the house every now and then; he was from Omaha, and his father was in the United States Senate. It was he who had got my husband to go into Senator Roxburg's office and they were getting to be good friends.

Senator Roxburg was in the opposite party from Senator Bellars, and my husband said: "Some day it will be a civil war. You will have the pleasure of seeing the nephew pitted against the uncle," and I told him that it wouldn't give me any pleasure at all.

"No, Esther, you don't appear to harbor resentments."

My husband hadn't shown any party feeling thus far, but now he began to be a rank Republican, heart and soul, and just as warmly as he had gone into finance, he began to go into politics.

Nobody looked nicer than he did going off in the morning, when he would let me brush him off, put his tie straight, and see that he had gloves. It didn't do much good, though, for he never wore them. We would buy a pair, and they'd soon be reduced to just one, all smelling of tobacco and wrinkled up; and when he took to rolling his own cigarettes for a while, he used to use his gloves for *tobacco pouches*, and one night one fell out on the parlor floor when his friends were there! I was awfully ashamed, but they seemed to think it was a sign of genius, and Seth Collins said:

"Does Kirk ever show any signs of genius excepting his eccentricities, Mrs. Kirkland?"

Then he asked me quite seriously where I thought Mr. Kirkland's talents lay, and I was just going to say something light when I caught sight of my husband's face, and his eyes fixed on me as though he really waited to see what I would answer, as though he cared; and I understood that he would never forget what I said then. I thought of the manuscript lying down deep in my trunk, the drama that had been refused. I thought of his financial failure, and now of this third venture, and I knew, if I went back to any of the other things, he would be discouraged. There was the law, of course; he hadn't tried that, or the ministry; but I believed that he was capable of going on and trying them all and of being bright in them all, too, and I made up my mind now to stick where we were. I said:

"Why, I think his genius lies in politics."

And Mr. Collins exclaimed warmly: "You are perfectly right, Mrs. Kirkland. Kirk has found his rut, and I hope he'll stick there."

These were just the words I had used in my own mind.

My husband had glanced from face to face, like a boy at his examinations, to see what each gentleman thought, and he appeared relieved; and one of the others, who was a lawyer in a successful firm, asked him directly: "How do you feel about it, Kirk?"

And he answered: "Gentleman, whatever my wife says *goes*. . . . She is the wisest little woman in the world!"

And I was very much embarrassed and a little ashamed, for I knew it hadn't been wisdom, but plain common sense.

CHAPTER XXXIII

THAT winter was cold and windy, with lots of snow. One evening my husband didn't come from the office for dinner, and

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when I was sitting upstairs in my slippers before the register, trying to keep warm—for the wind was severe—he came stamping in, at 7 30, his hat and overcoat on; and as I looked up at him, I saw his face was dark and heavy with the old trouble there.

"Esther," he said very shortly, "how long will it take you to get ready to go to the theatre?"

"Well"—I began hesitatingly.

"If you can get ready in five minutes, we will go; otherwise, I will take a turn around alone."

"I will be ready."

People usually like to put on nice things for the theatre. I grabbed a jacket and a hat and a tippet, while he stood in the doorway, staring straight before him. I dragged out some gloves, and when I went to put them on, on the stairs, I found they were both for one hand. Just as I was, we went, and so fast I could hardly keep up with him. When we got over to the cars, I realized that I had on my bedroom slippers and that it was January. I don't know why I didn't take cold right there and have pneumonia, but I didn't. My husband never spoke to me until we got into the theatre and had our places. They were in the front row. It was "The Giddy Throng," and my husband was very pleased with the show. He appeared to enjoy it as a boy might have done. He smiled and laughed and applauded until we were conspicuous. I thought the chorus girls were lovely but awfully immodest. At the end of the first act my husband said to me:

"Esther, I want you to notice the girl on the end . . . that ideal creature with the rosebud mouth and the divine figure."

She *was* pretty as a picture. He never took his eyes off her, and talked about her all through the play—called her "Hebe," and said:

"Never talk to *me* about any dance but the classic ballet. A man could float to heaven on that girl's grace."

I didn't want to be mean . . . but I didn't think a man would be very likely to float in *that* direction with a "Giddy Throng" chorus girl.

The next night we went to see "The Giddy Throng" again; he telephoned up to me to meet him at the theatre. It was pretty enough to see twice, but after we had seen it four times I began to get sick of "The Giddy Throng." However, it amused my husband, and by and by he paid no attention to the show and only stared and stared at that one pretty girl. He called her "Helen" now when he spoke of her, and once he said to me between the acts:

"*Was this the face that launched a thousand ships?*" . . .

And I answered that she was pretty enough to set a good many things afloat.

We saw "The Giddy Throng" every night for six weeks.

Everybody got to know us. The ushers smiled and called my husband by name. He tipped everybody well, and of course the girl in the chorus knew us intimately. She used to smile and nod, and I know she thought my husband was a lunatic and that I was his nurse.

He never saw her once off the stage. That was the curious part of it!

As I sat there, I used to think about other things, and do accounts, and sometimes I went to sleep.

Six weeks . . .!

Don't talk to *me* about the theatre! I knew every line of that piece by heart, and I know that most of the time my husband never thought once of the performance.

One night he said: "Helen is getting thin; her cheeks have lost their divine curve. Esther, don't you think her beauty has worn off?"

And I answered that I didn't wonder it had worn off, after "*launching a thousand ships*," and he laughed heartily. "You remember that? That quotation is from one of Marlowe's plays—'Faustus'—a great work of art, by the way." He got up out of his seat—this was between the acts. "Come, Esther, come," he said, and walked us out of the theatre as fast as possible. I can't say that I was sorry to leave "The Giddy Throng," but I was anxious for him—the spell was broken.

CHAPTER XXXIV

One morning after breakfast he said: "It is astonishing how cruel a good woman can be. Isn't it?"

I supposed he meant me. "I didn't know I was either the one or the other," I answered.

"You are good to *me*, my dear girl. But I think that as far as the rest of the world goes, you don't care a hang what happens to it, do you?"

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Then he told me that Mr. Sinclair was ill.

"He is hard up and broken up, Esther, and for your sake I haven't been a good friend to poor old Sin."

I asked him what he wanted me to do, and he replied very severely: "As your heart dictates." As far as he was concerned, he was going over to Brooklyn to see Mr. Sinclair. I got my hat and coat and said I was going, too, and my husband seemed delighted to have me with him.

"Poor old Sin! he will be wild with pleasure to receive this embassy of peace. He has been eating his heart out over your disapproval and over his own hard luck."

The river had blocks of ice in it. We passed under the new bridge that was building, and when we got over to Brooklyn we took a hack, for we didn't know where to find the street. It turned out to be an alley lined with tenement houses, and we could scarcely believe that a gentleman lived there. When we stopped in front of the number, we couldn't think it was true. A group of small children gathered around our hack. The house door was wide open, and there was a woman and a man talking together on the stoop. We went up.

"Mr. Sinclair?" my husband asked.

The woman stared at us. "Are you his brother that was coming?" she asked.

"No, I am his best friend."

"Well," said the woman, "you are too late. He died yesterday."

For a moment it went all through me that it was *my fault*—my fault for being so hard and cruel.

We asked if we could go upstairs, and the woman said, "Yes, right up to his room on the next floor," and we did so. It was bare and poor, and he was in a coffin in the middle of the room, with the gas turned low and the shades drawn. It was piercing—icy—dreadfully cold. There was nothing but his bed and bureau and a couple of chairs and a washstand; not even a trunk of clothes.

My husband stood looking at Mr. Sinclair for a long, long time. His face was thin and drawn, but quite peaceful. He didn't look like a dead man to me as much as he did that day on the "L" station platform.

The woman stayed in the room with us. After a while Mr. Kirkland walked over to the bureau drawers and opened them one by one; every one of them was empty excepting the first, and there was a little packet which Mr. Kirkland took.

"If you have robbed this man," he said to the woman in a dreadful voice, "don't think to escape. I will have you put in the penitentiary for life."

"Robbed him! I haven't indeed, sir; he owes me money. He hadn't many things, but what he did have he sold them all, and he wouldn't take anything from us—he was too proud."

"What do you mean?" my husband said. "What kind of *things* do you speak of?"

And she said as if she was ashamed, "Why, *food*, and like that."

"Do you mean ——?" my husband murmured, and the woman replied:

"He was often hungry . . . Why, he just starved to death. That's what the doctor said when the pneumonia set in."

My husband gripped the table and cried out: "My God, Sin—Sin!" and burst into tears.

The woman slipped out then and left us, and after a little the quiet of that room calmed my husband, and he wiped his eyes and came over to me, and without a word handed me the packet. I looked at it. The letters were from Mr. Kirkland to Mr. Sinclair, written in Paris, and the photograph was a little picture of me that I had given my husband and which he thought he had lost.

He didn't say one word of reproach to me, but when he went back to the side of Mr. Sinclair's coffin he murmured: "This is a mission of peace, old man—a mission of peace!" And then he said other things that I couldn't hear. Downstairs he made all the arrangements with the woman, and paid her up, and in the elevated, on the way home, under his breath he murmured:

"Starved to death! My God!" Then he turned to me and said violently: "Think of it—*think* of it!"

"No," I begged him, "don't—he wouldn't want us to. He didn't give any trouble to any one, and he wanted it that way."

He left me at the Fiftieth Street junction. He said he wanted to go and walk in the Park, and I understood that he wished to be alone and think, and I honestly didn't dare follow him. I went home perfectly used up and sick at heart. It was Sunday night. I never saw or heard from my husband for three days.

The Fourth Instalment of **A Successful Wife** will appear in the June Number.

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"CHAD."

THE DIPPING AT TURKEY BUSH

by

ELMORE ELLIOTT PEAKE

Author of "The House of Hawley," etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY
E. W. KEMBLE

THE Reverend Tiberius Calhoun Wood, presiding elder of Cherokee district, descended stiffly from his mud-encrusted buggy after a long, chilly ride over the rutted hills of northern Georgia, fumbled under the seat for a rope, and tied his mule to the firmest looking panel in Deacon Cal Bodey's very infirm fence. He was a tall, box-shouldered, chesty African, and his long ulster, in spite of its worn buttonholes and clots of clay, gave him the port of a bishop—of which fact he was very well aware.

To garner the fruits of a recent revival, Turkey Bush church was to have, in conjunction with a big dinner, an immersion—a form of baptism more popular, locally, with the colored Methodists than the customary sprinkling; and Cal Bodey's home, on the bank of the Little Tallapoosa, was the traditional place for such celebrations. There now stood in the yard a dozen or two dish-wheeled, weather-beaten vehicles, with missing spokes and tottering dashboards, while the equine specters which had drawn them hither were tethered in an adjoining grove of scrub oak. But the presiding elder had no intention of unhitching his own mule; and, pausing at the gate, which languished on one leathern hinge, he emitted a lusty bellow. The cabin door at once opened, letting out a babel of talk, mingled with shrill feminine laughter. A squat negro, with arms hanging almost to his knees, stepped outside.

"Howdy, Elder, howdy!" exclaimed Cal. "Suttinly is tickled to see you at las'. Women's been wunnerin' if Mushrat bridge done wash out ag'in or if your mewel got mired in the bottoms. You shuhly is in the nick of time, Elder. Everybody is on hand, and the smell of cookin' in that house make you' nose tingle like a houn's on a rabbit trail."

Tiberius was not in a good humor. His breakfast that morning had not been of the fatted calf variety to which he was accustomed on his official tours, no matter how poor the parishioner upon whom he chanced to be quartered; and he had brooded over the outrage all forenoon as his mule splashed up and down hill.

"Brer Bodey," he answered, brusquely, "*Ah'm* suttinly ready fer Christian eatin's of any kind, after the hawg-crunchin's Ah set down to this mawnin', over at Rose Hill. You'll 'blige me by onhitchin' my mewel and givin' him a good feed—not less'n eight years of cawn. You'll also 'blige me by gittin' my 'mersiom robes from unner the seat and axin' Sist' Bodey to bresh the dirt offen 'em."

Cal shuffled toward the mule, and Tiberius stalked into the cabin. The very first whiff of the savory aroma inside, however, dissipated his spleen. His perfect white teeth glistened in an expansive smile, and he began to swell and strut among the sisters like a turkey gobbler. But this did not last long, for his entrance had been a signal to the cooks to pipe all hands to quarters, and shortly the little tables scattered about the front room were rimmed with hungry blacks.

None was hungrier or quicker to land in his chair than the presiding elder himself. Indeed, the steam from the great potpies, pyramids of "beat" biscuit, and platters of rabbit and squirrel, to say nothing of baked beans, yams, okra, and sweet potatoes, would have thawed out a much more ascetic nature than Tiberius Wood's. So, after a sonorous grace, he tucked his napkin about his thick

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neck, lowered his head, and charged at the victuals. The room, as well as the food, was hot, and the last memory of his scanty breakfast and cold ride quickly vanished. His black cheeks began to shine; a fine dew beaded his forehead and bald crown. He guffawed and bawled as loudly as anybody, and at the jokes of Cal Bodey, the wit of Turkey Bush, he alternately snorted and squealed with merriment.

He had fallen, by chance or otherwise, to the care of Luella Habersham, a comely mulatto still under thirty, who glowed like a tulip in her scarlet dress. She posted herself behind the great man's chair, and he had but to glance at a dish to charm it to his plate. Meanwhile, Luella tittered and tee-heed at his slightest pleasantry, and, in the face of the black looks of her envious sisters, kept up a running conversation with him over his shoulders.

"Oh, Elder," she exclaimed, as he shot out a long arm and speared the half of a squirrel, "don' eat none of that squoll." Bending closer, she added, in a honeyed voice: "I got sumpin' brownin' in the oven fer you that make squoll tas'e like gunnysack. 'Tain't nothin' less'n two young 'possums what my man Chad brung home yes'day. I'll go see if they's done yit."

As she opened the oven door and gave the juicy tidbits a final basting, there was some contemptuous sniffing and rolling of eyes among the other cooks; and after Luella had departed with one of the smoking opossums on a plate, old Ca'line Ducey gave vent to her indignation:

"Ah declare, that yaller wench makes me sick to my stummick. She comes heah deck out like fer a weddin' 'stid of a dippin'. Then she maneuvers to git Elder at her table and keeps a-buzzin' in his year like a bee round a sap-spout. *Possums!* Ah'd ruther do without 'em, if I was Elder, than have her switch that red tail aroun' me as bobdaciously as a peacock."

The toothsome little marsupial, with a patch of fat on each thigh and swimming in its own grease, had reached exactly the right shade of brown; and as Tiberius studied it with greedy eyes, he realized, with a pang, that he had done himself an injustice by filling up on edibles such as fell to his lot almost every day. But the very first mouthful of the crisp, nutty meat whetted his appetite anew, and, dropping his round head closer to his plate than ever, he vigorously assaulted the opossum, spattering the gravy on his waistcoat and, when he reached the ribs, dispensing with knife and fork in favor of his fingers.

Finally he paused, breathing heavily, with his wrists on the edge of the table to keep his greasy paws off the cloth.

"Sis' Hab'sham," he observed, thickly, "Ah shuhly nevah tas'e nothin' more delicious in all mah life. Have some fairy done taught you the aht of cookin'?"

Luella snickered archly. "Elder, I hopes you isn't makin' fun of my poo' efforts. Mus' I remind you theh's another one still in the oven? I reckon it's even better as this one, by now."

Tiberius hesitated—and was lost. He knew his weakness, and he already had a feeling of solidity within, as if his food had been tamped by a pile driver. But before he could put the temptation aside, Luella had skipped away to the kitchen.

This second opossum proved, sure enough, a little browner, a little juicier, a little more luscious looking, if possible, than the first. The Elder's eyes glistened. By no abuse of language could he be called hungry, but it might be months before another such delectable morsel were set before him. So, heaving a sigh and surreptitiously loosening the two lower buttons of his vest, he tore a thigh from its socket and paused not until he had sucked the last bone clean. Then, feeling the need of more room, he pushed his chair back a few inches. But before he could rise, his temptress once more appeared with a piece of plum-pudding, which a sense of propriety compelled him to eat.

Tiberius Wood's stomach had never forced itself upon his attention except by something like a perpetual emptiness. Of its size and shape he knew nothing. If pressed by a catechiser in anatomy, he would probably have likened it to a half-bushel basket, occupying most of the region between one's shoulders and one's hips. That it could be abused had never crossed his mind. Nevertheless, shortly after dinner he became decidedly uncomfortable. A zone coincident with his waistline assumed the tightness of a drumhead—a tightness which the loosening of two more vest buttons and the top button of his trousers in no wise relieved. His ears began to buzz and crackle, specks floated before his eyes, and now and then the room would spin like a dancing dervish.

"Brer Bodey," said Tiberius, finally leading his host aside, "Ah got a mos' peculiar

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rumpusin'-around kind of feelin' in mah innerds. Ah can't adzactly 'splain it to you, but it's wuss'n a bunch of tom-cats th'owed in a bar'l together. Now Ah ain't smoked sence Ah was awdained in the Mefodist mimistry, but somehow Ah sort of feel as if a *cig*ar would sort of settle me down. Does you happen to have one about the house?"

"I sure has. I got a box of prime stogies. Kunnel Singleton gimme 'em when I butchered hawgs fer him."

"You reckon we could step aside, privatelike, somers? Ah wouldn't want to walk fer, though, with this twitchin' Ah got."

The loft of the cabin offered at once the greatest and the nearest privacy, and up the ladder, which served in lieu of a stairway, slowly and gingerly climbed the presiding elder, blowing like a porpoise and barely managing to squeeze through the trapdoor.

Cal Bodey suspected that the alleged illness was only a subterfuge—a touch of human weakness in the reverend gentleman which attracted rather than repelled Cal. But Tiberius had smoked only a few minutes when he dropped his stogy to the floor and rolled over on the trundlebed with a groan.

"Bodey," said he, faintly, "Ah don't want to skeer you, but Ah believe mah time has come. That las' 'possum done got me down. He's a-gnawin' at mah vitals like a rat gnawin' at a cheese. Call Sist' Bodey quick."

Mrs. Bodey had not been in the loft since tipping the beam at two hundred and twenty-five, but her frizzled and beribboned head finally appeared through the trap like a Jack-in-the-box, and Cal, after allowing her to catch her breath, dragged her through. Behind her came half a dozen other women, including, as a matter of course, Luella Habersham. At sight of the stricken man Luella threw up her hands with a shriek. Penelope Bodey, who had already had enough of the young woman's silliness, turned upon her angrily and ordered her downstairs. Then she gave her attention to the sufferer.

Hot towels, mustard plasters, red-pepper poultices, and ginger tea were tried in rapid succession. Still Tiberius moaned and groaned, emitting an occasional yelp and begging piteously to be saved.

Through it all Cal Bodey, in a sunken, crouching attitude, still sucked his stogy. His round, expressionless eyes and low, wrinkled brow gave him a decidedly simian cast, but he was, as a matter of fact, wrestling with his conscience. Under a loose board in the corncrib was concealed a quart bottle of "bitters" which he felt positive would alleviate the elder's pain. Yet it would be an embarrassing thing to reveal this bottle to his wife, who had cajoled him into signing the pledge only a month before. Finally he worked out a plan to save himself this em-

THE ELDER'S EYES GLISTENED.

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barrassment, and, placing his thick lips close to the sufferer's ear, he whispered:

"Elder, ef I could git holt of some bitters somers, would you' conscience let you teck 'em?"

"Mah conscience 'bout quit wuckin' by this time," whispered back Tiberius. "Bring on you' bitters."

Cal turned to the group of women. "Ladies, Elder t'inks he mought feel better wif his clo'es off. You all kindly retieh and I see to his disrobement. But fust I'll step out to the bahn and get a little hoss-liniment to chafe him with."

From the very first liberal dose of the bitters, Tiberius began to improve. "Sumpin' about that medicine, Cal Bodey," said he, with almost a smile, "which nachally heads that 'possum offen mah vitals. Ah'm shuhly thankful to you."

OLD CA'LINE DUCEY.

Cal chuckled. In fact, he felt so elated over the success of his prescription that he stepped behind the chimney, under pretense of looking for a leak in the roof, and took a stiff dose himself.

"You still feel that 'possum?" he asked presently.

"He's a-layin' low, but he's still theh," answered Tiberius.

"Reckon we'd better drench him ag'in, then. 'Tain't no use in lettin' him git another holt on you. A stitch in time saves nime, and so do a drink."

In the course of the next hour the bottle made several trips to and from the chimney corner, where Cal prudently stowed it each time. With reviving life, Tiberius turned his mind to the chief duty of the day—the immersion of the converts. Turkey Bush had been accounted too poor, the past few years, to be included on a circuit. Yet services had been conducted at irregular intervals by exhorters and class leaders, and the saving of souls had by no means come to a standstill, as was evidenced by the recent revival.

"Cal Bodey," observed the elder finally, "Ah feel as if Ah *mus'* dip them young people. Ah done repo'ted their conversiom to the bishop, and he done writ me that if they's baptized befo' conference, Turkey Bush more'n likely to git a preacher next year. Ah feel as if Ah mus' *not* let that preacher slip away from you." Yet a glance through the slit of a window at the cold, yellow waters of the Little Tallapoosa set him to shivering.

"Elder," observed Cal, with unwonted comradery as he lit another stogy, "it's suttin death fer you to go in that wateh. You'd cramp like an eel in a skillet. Now I been projeckin' sumpin'. Why can't somebody pussonate you? He could wrap hisself up in you' 'mersiom robes, and tu'n up the collah, and pull down his hat, jess like a man with you' indisposishum would, and nobody could tell the dif'runce."

It is very unlikely that this startling suggestion would have been either made or considered had it not been for the effect of the whisky upon the two gentlemen. But in his present mellow, not to say hazy, mood, Tiberius blinked reflectively.

"Nobody in Turkey Bush big enough to pussonate me," he finally objected.

"Yes, they is. Chad Hab'sham you' size to a dot."

Tiberius had almost forgotten that Luella had a husband, for Chad, though a member of Turkey Bush church, was in a backslidden state and seldom came within the purview of the presiding elder. Even on this festal day he had preferred to go on with his whitewashing at Colonel Singleton's, though not another darky within a radius of five miles was at work.

There were people who hinted that Chad's chronic absenteeism from the presiding elder's quarterly ministrations was due to more than mere backsliding. Possibly Tiberius himself suspected such to be the case. Luella had certainly been indiscreet. She always, for instance, decorated the pulpit with flowers on the elder's appearance. She insinuated little compliments into his ears whenever occasion offered, confided her spiritual struggles to him, and even intimated that she had

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marital struggles as well. In spite of his foggy state of mind, Tiberius now perceived that this coquetry constituted a grave objection to using Chad as a substitute. For Luella, be it known, was one of the candidates for baptism, and should she indulge in any of her frivolity at the dipping, with her husband masquerading in the ministerial robes, the result was likely to be even more disastrous than had been her little favor to-day in the matter of the opossums.

Tiberius had reached this juncture in his meditations when, chancing to glance out of the window again, he saw Luella's slender figure climbing the hill toward her home, a mile and a half away. Her flaming dress made her identification sure.

"A STITCH IN TIME SAVES NIME—AND SO DO A DRINK."

"Brer Bodey," began the elder, "your su'gestion is suttinly a awdacious and in some respects a mos' juberous one. The chu'ch laws don't make no provision that Ah ever heerd of fer sich a substitooshum. Same time they don't, as ever Ah heerd, ferbid it. Unner the peculiar succumstances, it seems to me Ah could lay mah hands on Chad and anoint him, so to speak, fer the wuck. In addishum, Ah could lay on mah stummick heah by the winder and every time Chad dipped a candidate Ah could say the consecratin' wuds, which, it do seem to me, would serve the occashum jess as well as if Ah had the candidate in mah own ahms. You look at it that way, Cal?"

"I suttinly does," answered Bodey, rousing from a momentary doze.

"Then it's settle. Now, Ah wouldn't like to resk Sist' Hab'sham with Chad. She might re*cog*nize his tech or his voice, 'cause he got to mumble sumpin', like 'Sisteh, you' sins washed away.' But Ah jess seen her climbin' the hill, like she gone home, thinkin' the dippin' is postpone. You go down and meck shuh she *is* gone home, and then light out fer Chad. Cose, Brer Bodey," he added, impressively, "Ah relies entirely on you' discreshum. If this heah substitooshum ever leak out, it blow this chu'ch up like a daminite bum."

Cal found Chad at work on one of the outlying fences of the big plantation. His palaver was not very efficacious; but after a silver dollar which had recently reposed in the presiding elder's pocket had changed hands, the big fellow hid his brush and bucket in a clump of sassafras and climbed into the buggy. At a safe distance from the scene of action, he got down and made his way through the scrub oak to the edge of Bodey's clearing. Here he lay in cover until Cal's whistle announced that the candidates and their friends had gone down to the river; then he slipped in the back door and ascended to the loft.

"Chad," began Tiberius, rather thickly, "you realizes the seriousness of this occashum, of cose. Ah don't need to dwell on that. All Ah asks is you' sacred asseveration and pledgification that you keep this transacshum secret to the day of you' death."

"Under penalty of hell-fieh," added Bodey, still smarting under the loss of the dollar, which he had hoped to retain for himself.

"Look heah, Cal," answered Chad, threateningly, "mah mouth ain't waterin' none fer no job with hell-fieh 'tached to it. Ah'd sooner whitewash. It's safer."

"There ain't no hell-fieh 'tached to it, Chad," interposed the minister, soothingly. "It's jess as Ah said—you' solemn pledgification."

"Ah gives that, of co'se," said Chad. "Trouble is, Cal's too boozy to talk straight, though I notice he ain't forced me to refuse none of his licker yit."

"Who boozy?" demanded Cal, hotly. "Lemme tell you, nigger——" But the elder's uplifted hand checked him.

"Gemplum, no discushum now," said

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Tiberius. "Time presses. Put on the robes, Chad, and lemme see how they fits. You better put on mah shoes, too, though Ah hates to have 'em stretched. A mimister supposed to be washed white but not white-wash, specially on his shoes."

He tittered at his little joke and swayed the least bit. Then, after briefly coaching Chad on his speaking parts, he dropped back on the bed with a sigh.

A minute or two later, a tall, black-robed figure, muffled to the eyes with a scarf which all but met the turned-down brim of a soft hat and effectually concealed the face, passed from the cabin to the water's edge, hushing the chatter of the crowd. Cal Bodey, accompanying the figure, made a short speech.

"Br'ern, you've all heerd of our beloved elder's indisposishum. I'm speakin' fer him now 'cause the congestion done gone to his throat, 'pears like, and made him hoarse. He hopes you'll excuse his extry wrops, 'cause he's afeerd of teckin' cold. He also hopes you'll excuse his not speakin' loud, or sayin' any mo' 'n he has to."

The daredevil Chad, to whom any adventure was welcome, played his part admirably; and Tiberius, from his porthole under the eaves, looked down on the scene with a pleased if somewhat vacant smile. In fact, so contented was he with the situation that he nodded a little and sometimes forgot to repeat the ritual synchronously with Chad's operations.

But just before the last candidate entered the water, a thing happened which made Tiberius Wood's blood run cold. Luella Habersham, with skirts wildly flying about a pair of plaid stockings, came running down the hill at a breakneck pace. She turned into the yard, dashed into the cabin, with a cry for them to wait for her, and in an incredibly short time dashed out again, clad in her baptismal garments.

She reached the river just as Chad was stepping out for the last time. He paused, as if uncertain of the next move in the game, while the heart of the watcher in the loft went pitapat. Then he took his wife by the hand, as he had taken the others.

"Oh, the wateh's so col', Elder!" exclaimed Luella, as she stepped gingerly in. "Tain't no place fer a sick man. But I admires you' fearlessness."

As they waded deeper, she clutched her companion's arm with a fine show of timidity, although, as a matter of fact, she could swim like an otter.

"I'm so afeerd of the wateh," she ran on, in almost a whisper, so as to be inaudible to the spectators. "I don't believe I could trus' myself to be laid down in it by any but you' strong ahm. I loves a strong man."

The bogus elder still made no answer, but, gripping her firmly, he waded in yet deeper—deeper than he had taken any of the other candidates—until, as the cold water rose breast-high on the fair candidate, she clutched his arm in good earnest.

"Elder," she quavered, between chattering teeth, "you surely gwine wash all my sins away."

"Ah surely am," came the answer in a muffled voice.

"NOW YOU LAS' AND BIGGES' SIN GONE——"

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As Chad slipped his arm about her waist, she settled down upon it with a contented smile. But it was of short duration, for, without the least warning, Chad plunged her beneath the yellow flood. She came up strangling.

"Oh, Elder, I—I was'n ready!" she gasped. "I was jess——"

"*That* wash you' li'l sins away," interposed the "elder." "Now fer the *big* ones."

She struggled to get her feet on the ground, but he kept her in a horizontal position, and, in the midst of her protestations that one dip was enough, she again disappeared, with a gurgle, beneath the surface.

"They all gone now, all 'cept the very bigges' one," murmured Chad, as he lifted her out.

In her desperate effort to catch her breath, the words came faintly to her ears, as from a distance. She was now thoroughly frightened. All the negro stories she had ever heard of people slipping mysteriously from a minister's hands and disappearing forever, flitted through her mind, and she fought like a catamount to escape. But her strength, magnified though it was by terror, availed nothing against Chad's grip of iron.

"Oh, Elder, have mercy! I done been under twice already, and you only dipped the others once. My sins are many, but——"

With a splash and a swirl of skirts she was thrust under for the third time. Chad lifted her none too quickly, and when she emerged it was with a wild, hysterical cry, her throat working, her bosom heaving. For a moment Chad had to support her. Then he said, quietly but tensely:

"Now you' las' and bigges' sin gone—deceivin' you' husband, takin' money from his pockets at night, and tryin' to flirt with a man of God like me."

Meanwhile, the spectators on the bank stood dumfounded at this triple immersion. The Reverend Tiberius fairly clawed the windowsill, ground his teeth, and threatened his treacherous substitute with damnation, physical and spiritual. At the same time he felt a trickle of cold sweat between his shoulder blades. He doubted not that Chad intended to drown his wife, after which he would probably settle with the elder himself.

But Chad had administered all the punishment he intended. With great dignity he led Luella to the shore and murmured a benediction. As soon as he released her hand, she ran for the cabin, sobbing violently.

"Ah reckon *her* sins mus' shuhly have been as scarlet," murmured old Ca'line Ducey, with malicious pleasure.

Cal Bodey, by this time seeing at least two ministers and two candidates in the water, got the impression, through the same multiple vision, that Luella had been dipped not less than a dozen times. As he walked up the bank with Chad, he said, in a surly undertone, "Elder di'n' tell you to souse her up and down like you scaldin' a hawg. What fo' you do it?"

"None o' you' dam business, Cal Bodey," answered Chad.

"Elder make it *his* business, I bet you a pewtah dollah," retorted Cal.

"Ah'll bet you a *silveh* dollah he don't," rejoined Chad. "And I got the dollah right heah," he added, tantalizingly.

He was right. To Cal Bodey's profound amazement, Tiberius civilly thanked Chad for his services, without one word about the unprecedented immersion of Luella.

Chad had to lie in the loft until the last guest had departed; hence he reached home two hours later than Luella, or just about supper-time. As he tramped along in the thickening dusk, the sweet trill of a vesper sparrow floated to his ears from across the sodden March fields. He seldom heard a bird's song, except subconsciously, but this time he paused and faced about toward the valley, just in time to see a lake of molten gold painted on the western horizon by the last rays of the sun.

In his weather-beaten clothes, with his feet planted in the red mire, he made but a commonplace figure on the landscape. Yet he was not thinking commonplace thoughts. For some reason he could still hear his wife gasping for breath, could still feel her small hands desperately clutching his arms. Something akin to pity stirred in his breast.

Moreover, two or three questions propounded themselves to him: Was it right for a man who earned only seventy-five cents a day to stop every evening on his way home at Stoop Stiles's crossroads doggery and spend twenty-five cents for whisky? Was it right for a man, whose wife was ten years younger than himself and loved fun, always to stay at home when any neighborhood frolics were on, and let her go alone, without a cent—unless she had filched it from his pocket overnight? Was it right for a man who had taken a girl from a better home than he could possibly

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"ELDER MAKE IT *HIS* BUSINESS, I BET YOU A PEWTAH DOLLAH."

give her to growl, even though he was poor, every time she asked for a ribbon? And how many ribbons, at eight or ten cents a yard, would the money which he spent for whisky buy her in a month?

When he sat down to supper in the little kitchen, Luella tarried by the stove. Her eyes were still swollen from weeping.

"Chad," said she, in a subdued tone, "I took them 'possums you was savin' fer Sunday dinner over to Bodey's to-day and cooked 'em fer Elder. I was goin' to tell you the houn's had got 'em. But they di'n'."

She paused for his expected burst of anger. But he answered quietly: "I reckon you had to take sumpin', Luly."

"I come home early," she continued, with blinking lids, "'cause Elder was took sick, and they said he couldn't do no dippin'. All the way home I was thinkin' how mad you'd be when you missed them 'possums. But I didn't keer much. Then, somehow, I got to studyin' about your wuckin' all day, with nothin' fer dinner but col' hoecake and wateh, and presen'ly I started back to Bodey's to git you a hunk of chicken-pie. I knowed they was plenty left. Then, from the hilltop I ketched sight of Elder dippin' in the river, and run and got there in time. After I was baptize I got the pie fer you. I done warm it up."

Her tone was plaintive, almost pleading, and after setting the pie before him she lingered by his chair.

"Chad," she observed presently, "dippin' don't mean much to some folks more'n a wet skin. But it do to me. I'm gwine, with the Lawd's help, to be a better woman. I'm gwine to quit traipsin' aroun' at night, less'n you want to go with me. When you's too tired to go, I'm gwine stay home with you."

Hungry as he was, Chad did not yet lay hands on the pie. "Luly, Ah ain't been baptize to-day lak you. But they's some things Ah'm gwine to quit doin', too. Ah'm gwine to spen' no mo' money fer booze. Hit don't do me no good and hit makes me cross. Ah ain't gwine to find no mo' fault with you, neither. And Ah isn't gwine to spishun no mo' as you thinks mo' of some other men as you do me. 'Cause Ah don't believes you do."

A momentary silence followed. Then, moving to her own chair, Luella said. "Better eat you' pie, Chad, 'fore it gits col'."

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LITTLE TALKS ON PICTURES

By SIR CASPAR PURDON CLARKE
DIRECTOR OF THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF FINE ARTS

III

THE ÆGEAN SEA

PAINTED BY

FREDERICK E. CHURCH

IT has been so commonly remarked that the picture galleries of the Metropolitan Museum do but little justice to American art—hardly attempting to illustrate its range or development—that an indifference to native talent on the part of the Museum's trustees has come to be generally accepted. But this apparent neglect has been largely due to the manner in which the work of American artists was arranged, without plan or deliberate grouping. Mr. Fry, the late Curator of Paintings, when appointed in 1905, made an attempt to rectify this error, and with some canvases by Gilbert Stuart —one of the great portrait painters of his period—he began to form, in Gallery 13, a purely American collection.

Not long after, Mr. George A. Hearn, one of the Museum's trustees, who had already presented to it a number of paintings by English artists of the eighteenth century, opened further opportunities to American art. He gave the Museum an endowment fund of $150,000, the income of which was to be annually invested in paintings by living American artists; thus establishing a collection which would illustrate the development of the American painter for all time.

Among the old American paintings arranged by Mr. George H. Story and Mr. Fry, there are several belonging to that group of men who formed the Hudson River School, and with whom landscape painting in America made its beginning. Most of the painters composing this school had, in obedience to the fashion of the day, passed several years in studying in Germany—at Munich, Düsseldorf, and Leipzig—and the work of these men, when compared with European work of the same period, makes a very favorable showing for America. Another influence, however, was springing up: the greater number of young painters were being attracted to France, where a revolution had started among the artists. This was headed by the Barbizon men, and the school gained a rapid popularity. The freshness of their direct transcripts from nature appealed to every artistic mind, while the enormous number of paintings which they produced, done chiefly

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in the open air, made it possible for many an amateur to possess them. The men of the Hudson River School present a particular interest as the immediate predecessors of this revolutionary movement, and for the wide difference between its methods and theirs.

Under the old European system, nearly all the pictures of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries were painted in the studios from sketches made out of doors. It was not the custom to deal realistically with any detail, but to treat all conventionally in order to correspond with a general plan or scheme of light and shade. The fashion was to produce elaborately finished work during the winter session in the studios, and to spend the summer in making sketches to be used for the next winter's compositions.

Although detail could not be too precisely rendered, the exact representation of nature was not considered scholarly; and artificially conceived and arranged landscapes, or compositions of light and shade, were marked by the minutest finish. It was a period of very conscientious work, and some of the leaders in each country were content to produce a single painting in a twelvemonth. Among these was Frederick E. Church, the painter of the "Ægean Sea," which very fully illustrates at its best the system which then prevailed.

To begin with, the name "Ægean Sea" is a romance, as from no shore of any sea can there be seen the several objects which he so skillfully blended together. In the distance, on the extreme right, is visible a portion of Constantinople, connected by an aqueduct bridge with an island toward the center of the picture, on which are some low hills covered with classic ruins, apparently taken from Athens. On the right, just beyond the foreground, is another group of ruins and classic columns, while the whole left of the picture is occupied by a mass of towering rock, on the lower part of which is a sculptured façade—one of the celebrated tombs from Petra, in Syria. On the left center of the foreground rise two old trees with gnarled trunks, whose dark green foliage casts a deep shadow which blends into that of the cliff, but allows the penetration of a ray of sunlight, lighting up the sculptured work on the door of the tomb. The sea occupies but a small portion of the picture, and is painted with a light, dreamy touch thoroughly in harmony with the almost fairy city which surmounts the island.

The road from the right center, descending toward the sea, is lost behind another large tree, and in this foreground there appears a group of figures—two Turkish irregular soldiers in conversation with a turbaned merchant. Lastly, a double rainbow, rising abruptly and, from its form, indicating the approach of night, the whole glowing in the evening color, although not yet toned by the last red and orange rays, adds the final touch to those which raise the "Ægean Sea" to the rank of a masterpiece among the great landscapes of the world.

If ever a picture could claim the title "imaginative," it is this of the "Ægean Sea." It is difficult to see how far any of it exactly represents a natural scene or any group of buildings which could be taken from those innumerable sketches which the artist must have made. And all this multitude of detail is rendered with the exquisite finish and accuracy of a miniaturist.

There is a certain connection between Mr. Church's history and the far-gathered detail of his work. He was born in Hartford, Connecticut; the only son of a rich father, who allowed him to follow his inclination for art; and through his school days everything was made subservient to this. The foremost American landscapist of his time was Thomas Cole, who is said to have founded the Hudson River School; and although Cole never taught, an arrangement was made whereby Church became his pupil; and he was afterward to become a lifelong friend. From this time the study of nature seemed to be Church's chief absorption, and, commencing with the Catskills, the home of Cole, he extended his studies first over Mexico and South America, and later to the coast of Salvador, and so on down to Jamaica. Ten years later, he went to the Mediterranean and carried his sketching through Greece and Syria, visiting Petra, where he made many studies.

The life work of Church does not number many pictures, but each is a masterpiece. When one of them escapes from private ownership for a temporary exhibition, it calls forth great public enthusiasm. Yet his work will remain comparatively unknown until more of it is bequeathed to public museums. One of Church's greatest paintings, however, "The Heart of the Andes," has recently been given to the Metropolitan, and, with several specimens by Cole, and with Bierstadt's great picture, "The Rocky Mountains," we have now examples which will fairly show the work of the men who formed the Hudson River School.

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HIS SULKINESS, THE RHINO

By A. RADCLYFFE DUGMORE, F.R.G.S.*

Author of "Camera Adventures in the African Wilds," etc.

With Photographic Illustrations by The Author

VIEWED from any angle, the average, everyday rhinoceros looms up in brute creation as the symbol of a grouch. Moreover, he not only looks it, but he seems to feel it, too. It is ingrained and perennial. Morning, noon, and night, he works his temper overtime. He is ill humor incarnate.

Some persons affect to laugh when first they see our friend. In fact, so did I. It was out in the open of the Olgerei country, in British East Africa, down below Nairobi; and what I first beheld was a kind of mammoth pig, a sort of monstrous survival from the hazily remote primeval past. Indeed, I grinned; for here stood His Sulkiness, a fat-barreled, dirty gray creature, poised stodgily on short, ridiculous legs, and poring on the world about him with a surly rancor.

There was no mistaking that expression. The beast's small, wicked eyes winked in a head that was at once formidable and grotesque. One remarked particularly the look of those ugly little orbs. Behind their sour, fretful dullness burned another light, an evil, menacing glow, which, however comical our friend might seem at a distance, one saw at closer range with anything but placidity.

In my opinion, the head is the most extraordinary thing about the rhino. It is grotesque because of a size out of proportion to the remainder of the body. Then there are the erect, stubby ears; the prehensile upper lip, curiously long and pointed; and the strangely placed horns, which vary anywhere from a few inches to three and a half feet in length. At first sight, they seem grotesque like the rest of him, and superfluous, unless, perhaps, their use be to help him root around like a porker in an orchard. And they are curious, too, in being built entirely of hair tightly compressed by its growth.

On near acquaintance, however, one discerns their grim utility. At the charge, our friend stubs his head downward close to earth, whereupon the horn projects straight forward like a sword. In this position, the accomplished rhino is able to skewer a man, for example, as readily as one drives a needle through a ball of worsted. And, as his head goes down, his tail sticks out. This is about two feet long, piglike, and bare save for a wiry tassel at the tip, and in all cases is flown as a battle signal when going into action. Since the rhino averages two tons and more, his charge lacks little of impressiveness. His grotesqueness is not then his most noticeable quality.

But how about his disposition? Some say, you understand—I among them—that our friend is an ugly customer. Our school holds that the gentleman always is looking for trouble, that he hunts it without provocation, and that he will charge at sight, at sound, or at a smell. I believe so, because I have seen him do it. However, the rhino's disposition varies with the locality and even with individuals of a given region. In this respect, he is like all other animals, like man as well. I have seen the rhino run at sight of an enemy; I have seen him stand his ground impassively, charging only when he was provoked. And, also, I have seen him rush forward voluntarily, ready to give battle to all within his reach.

On the other hand, hear what Selous, the great African hunter, has to say: "I have never known an instance of one not immediately running off on getting my wind."

Gordon-Cumming makes practically the same statement, yet I, with my small experience of five months in Africa, can tell stories of not one charge, but many charges. And, mind you, I fully appreciate the difference between *charging* and *investigating*. I have witnessed both.

Now, my only object in going after the rhino was to take his photograph. Shooting was our last resort, our recourse solely for self-defense. Naturally, with only pictures in view, it is clear why we got so close to the

* Mr. Dugmore, who is a specialist in wild-animal photography, has recently returned from an expedition to Africa in search of big game. His story of photographing the lion was published in the March number.

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dangerous brutes, why we let them get so close to us. For the man who is out to slaughter only, there is no object in approaching nearer than a hundred yards. At that range, even a rhino should not be considered dangerous; and, armed with a rifle and sufficient nerve, at half the distance the odds are still greatly in favor of the man. But when one walks up to the rhino, or allows the rhino to extend the intimacy himself, the conditions seem to be reversed. One, in particular, arrived within fourteen paces of me before I snapped the shutter. And I very promptly decided to change my position.

For our friend is a very nimble fellow when once he makes up his mind. In spite of his apparent clumsiness, his bulk, and his bundling gait, he has the speed of the average horse and an agility really astonishing. Perhaps the reason hunters are safer than photographers is that the rhino's eyes are wanting in acuteness; he can see distinctly for only limited distances, say a hundred yards at the best. But whatever he lacks in sight, he more than makes up in the keenness of his hearing and his sense of smell.

All this we—James L. Clark, formerly of the American Museum of Natural History, and I—learned by experience. When but a mile or so from camp, one day, we made out two of the big brutes snoozing in the shadow of a thorn bush. One was a full-sized cow; the other was a calf almost fully grown. Each of the two was provided with the usual retinue of tick birds, spry fellows that not only rid their hosts of insect pests, but, at the same time, stand a pretty vigilant watch. With a due regard for the wind, however, we man-

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A RHINOCEROS IN THE ACT OF CHARGING. THE BIG BEAST LOOKED LIKE AN APPROACHING EXPRESS TRAIN, AS THE PICTURE WAS MADE WHEN HE WAS ONLY FIFTEEN YARDS AWAY.

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THIS LARGE RHINO, DISTURBED WHILE ASLEEP, CHARGED THREE OF OUR PARTY IN TURN. HE RECEIVED A CHARGE OF BUCK SHOT, A SOFT BALL FROM A SHOT GUN, SIX REVOLVER SHOTS, AND AN EIGHTEEN-INCH SPEAR THRUST—YET HE GOT AWAY.

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A COW AND CALF RHINO DEBATING WHETHER OR NOT TO COME FOR US. A MOMENT LATER THEY CHARGED, AND CLARK WAS FORCED TO SHOOT ONE WHEN THEY GOT WITHIN TWELVE YARDS OF US.

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aged to stalk unseen the cow and calf until we were within forty yards of them. Then the birds discovered us, and, with their jarring cries of alarm, gave warning that a foe approached.

We saw the two move in suspicion. As they could not smell us, their next effort was to locate us by sight. While they were doing this, I snapped the shutter, and at the sound they broke into instant action. They stuck out their heads and came for us without doubt or hesitation; and such was their impulsive haste that they were within twelve yards of us before I had the shutter reset and ready.

It was not a time for palaver. Clark, not daring to let them get any nearer, let fly with the rifle at the cow, and struck her a glancing blow on the shoulder. Though not a mortal wound, it proved effective in turning her; and, with the calf tagging at her heels, she bundled away in the distance. As it was our first really intimate view of a wild rhino, the experience was hardly reassuring. However, the day was young yet, and, as events were to prove, we had made a mere beginning.

A mile farther on, two other rhinos came into view. They were feeding on a hillside several hundred yards away, a pair of hulking, full-grown brutes, splendid specimens of their kind. Though still a little shaky after our recent experience, we decided for a go, especially since one of them had a very fair horn. We also decided we must use extreme care in our stalk, because, though the wind was in our favor, we should have to cross a bare, open stretch of ground, utterly lacking in cover.

At the outset, the stalk seemed rather hopeless. For we innocently believed that the two would see us and instantly take to their heels. We were crawling along as quietly as possible, when we suddenly discovered a third rhino almost directly down wind, and only a little more than a hundred yards away. A few steps farther, and the wind would have given him our scent—a hint the gentleman would possibly hail by charging upon us full tilt. This would have placed us between two fires, between him and the other two, in case they did not run; and, hardly relishing the idea, we turned and crawled the other way. Once out of range of his nose, however, we turned, and with the telephoto lens I took a number of pictures at long range.

In the midst of this, we were delighted to see the old boy get ready for his noonday nap. First of all, he began turning in his tracks just as a dog will do, sniffing at the ground about him. Then, when he had made sure it was to his liking, he finally laid himself

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AS ONE OF TWO BIG BRUTES WE WERE STALKING STOOD OUTLINED AGAINST THE SKYLINE, I SNAPPED THE CAMERA ON HIM. ON HIS BACK MAY BE SEEN A NUMBER OF HIS FRIENDS, THE TICK BIRDS.

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down. Nothing could have been more satisfactory, and, exercising every caution, we moved forward until we were within twenty yards of the huge, unconscious slumberer. Our hearts were beating as if to break when we stood up and gazed at him, for we fully expected a sudden and dangerous charge. Clark, who stood beside me, held the big rifle ready for instant use, while I trained the camera on our friend. For some seconds—they seemed like hours then—we stood absolutely quiet, making no sound, though we trembled with excitement. The rhino, however, still slept on, breathing as peacefully, though not quite so beautifully, as a child, and utterly oblivious of the presence of his enemy, man. Then, when we could endure the suspense no longer, I called aloud to him: "Come on there!"

Never was an order more promptly and explicitly obeyed. At the sound of my voice, he was up like a flash. One look showed him where we stood; he emitted a petulant snort, raised his waving tail, and—*came!* To stand and focus the lens upon him was not so easy as it sounds. If you have ever by chance stood directly in front of an oncoming express, you can imagine a part of the feeling. On the big brute came; bigger and bigger he grew on the camera's ground-glass screen. I dared not remove my eyes from it for fear of losing the focus; and so I stood until it seemed as if the beast were ready to step on me. When I thought he was about to stick his horn through camera and all, I released the shutter's catch and there I had him! His is the picture displayed on page 625.

The click of the shutter was the signal for Clark to do his part. At the moment, as the portrait shows, our friend was aimed head on toward us. But Clark fired—rather gladly, too—and at the shock of the bullet the rhino turned aside. He was so close, however, that, though he sheered off abruptly, he passed not more than a dozen feet away.

In my mind, there is absolutely no question that the brute intended trouble. At the sound of my voice, he had plunged straight toward us, his horn brandished for the charge, and he had kept on coming up to the moment when the bullet turned him. After he had gone, Clark and I sat down to cool off, to give ourselves a chance to breathe, to calm our throbbing hearts. Afterward, though we still quaked inwardly, we took a look around us and continued our original stalk.

Alarmed by our shot, the two other brutes were slowly making off. Now, however, everything appeared in our favor. The wind was right; we could move across the open rapidly and without noise; and before long we got near enough to the pair to work the telephoto.

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TELEPHOTOGRAPH OF A PAIR OF RHINOS, TAKEN A MOMENT BEFORE THEY CAME FOR US.

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THIS RHINO—A FINE FEMALE—WATCHED ME AT ABOUT FORTY YARDS' DISTANCE FOR SOME MINUTES, WHILE I TOOK SEVERAL PHOTOGRAPHS, EVEN ALLOWING ME TIME TO CHANGE THE LENS SO THAT I MIGHT OBTAIN DIFFERENT KINDS OF PICTURES. WHEN I TRIED TO APPROACH HER, SHE BOLTED.

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One of the big brutes stood outlined against the skyline, so I snapped the camera on him. At the click of the shutter, both looked steadily in our direction, when, to our astonishment, not to say discomfort, they promptly headed in our direction. At first, it was at a slow trot, as though only to investigate. Once or twice they stopped, peered toward us intently, and then came on again. Presently, however, the two seemed to realize what we were, whereupon, in fine accord, they charged.

At a distance of twenty-five yards, Clark let go with the rifle. The bullet caught the foremost in the shoulder, yet without the slightest effect. Together the pair came on. In the meanwhile, I'd found no time to remove the telephoto lens, with the result that, though I got several pictures, they were rather unsatisfactory. Now, besides, the time had passed for photography. Drastic measures were required if we wished to turn the beasts. So Clark, without wasting further ammunition in trying to scare them off, aimed deliberately at the foremost, and with a shot bowled it over like a rabbit. Instantly the other turned and made off, whereupon Clark and I drew our breath again, and once more sat down to recuperate. Each of us felt sorry we'd had to kill the wretched animal, but, after reviewing the circumstances, we agreed that it was a case of its life or ours.

We had thus far encountered in a single morning no less than five separate rhinos. One and all had come for us with definite aim to make trouble. In each case, moreover, the attack had been unprovoked.

Generally speaking, I feel disposed to discredit the stories of unprovoked assault by creatures of the wild. Experience has taught me that such tales are usually gross exaggerations, resulting either from the author's desire to plume himself, or from the effort to excuse himself for having killed the brute. But in this case, the thing had happened. We were charged, and charged desperately, and without any cause whatever.

In these instances each rhino had apparently seen us. But let me give you another experience.

On one occasion, we passed one of the brutes while he was feeding several hundred yards away. For some reason, the creature left his ground a few minutes after we had passed, and bundled across our trail. Instantly he became excited. We could hear him snort, we could see him lash himself into a raging, towering fury. Dropping his head, he charged defiantly, deliberately, ranging up the wind until he had overrun the scent. Finding nothing on which to vent his senseless spleen, he turned and charged back again, only to wheel around and repeat the maneuver. Indeed, he did it several times in succession, so no doubt was left to us that, had we come within range of his wicked little eyes, he would have promptly wreaked this anger on our innocent party.

Now, what's the explanation? It seems to me that the only conclusion possible is that our friend *is* a persistent and ugly grouch, a fellow who, at the slightest provocation, is bent on running amuck.

All this happened, however, in the Olgerei country. Our experiences elsewhere were the opposite—or at least in the case of any rhino we ourselves had not provoked.

In fact, the rhino elsewhere might have been a totally different animal from the ones we had first encountered. So great was their timidity, indeed, that we were seldom able to get near enough to photograph. One view of the enemy, and off they went.

In the region south of the Tana River, I came across a herd of five. Clark was not with me at the time, and, as I was armed with only a small bore .275, I had some trepidation in tackling them. While I was debating, the animals became suspicious. They had probably heard me, and they began to move about. Convinced that trouble was brewing, my camera-bearer and I made for the nearest tree, so that, if necessary, we might climb out of the way of danger. Meanwhile, the animals themselves began to debate the question.

It was very comical. After sniffing the air in every direction, the five drew together, and began rubbing noses as if in consultation. After this preliminary, one of the largest was apparently told off to investigate. At all events, this individual, which chanced to be a female, approached down wind to a point about forty yards from where I stood with the camera. A few stops more would have given her our wind, so I hastily snapped the shutter.

At the sound, she stopped instantly, watched for a moment, and again walked on. A few yards farther, she stopped once more, when I took several pictures in succession. As she still remained, I thought it worth while to try to get a little closer; but this was too much for her patience. Turning tail, she

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trotted back to the other four, when the entire herd departed, somewhat to my relief.

After this, we saw many other rhinos, yet with but a single exception they gave a wide berth to Clark and me. Our porters, however, while on the march, were twice

have rushed headlong through the line only in the effort to get away.

Nevertheless, the rhino is, as I say, an illuminating emblem of the grouch. Between him, the elephant, the buffalo, and the big cat lies the distinction of being the most danger-

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THIS RHINO—ONE OF FIVE—WAS SENT TO INVESTIGATE US. NOT WISHING HER TO GET MY SCENT, I TOOK THE PHOTOGRAPH BEFORE SHE GOT DOWN WIND, AND THE SOUND OF THE SHUTTER STOPPED HER.

charged by the brutes, though each took to its heels when our *askaris* fired.

But usually, stories of caravans attacked by rhinos should be taken with a grain of salt. It happens sometimes, of course, but, so far as I have seen, the attacks of the beasts are confined to charging one or two individuals. On the rare occasions when they go at a body of men, it is probably because they have lost their heads at the sight or sound of smell, and

ous animal in Africa. Which of the four is destined to bear the palm, I prefer to leave to the decision of others. I have given here only my own impressions, and these, as you must understand, are of the black rhinoceros alone. To-day, he is rapidly disappearing. He will probably be among the first of the African animals to become extinct. Only the most extraordinary measures can save him and his grouch.

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THE BEAST AND THE JUNGLE

by

Judge Ben B. Lindsey

CHAPTER XVII

A VICTORY AT LAST

I COME, now, to the last chapter of this story of the Beast; but I come to it in the reminiscence—thank Heaven!—with a lighter heart than any of us had when we faced it in the fact. As the result of seven years of almost frantic agitation for legislative reform, we had gained—an effective registration law! Nothing more! In all our fights to obtain an honest charter for Denver, to prevent dishonest elections, to protect the city from the theft of its franchises, to defend the poor from exploitation, and to check the corporations in their abuse of the courts, we had failed. We had founded, it is true, a Juvenile Court with laws that protected the children from the agents of the System; but we had gained no election law that would protect the court itself; and we were continually assured by the agents of the Beast that they would "get" *that* court yet.

Governor Buchtel had gone about the country, in the summer of 1907, on a Chautauqua lecture tour, heralding himself as the man who had been called upon to "guide Colorado from the verge of political anarchy," and incidentally defending Guggenheim and the corporations that had elected him. The Denver Chamber of Commerce had passed a resolution declaring me an enemy of the state, because a false news despatch reported me as saying in a public lecture in the East that Guggenheim ought to be hanged if we hanged Orchard; and the members of the Chamber passed their resolution, although many of them afterward admitted to me that they thought I was "right" in my attacks on the corporations and their Senator. ("You told the truth," they would assure me, privately, "but, you know, it hurts business to tell it—it hurts the prosperity of the state.") The Denver *Post* followed the resolution with a demand that I be driven from town, and stirred up all possible enmity against me as a "defamer" of my state.

In the city elections of the spring of 1908, the Anti-Saloon League and the "church element" tried to elect a mayoralty candidate in opposition to Mayor Speer and the "dive element"; but the corporations, represented by Boss Evans, betrayed the League while pretending to support it, and Speer was triumphantly reëlected by the Beast. We were all discouraged. I knew that I was regarded as hopelessly "discredited." I knew that the men whom I had fought believed that the public was tired of our crusading—for there is nothing more wearisome to a Western community than a "professional kicker." Men would come to my chambers and say: "Ben, what's the use?

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You're only butting your head into a stone wall. Why don't you settle down to some sort of peace and comfort? If the people want their state run this way, let them have it."

The trouble was that I did not believe the people *knew* how their state was run. I was determined that they *should* know, if I could tell them. And I went into the campaign for the judgeship in the autumn of 1908—as I had gone into that for the governorship in 1906—with the single and forlorn purpose of making it a "campaign of education."

It was probable that I should be unable to get a nomination from either party, so that we had first to consider the possibility of making an independent campaign; and we came to the immediate conclusion that there was no possibility of my succeeding as an independent. During the county elections of 1906, a strong organization of prominent citizens had nominated a number of independent candidates for the judiciary in an attempt to free the courts from the influence of the corporation machine; the independent ticket had been supported by a large campaign fund and an efficient organization; the candidates were men well known to the community for their honesty and public spirit; yet those candidates who did not also get a nomination on a party ticket received less than 3,000 votes out of about 60,000 cast. This result was pointed out to me, by the men who had conducted the campaign, when I consulted with them upon my own candidacy. They conceded that ninety per cent. of the people of Denver wished me to continue in charge of the Juvenile Court, but they believed—as I did—that, with the straight-ticket ballot to vote on, not five per cent. would vote for me.

BALLOT "SCRATCHING" DISCOURAGED

You see, the ballot used in Colorado is particularly designed to discourage "scratching" for independent candidates. If, for instance, I were running as an independent for a district judgeship, and a Democrat wished to vote for me, he would have to write "Democratic" in the blank space at the top of his ballot, put an X after my name, and run a line through the name of the opposing candidate on the Democratic ticket. If he did not run a line through the name of my Democratic opponent—although he put the X after *my* name—his vote would be counted for the Democrat. But if I were running independently for a place as County Judge or Juvenile Judge, the procedure would be different. In that case, after writing "Democratic" at the top of his ballot, he would have to put his X after my name and carefully refrain from running a line through the name of my Democratic opponent. If he *did* run that line through the name of the Democrat, it was a mutilation of the ballot. These technicalities are always made more confusing by the party workers, who purposely give conflicting advice to the voter in order to mislead and intimidate him. The party newspapers play upon his fears by warning him that if he tries to "scratch" he will surely mutilate his ballot and lose his vote. And the party men, who act as election judges, in counting the votes take advantage of their opportunity to count scratched ballots very much as they please.

LINDSEY'S BIG ENEMIES AWAKE

"Judge," a ward politician named Billy Arnett said to me, "unless you can get on one of the straight tickets, it doesn't matter if all the people in Denver are for you, you'll have no more chance than a snowball in hell. The people don't know how to scratch. They're scared to attempt it. And they *won't* attempt it; they know independents have no chance, and they don't want to throw away their votes." My friends warned me that if I ran independently I would be giving the corporation machine the very opportunity it was eager for. I would get only two or three thousand votes, and the word would go out from Denver that I was so discredited that the people of Denver had refused to reëlect me.

Well then, could I get a party nomination? That was the next question. And it was at once evident that I could not get one through favor. My independent campaign for the governorship had piqued the leaders of both parties. Friends who had helped me in the Republican convention of four years before—men like E. P. Costigan, J. H. Causey, and J. C. Starkweather—were now marked men, "spotted" by the Beast; they could not even get credentials to a convention, much less raise a revolt in one. Many well-meaning men and women who had fought for me in 1904—because of a sentiment of admiration for the Juvenile Court—

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had since been intimidated by the opposition of "business" and the Beast. I was no longer fighting the petty grafters; I had raised more powerful enemies; and a sentimental following of kindly disposed people would not be daring enough, I knew, to force me upon an unwilling political machine.

There was one hope left. One of the two parties, at the last minute, might feel the need of having my name as an asset to a corporation ticket. I was not willing that my name should be so used unless I could make it plain to the voters that I was not a sympathetic member of the company in which I was to be put. For this reason I published, in August, 1908, a pamphlet called "The Rule of the Plutocracy," in which I tried to set forth, in a brief form—with the aid of Ellis Meredith, an experienced writer—the facts which I have detailed here in these present articles. I issued 30,000 copies, at my own expense, with the money I had earned on a lecture tour; and I had thousands of copies delivered to the homes of voters in Denver.

REJECTED BY BOTH PARTIES

A month later the conventions met. There was a factional fight in the Democratic organization; and at the preliminary caucus my name was included on the "slate." But before the convention met, Mr. Gerald Hughes, son of the attorney for the tramway company, interfered with the arrangement; the slate was altered; and Earl Hewitt, Boss Speer's "man Friday," nominated as Juvenile Judge a police magistrate who was one of the ward politicians. In order to put the machine on record, I proposed to one or two young Democrats, whom I had befriended, that they should try to nominate me in the convention; but they replied that such an act would mean their political ruin, and I did not press them further. My name was not mentioned in the convention. To several delegates who made bold to ask Gerald Hughes why I was not on the ticket, Mr. Hughes replied, "Because he has attacked our best friends—men like Mr. Evans."

I had a friend in the Republican caucus, and he said it would be good policy for the party to nominate me; but the caucus did not, and he admitted that it was because the politicians were afraid of the corporations. They nominated a man named Howze, who, after the elections, tried to collect a fund to fight some of our laws for the protection of children, on the ground that they were unconstitutional!

There was nothing for us now but an independent campaign. We tried to raise a campaign fund. My friends went first among the business men—and found their pockets buttoned. All our efforts ended in raising only $450. The business men said that I was "the man for the place," but that I was foolish to attack the corporations, and that it was dangerous for a man of business to support me. For the same reason, many of them refused even to sign a petition to nominate me.

I then tried the ministers. I sent a letter to every preacher in Denver—about 150 in all—explaining my difficulties and asking them to meet me in the Juvenile Court on an appointed evening. Four or five sent letters of regret. Two or three came to the meeting. The others were silent. Later, the young men of the Christian Citizenship Union sent a similar letter to the ministers, through their president, Mr. Harry G. Fisher. The same ministers came!

I talked to a number of school teachers who came to my chambers privately to promise me their support. They told me that many teachers were eager to help, but dared not make themselves conspicuous because it was known that the First National Bank and the Moffat-Evans-Cheesman interests controlled the School Board; and the teachers were afraid of losing their positions.

WOMEN DARE NOT SUPPORT HIM

I tried the leaders of the Woman's Club. One able and wealthy woman, of whose support I was certain, confessed that she could not even sign the nominating petition. She said that if any woman of wealth wished to take part in such a fight she would have to invest her money in another state. Her own investments were in Denver, and if she were to champion our cause publicly the corporations would make her suffer for it ruinously. Another leader told me: "You know, Judge Lindsey, I would like to help you, but my husband is in business, and his business depends largely upon the good will of Mr. Evans. He has large contracts with the county. He has told me that I must not under any conditions attend your meetings or do anything like that. It would be

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very offensive to Mr. Evans and the business men." Another said: "I know you're right, Judge, but my husband is in the City Hall. Some day I hope he will be free—so that *I* may be free—but he isn't now." At the beginning of the campaign, I went to practically all the woman's suffrage leaders who, at national meetings, had been telling how much the women had done for the Juvenile Court in Denver; and none of them dared help me. Women like Mrs. Mary C. Bradford and Mrs. Lafferty (who was a member of the last legislature) took the platform against me and supported the System in its attempt to "get" the Juvenile Court. Mrs. Scott Saxton of the Woman's Club stood practically alone in her open, public support of our anti-corporation campaign.

LINDSEY'S OPINION OF WOMAN'S SUFFRAGE

Beauty and the Beast! I am, and I have always been, an enthusiastic advocate of woman's suffrage. In our Juvenile Court campaigns the women, like the "church element," have given us a loyal and victorious support. But if any one believes that woman's suffrage is a panacea for all the evils of our political life, he does not know what those evils are. The women are as free of the power of the Beast as the men are—and no freer. Their clubs in Denver have not dared offend it any more than the churches have. In a typical American community such as ours, where the Beast rules, the women are as helpless as the rest of us. They are bound by the same bread-and-butter considerations as the rest of us. Their leaders in politics are politicians; when they get their nominations from the corporation machines, they do the work of the corporations; and there is almost no way, under the Beast, to get a party nomination except from a corporation machine. Women in politics are human beings; they are not "ministering angels" of an ethereal ideality; and they are unable to free us, because they are not free themselves.

Do not misunderstand me. Woman's suffrage is right. It is just. It is expedient. In all moral issues the women voters make a loyal legion that cannot be betrayed to the forces of evil; and however they are betrayed —as we all are—in campaigns against the Beast, the good that they do in an election is a great gain to a community and a powerful aid to reform. I believe that when the women see the Beast, they will be the first to attack it. I believe that in this our first successful campaign against it, the women saved us I have only tried, in the preceding paragraphs, to answer a question that is in the mouths of many Eastern opponents of woman's suffrage: "Why don't the women cure the political corruption in Colorado?"

A FREE PAPER JOINS THE FIGHT

Well, we had gone to the business men, to the ministers, to the teachers, and to the woman's suffrage leaders, in search of money or an organization with which to begin our fight; and we had gotten practically nothing but confidential good wishes. The corporation newspapers—the Denver *Republican* and the Denver *Post*—were, of course, against us. I went to Senator Patterson and asked him for the support of his papers, *The Rocky Mountain News* and the Denver *Times;* he replied that he would support me if I could get on a party ticket, but his managers seemed to object to wasting the influence of the papers in a hopeless, independent struggle. There was one other daily, the "little" *Express*, a Scripps paper that had been established in Denver by Mr. Scripps, at the solicitation of members of the Honest Election League, to aid in the fight for the people. It was sold for a cent a copy—the other papers sold for five cents—and it had gradually gained a circulation among the working people of the city. It had refused the free telephone service offered it by Mr. Field of the telephone company, and had kept itself clean of all corporation bribes and favors. Its editor was an incorruptibly fearless young man, Mr. B. F. Gurley, who had had experience in Cleveland and Los Angeles. He knew the Beast and understood how to fight it. When I sent out my first appeal to the ministers, asking them to come to a meeting in the Juvenile Court, Mr. Gurley gave notice of the meeting in the *Express;* and several labor leaders, whom I had never so much as met before, came to the court and volunteered their aid.

That—though I did not know it then—was the first stir of the popular uprising that was to come. I had never made any particular appeal to the laboring people, but they are, in every community, the most bruised and beaten slaves of the conditions that I was fighting; and they knew it.

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The next aid that came still seems to me an accident that was little short of miraculous. I was talking one day to some school teachers in my chambers about the impossibility of making a successful campaign without money to pay watchers at the polls, to employ workers to canvass the wards, to print election "literature" instructing the voters how to scratch, and to support an organization that should arrange meetings and direct the whole campaign. I said I believed that if we had $5,000 for these purposes we could win. I believed that the people were with me; but my experience in the governorship contest had shown me that where we had a little money and an efficient organization we could carry a county, and where we had not we failed. And I said that I was going into the election without money, without an organization, merely to make a "campaign of education" again.

A WOMAN TO THE RESCUE

There happened to be listening to me a lady whom I had met only a short time before. She had first heard of the Juvenile Court through Mr. Lincoln Steffens's articles in *McClure's Magazine*, and she had later heard me lecture in the East. She had become interested in the work of the court; and now, after learning of our need of money to defend the court in an election, she went to one of the court officers and asked whether she might be allowed to contribute $5,000 to a campaign fund. She was not a wealthy woman, but she and her husband, she said, had set aside $5,000 to be devoted to philanthropic work, and she felt that to use the money in defense of our court would be philanthropic. I took care first that she should learn how little hope there was that I could be reëlected; I gave her as much discouraging political information as I could; and then, finding her still eager to help us, I gladly accepted her help. She has never allowed her name to be made known. She has never accepted any credit for her act. But there is not a shadow of doubt in my mind that she saved the Juvenile Court.

We began to organize at once. Mr. E. V. Brake, a labor leader, took charge. He got volunteers among his followers to act as ward workers, and even coaxed them away from the other parties to join with us. About two hundred women, many of them volunteers, came to our headquarters, took instructions on how to teach the voters to "scratch," and began to go from house to house repeating the lesson. They reported a strong sentiment in our favor. The politicians of both parties recognized it too, and I began to receive the usual overtures from "leaders" who were willing to drop a dummy candidate in order to get my name on the party ticket. It was a presidential campaign, and the Republicans needed all the support they could get against Bryan. Mr. Vivian, the Republican State Chairman, held conferences with his committeemen and ward leaders, and advocated my nomination. He was opposed by the corporation attorneys and particularly by Mr. Field, president of the telephone company, who appeared in person to threaten that if I were put on the Republican ticket he would not give the committee the $8,000 promised by the company to the Republican campaign fund. H. L. Doherty, president of the gas company, had sent word that if I were nominated on either party ticket, every responsible official head in the gas company's office should fall! Mr. Vivian and other Republicans told me that many members of the Central Committee were eager, now, to have me on the ticket, but the corporation magnates, with their hands in their pockets, blocked the way.

THE BEAST EXPLAINS

The same sort of thing went on among the Democrats, and reports of it kept coming to me day by day. Mr. Field was the active head of the corporation opposition and he did not disguise it. When Mr. Gilson Gardener, the Washington correspondent of the Scripps papers, came to Denver, Field said to him—in one of the most important pronouncements ever made by the Beast: "Our company is in politics? Yes. Why? By virtue of necessity. Our company contributes to political parties and for political purposes? Yes. Why? Because this is the modern system. It began years ago. It exists for the same reason that we contribute to a state fair or a Y. M. C. A. It became the custom, long since, to expect corporations to contribute to all kinds of things. And finally it was politics. Then it became necessary. Then came the unfair acts, and we needed men in office who would be our friends.

"Our company is in politics in order to have friends. We never have asked for any-

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thing improper. I speak for no other corporation or person; but our company has always been above reproach. But we do have friends. We have them in both parties. They come to me and ask advice. They come and ask me to help them lay their plans. They come regardless of their parties and they hold meetings in my office. I am not a boss. I have carefully avoided being anything like that. But I can't help it if they come to me and ask advice."

LINDSEY'S "KIDS" STAND BY HIM

He admitted that he had opposed my nomination in both parties. "My opposition," he boasted, "was effective. Yes, it was effective with both parties. Judge Lindsey's name was left off both tickets." He said he had opposed me because I had made attacks on his "personal character," but that statement deceived no one. I had never attacked him except as one of the corporation presidents who were debauching politics and maintaining the political system that united the lawbreaking "dives," gambling hells, and brothels with the lawbreaking public-utility companies and their corrupted courts. He deceived no one—least of all his interviewer, Gilson Gardener, who wrote, in the *Express:* "Judge Lindsey has been left off two strong party tickets in defiance of the voters' will and in pure revenge, for the truth which he has told. It is the work of the corporation powers—the tramway-telephone-water-gas combination, manipulated by such men as Field and Evans."

He certainly did not deceive the labor men. I was admitted to the meetings of their unions and addressed them night after night. In company with Rev. A. H. Fish, of the Central Presbyterian Church, and Mr. L. M. French, a labor leader, I went to the factories and shops at luncheon hour, talking to the men and women workers. We made it plain that our fight was against the tyranny of the corporations. The unions passed resolutions endorsing our work, and the members of the barbers' union made every barber shop in Denver a center of propaganda which their lathered customers could not escape. We sent out, from our headquarters, cards to the voters for them to sign, pledging their votes; and we received 23,000 of these pledges signed.

The women—not so much their suffrage leaders or their politicians as the mothers in the homes and the working women in the factories and the shops—came out for us by the thousands. Our headquarters swarmed with newsboys and school-children anxious to help; and some of those boys made the most effective campaign orators we had. It was tickling to the verge of tears to hear them, on a public platform, addressing a crowded hall with their pathetic earnestness and their childish arguments. If the "kids" were going to "stay wit'" me, they pleaded, why shouldn't "the folks"? One of these boys spoke to an audience of several thousand at a W. C. T. U. convention in the Auditorium and raised a heart-shaking enthusiasm; and the aid and inspiration given us by these noble women was a power in the campaign. The corporation newspapers cut all mention of it from their reports of the meetings—maintaining a policy of concerted silence about my candidacy in an attempt to "bottle" us. But the Denver *Express* kept on hammering; the signed pledges kept coming in; and at last Senator Patterson's two papers swung into line, and things began to move with a whoop.

BRYAN AND THE BEAST

The Christian Citizenship Union had succeeded in reaching the "church element" in spite of the opposition of those wealthy churches whose boards were controlled by the Beast. The laboring men and their wives packed our meetings. In the foreign quarters, and particularly on the West Side among the Russian Jews, the poor mothers whose children I had befriended received us with tears running down their cheeks, so that I could hardly speak to them for the choke in my throat. The people were up—with a shout—with a shout that was at once angry and tearful with anger, for we did not yet believe we could win—and the politicians shut their ears to it, and orated about their presidential candidates, and placarded the town with "Rebuke Guggenheim—Write Bryan on your ballot," so as to insure the election of Charles J. Hughes, Jr., attorney for the tramway company, as another corporation Senator to join Guggenheim in Washington! And the machine that called for a "rebuke" of Guggenheim was the machine that had elected Guggenheim! And the Hughes who was now to be elected, on that "rebuke," was the Hughes who, for years, in the courts, had fought for the corporations against the people who were

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to administer the "rebuke!" These are the tricks of the Beast!

As upon former occasions, when the Beast in Denver was in trouble, Mr. Bryan was summoned to act as the eloquent—but, I am sure, unconscious—"tout" and "capper" of the System's confidence game. In 1902, with the grafting County Commissioners on his platform, he appealed to the people to vote the Democratic ticket, and the grafters applauded him with all the enthusiasm of guilt. Now, in 1908, with Charles J. Hughes, Jr., as the candidate of the local utility corporations, on a reform platform that has since proved to be the usual corporation "fake," Mr. Bryan called to the people to support Mr. Hughes, and used every eloquence of his oratory, unwittingly, to "stall" the voters into the corporation "deal." Great is the Beast; and Bryan—even Bryan sometimes—is its prophet!

SIGNS OF COMING TRIUMPH

Our campaign went on gayly, nevertheless. It was a straight campaign against corporation rule. I made no appeals to sentiment; I left the question of our court work out of my speeches. I was determined that if I was to be beaten, I must be beaten as the opponent of the Beast; and that if I was to be saved, it must be by voters who saw who were their masters and revolted against them. All the usual tricks of the Beast were used against us. Many Democratic and Republican "workers," in going their rounds, whenever they were asked by a voter how to vote for me, replied: "Oh, that's all right. He's on our ticket. Just vote it straight." And our workers were kept busy explaining that I was on neither party ticket.* In order to issue instructions to voters, we asked the clerks in the office of the County Clerk and Recorder where my name would appear on the official ballot; they replied: "In the fourth column about halfway down." Accordingly, in our printed directions we told the voters to look for my name "in the fourth column, halfway down." But when the official ballot was issued, there appeared, halfway down the fourth column: "For County Judge for Short Term, to succeed Ben B. Lindsey," with the "Ben B. Lindsey" in very large letters where it should not have appeared at all. Some distance below, in smaller type, my name appeared as an independent candidate for Juvenile Judge; and as a result of this trick, it was estimated, some 8,000 votes intended for me were lost. In an ordinary election, it would have been sufficient to defeat me.

But this was not an ordinary election, as the vote showed. When the polls opened, the betting was 4 to 1 that I would not get ten thousand votes. Early in the forenoon, it was known that at every polling place in Denver, the people were "scratching" as they had never "scratched" before. Women wearing long white badges—"Vote for Judge Lindsey"—watched the approaches to the polling places all day long, without relief, and accosted every voter. A newsboy, on the previous night, had obtained a dollar from our committee for "campaign expenses," had bought a dollar's worth of colored chalk, and sent out a horde of boys to mark the sidewalks, the walls and fences with "Vote for Judge Lindsey"—and the party henchmen with brushes and mops had not succeeded in entirely obliterating that "handwriting on the wall." By midday the betting gave odds in my favor, and the excitement among the politicians was breathless. The foreigners who could not speak English came to the polls with cards on which friends had written for them, "I want to vote for Judge Lindsey."—The women, everywhere, made no secret of the fact that they intended to vote for me. We began to believe that the impossible was about to happen at last.

"SCRATCHED" TO THE BONE!

I was, myself, the last to believe. I had faith in the ultimate triumph of the cause for which we were fighting, but I did not believe that we could win in this campaign. I was resigned to the loss of the Juvenile Court to the agents of the Beast, and I had made arrangements to carry the fight on in a lecturing tour. I did not credit the first favorable reports from my friends when the polls closed. It was a presidential campaign; I was an absolutely unsupported candidate for a small county office; and never, of recent years at least, in a city like Denver, had any independent candidate in America carried a majority under such circumstances. When one of our committee telephoned me, at my house, that I had been elected by 10,000 majority, I refused to accept the report as even plausible. But the details kept coming

* The Prohibition party had nominated me, however.

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in, from the well-to-do precincts on Capitol Hill, from the foreign quarters, from the home districts of the working men and women, and even from the wards where the "dives" were thickest; and all but three gave me pluralities. At last, late in the evening, I was summoned to the telephone by a call from my old opponent, "Big Steve"—A. M. Stevenson—at Republican Headquarters; and he said: "Ben, it's a d—— miracle. You're elected, and that's about all that's certain. There's been so much scratching we don't know where the h—— we're at!"

Elected? Out of 65,000 votes cast, we had polled, on the official count, 32,000, which was almost as many as my two opponents had together. Even without the 8,000 votes of which we had been cheated by the trick in the ballot—and although these votes had been counted for my opponents—I had a plurality of almost 15,000. The people had at last "seen the cat," and they had "scratched" it to the bone! I went to bed that night, no longer a slave among slaves, but a freedman in a community that had at last risen against its masters and given them a warning of the wrath to come!

THE PEOPLE SEE THE CAT!

What matter that the legislative candidates, elected that day on a reform platform, refused, in the session that followed, to pass any of the election laws which they were solemnly pledged to give us? What matter that the corporations obtained the election of Charles J. Hughes, Jr., as United States Senator? The people see the cat! They know what influence prevented the passage of the election laws. They know who elected Hughes and they know whom he represents. They are on the trail of the Beast, and some day—soon—in Colorado, they will be cutting its hide into cat o' nine tail strips for the backs of the legislative traitors and hired betrayers of public trust who have sold the community into slavery and been rewarded with an eminence of shame. This state, founded in liberty, cannot be governed by the criminal intelligence of corrupt men. Our people, born to freedom, will not see injustice bought and sold in their courts, laws purchased in their legislatures, cities robbed of their streets, vice protected in its dens, homes despoiled, girls debauched, children ruined, the poor starved at their work, and the hired procurers of political prostitution enriched with the profits of all this tyranny, this misery, this disgrace. The day is coming. The reckoning is due.

CHAPTER XVIII

CONCLUSION

I HAVE been asked a hundred times: "Has the fight been worth while? Wouldn't it have been better to let the corporations alone and just devote yourself to the children? You have made enemies who have hampered you in your work. You can't get the contributions you used to get. The court has suffered because of the attacks upon it. And the corporations are just as powerful as they ever were." Let me answer that. Let me give a little summary of what we have gained for the people in this struggle. And let me first try to express a part of it in terms of dollars and cents.

According to Julius Aichele, a corporation politician who was at the time County Clerk in Denver, our fight against the grafting County Commissioners resulted in a saving to the county in four years of $300,000. After our exposure of these printing steals, a committee of the legislature investigated the state printing and reported that $90,000 a year could be saved; an inspector of state printing was appointed, and he has since claimed, I understand, that he saved the state $50,000 a year, or $200,000 in the four years. The clerk of the Supreme Court made a similar investigation of the court's printing and effected a considerable saving; I do not know how much. But, you see, this one small fight against graft saved the people at least half a million dollars.

As a result of my anti-machine decision in the license inspector case, $70,000 a year was collected from dive-keepers and saloon men, which had been left uncollected before because the Police Board inspectors were "protecting" these men. This is on the testimony of Mr. William Burghart, the inspector who succeeded the System's tools.

By obtaining a law forbidding the collection of fees for prosecuting children, we have saved the state $10,000 a year since 1903—about $50,000 to date. Before this law was passed, two little girls who had stolen a few pennies' worth of bright beads from a shop were charged with burglary, and the fees for convicting them—paid to the constable,

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justice, sheriff, jurors, district attorney, and court—amounted to at least $150.

By sending boys unaccompanied to state institutions, we have saved in sheriff's fees at least $5,000. Our books show that the sheriff's fees for taking two boys to the State Reformatory at Buena Vista were $140. The County Commissioners held that I might not send prisoners to Buena Vista without a sheriff—that they were criminals and had to be treated as such; but our right to send them unaccompanied, on trust and honor, to other institutions could not be denied.

By our reform of the probate laws, we have saved estates in probate at least $50,000 a year—$300,000 to date.

By taking all children's cases into the County Court in 1901 and abolishing most of the fees for trying them, we saved the county about $10,000. By doing the work of the Juvenile Court—when it was first constituted—without salary, we saved the county the cost of an extra court, about $12,000 for a year. By calling in an outside judge and handling the work in the County Court, we saved the public $10,000 a year for six years—$60,000.

In 1903 Governor Peabody sent an inspector to our court to compare the cost of our method of handling children's cases with the cost under the old system; and in his message to the legislature he stated that in eighteen months our methods had "resulted in a saving to the county and the state of $88,827.68." This, in nine years, would amount to $500,000.

SAVED—TWO MILLIONS

In 1901 there was a movement in Denver to establish a Parental School for chronic truants. The legislature even passed a law providing for its establishment. It would have cost $50,000 to build and $25,000 a year to maintain it. Our probation and report system obviated the necessity of such a Parental School, at a saving, to date, of $250,000. Our Detention School, which takes the place of the jail for children, costs less than $10,000 a year for equipment and maintenance.

By refusing to allow the County Commissioners to appoint political "workers" to sinecures in the County Court, we saved in three years about $18,000.

During the seven years that I was judge of the County Court, we not only paid all the salaries of the judge and the clerks of the court out of the fees paid by litigants, but we turned over to the county more than $50,000 earned by the court. So that, while I was judge of the County Court, the county not only did not pay us a penny for our work, but we paid the county $50,000 for letting us do the work. And if you will add up the preceding items of saving, you will find that we paid the county $50,000 for letting us save it more than two millions!

SAVED—BOYS!

The real glory of our struggle, however, has not been its saving of dollars and cents, but of flesh and blood. When I first visited the Industrial School at Golden, I found armed guards in the reformatory buildings and some of the boys shackled with ball and chain on the grounds; I found the iron boot in use, the boys being flogged in the presence of their fellows, and many of the usual prison brutalities practiced on the miserable and rebellious children. To-day there are no armed guards, no chains, no prison restraints. The superintendent in charge, instead of being a ward politician, is an educated, trained, and capable man—Mr. F. L. Paddleford—whose work is an honor to him and a blessing to the community. Most of the boys come alone to the school, stay there of their own will, receive visits from their parents, accompany them to the railroad station unwatched, and return themselves to their duties; they learn useful trades and receive the semi-military training of a good boarding-school, with drill and a military band of their own, and officers promoted for good behavior. The whole school, on a recent gala day in Denver, marched in parade and enjoyed the freedom of the city; and every last boy of the four hundred at the day's end was back in his dormitory. They are happy; they are learning to be honest, healthy, useful citizens, instead of brutalized and rebellious criminals. Of a Sunday, in their chapel, it would lift up your heart with exultation to hear them sing. If we had done nothing else in our long struggle—if we had nothing to show for it but this reformed "prison"—that Sunday chorus of childish happiness and good will would be of itself a song of adequate reward, a chant of sufficient victory.

When I went on the county bench, the

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dive-keepers, gamblers, and saloon men who debauched boys and girls were not only protected by the police and other officials, but by the technicalities of the law. It was impossible to convict the saloon man or the gambler unless we could prove the serving of "liquor" to young people or their participation in the gambling game; and this was always difficult. Now we have "contributory delinquency" laws that require the keeper of a saloon or any disreputable resort to forbid boys and girls frequenting it; and he can be punished if they are so much as seen there. We have obtained laws that will permit our probation officers to arrest him; and we can ourselves file a complaint against him if the District Attorney refuses to act. The result is that no man or woman in Denver—no, not the head of the System and king of the corporations himself—has political "pull" enough to save him from the punishments of the law if he offends against the poorest slum-child in Denver. No one can know how much that means to the community unless he can remember the horrible traffic in young virtue that used to make our streets and alleys in the dive district the open roads to physical and moral hell; and no one who knows it can doubt that our fight has been a thousand times worth while—yes, even if this alone had been the one result of it!

LAWS WON FOR THE CHILDREN

We have obtained an effective registration law that prevents most of the ballot-box stuffing. We have obtained a code of probate laws that is conceded by lawyers to be one of the best in America. We have obtained amendments to the child-labor laws, affording children better protection and adding a jail penalty for violation instead of a light fine; amendments to the compulsory school law, requiring a complete school year for all children, and providing for the relief of needy children; laws forbidding the prosecution of children for crime and requiring that they be treated, under the chancery jurisdiction and the rules of equity, as wards of the state needing "aid, help, assistance and encouragement"; a provision in the city charter and the statutes of the state, forbidding the placing of children under fourteen years of age in jail, and establishing a detention home school where they may be cared for; a set of laws, enforceable in both chancery and criminal courts, making parents responsible for neglecting their children or setting them a bad example; a law for the special care of dependent children, providing for the inspection of all homes and institutions, public or private, for the care of dependent children; a law requiring parents, who are able to pay, to support their children in state institutions; a law guaranteeing orphan children at least $2,000 from the estate of the parents before creditors are paid; a law giving the judge the right to place orphan children with persons professing the same religion as the parents; a law forbidding any court to take a child away from a parent until the parent's rights have been carefully guarded and adjudicated upon; probation laws for adults; and a dozen other minor laws and amendments of similar purport and effect.

WORK FOR YOUNG CITIZENS

We have helped to obtain night schools in Denver, ungraded schools for backward children, public playgrounds, and public baths. We have failed to obtain trade schools, but we have not ceased our efforts to obtain them. We have established summer camps for poor children in the mountains, obtained work for them in the beet fields and fruit orchards, and found employment and assistance for thousands of city children. Our Juvenile Improvement Association for the betterment and protection of the child has spread over the whole country. Our work for the children has been taken up by President Roosevelt in a message to Congress, by John Hay, Secretary of State, by Mr. Herbert Gladstone in a recommendation to the British House of Commons, by Professor Frieudenthal, as a representative of the German Emperor, and by officials from countries in all parts of the world. Of all the thousands of children whom we have dealt with, not more than ten per cent. have been returned for a second offense, and we estimate that ninety-five per cent. have "made good" in the end. No one can know what a saving of young citizens this means. One of the tramway company's detectives is authority for the statement that of 1,000 boys whom he has brought to our court for acts of lawlessness committed against the railroad, only one class of boys has ever been returned for a second offense—and these were not more than a dozen news-

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boys who "hopped" on the cars to sell their papers. Under the old methods of criminal prosecution and jail sentence, from sixty-five to seventy-five per cent. of the children were returned to the jail for a second term within five years; and every term in jail meant a term in a public school of crime that made the children worse instead of better.

CORPORATIONS—THE CHILD'S FOE

Very few of these laws—and none of the important ones—could have been obtained without breaking with the political system by which the corporations profit and which their bribes and influence maintain. Few of these laws could have been obtained without first rousing the community to a sense of its responsibilities to the child and stirring up the people by a campaign that was sure to be offensive to the political powers. We should have been false to the child had we failed to point out that the rule of social, economic, industrial, and political injustice maintained by the corporations was responsible for much of the child's misfortune and most of the increase in crime. *And we should have shirked our duty had we failed to help in educating the public to see that the greatest wrongs to the home, the child, and the community are inflicted by the rich criminals of the community.* And as for the contributions that we might have obtained from the corporations by kneeling to them—let me boast that by asserting my independence and going on the public platform to obtain our reforms, I have been able in nine years to earn enough as a lecturer to be able to donate $20,000 to our work out of my earnings and my salary; and this is a good deal more than we could have begged from our corporation masters even if we had kissed the ground in front of their feet.

Observe, too, that these results have been gained by the "picayune" fight of a judge of a small County Court, without money, without "influence," and for the most part without an organization. Imagine what could have been done by a leader of the people with a political following and a place in the legislature from which to speak! What defeats might not have been turned into victories! What losses to the people might not have been made unimaginable gains!

Consider these facts: In our first city charter we had provisions giving the city power, from time to time, to "make reasonable regulations concerning the operation and use of all franchise rights and privileges operated and used in the city and county, and to fix reasonable maximum charges for water, light, telephone service, street railway fares and other utilities or properties devoted to the public use." This charter was defeated and these rights were denied the citizens by the corporations, with the help of Boss Speer and his Democratic city machine and Police Commissioner Frank Adams and his protected "dive element."

By the use of the legislature, the courts, and public officials, the corporations are establishing a power trust that has obtained incredible rights in all the watersheds and power streams surrounding Denver, without any reservation to the state of the people's rights in these natural resources; so that our children and our children's children for all time will be compelled to pay the heirs of the Beast for the right to use the water power that should have been an asset of the community instead of an asset of the Beast.

Some of the coal companies have obtained from the State Land Board hundreds of acres of land devoted by the state to the support of the schools. Some of this land is so rich in coal that it is worth at least $2,000 an acre; and the coal companies have obtained it at nominal prices. The frauds and forgeries by which the schools have been robbed of their lands have been notorious in this state for years—and even more notorious has been the recent failure of the courts to punish a guilty state official who was the tool of the land thieves.

RAILROADS FIRST—PUBLIC LAST

All laws, such as the eight-hour law, the employer's liability law, and laws requiring the use of safety appliances, have been either defeated or made ineffective by the corporation control of the legislatures that should have passed the laws or of the public officials who should enforce them. The State Railroad Commission has been a pitiful joke. The system of railroad rebates and unjust discriminations in railroad charges has flourished poisonously. The railroad lobby, with one of Senator Teller's brothers as attorney for the Union Pacific Railroad, has strangled every bill that attempted to regulate the railroads for the public good; so that, for example, the son of ex-United States Senator

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Dorsey (the other member of the Teller law firm) was able to boast to the General Solicitor of the Union Pacific Railroad, in a letter written from Denver in May, 1903. "At the last session of the Legislature, although many bills were introduced which would greatly prejudice the railroad company's interests, no legislation was enacted to our disadvantage. On the contrary, several acts were passed which were favorable to railroad companies, some of which had been caused to be introduced by the Union Pacific Railroad Company."

KILL BILL—KILL MEN

One of the bills referred to as prejudicial to the railroad company's interests—according to a previous letter written by Teller and Dorsey in February, 1903—was "House Bill No. 181, by Mr. Frewen," which provided "penalties for failure to comply with existing statutes in respect to safety appliances, etc." Teller and Dorsey reported that "every effort should be made to defeat" this bill, and inquired, "Will you kindly advise us whether Union Pacific Railroad Company is willing to pay its share of any reasonable expense incurred in this connection?" President Burt replied that the bill was one of those "more or less objectionable" and "should be defeated." "Whatever expense," he wrote, "needs to be incurred in connection with legislative matters, you are authorized to make." The bill was killed in committee. And let me add, as a commentary on the defeat of such laws requiring the safeguarding of workmen engaged in dangerous occupations, that, in the nation's last generation of childhood, 32,000 children were made orphans by coal mine explosions alone, and three-fourths of these explosions might have been prevented by the use of safety appliances such as the governments require in Germany, Belgium, and other European countries.*

In the last session of the legislature (April, 1909), all attempts to pass the "platform pledges" on which the Democrats had gained office were defeated by the united corporation legislators among the Democrats and Republicans alike. We could obtain no anti-straight ticket law, no direct nomination law, no corrupt practices act—no measure designed to restore representative government and overthrow the rule of the Beast by freeing our elections from the control of the corporations. The same legislature killed the bill giving the people a court in which to contest a fraudulent franchise election, although the attorneys for the corporations had contended in my court that, until such a bill was passed, there was no court on earth in which the people could recover the hundred million dollars' worth of public property that had been stolen from them by the franchise election frauds. When the bill was killed, the legislature was controlled by the corporation machine that elected Charles J. Hughes, Jr., to the United States Senate; and Charles J. Hughes, Jr., was one of the attorneys who defended the corporations in the franchise election contest. When the bill was killed, its fate depended most upon a "Special Orders" committee of three men, of whom two were Democratic Senator "Billy" Adams, the most notorious corporation champion in the Senate, and Republican Senator Rodney J. Bardwell, the paid attorney of the Gas and Electric Company. And this same Bardwell introduced, and the legislature gayly passed, two bills giving the Gas and Electric Company "special privileges" in prosecuting persons who stole gas or electricity, by practically providing that the accused person in such cases should be required to prove himself innocent or go to jail for as much as ninety days for stealing gas! No bill to protect the people from the steal of a gas franchise worth a fortune—and a special bill to protect the gas company from a steal of gas worth ten cents! A bill to require a citizen to prove himself *innocent* of having tampered with a damaged gas meter—and no bill to allow the citizens the right to prove the gas company *guilty* of having tampered with a franchise election!

LINDSEY HOPES ON

The same legislature defeated a Public Utilities Bill that would have prevented the Gas Company from watering its stocks and bonds twenty millions. Twenty millions on which the citizens of Denver must pay interest! Money stolen from our homes by a method more refined, but none the less criminal, than the entry of a "second story man."

There is no end to it. I might go on in this way to fill a volume with instances of proof that the state of Colorado is exploited and the people are robbed by a government

*These figures are on the authority of published government reports, conservatively estimated.

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by the Beast and for the Beast. A system of corruption that aims to pick the corruptible man for public service and refuses the honest one an opportunity to serve, has made most of the public life and administration of public affairs in Colorado a gigantic failure, a huge oppression. The functions of government are no longer discharged as against the corporations, except where an error of judgment on the part of the corporations, or an unforeseen frustration of their plans, has permitted an honest man to obtain an opportunity of honestly filling a public office.

The ignorant and the dishonest apologists of the System contend that the men of wealth have, in self-defense, merely corrupted corruption and bought up the politicians who were preying upon them. You might believe it, if there had ever been a case in our courts in which a corporation had prosecuted a legislator for blackmail or attempted to defend itself from a dishonest public official. You might believe it, if you could believe that the boys who steal "junk" are preying upon the junk dealer who induces them to steal it. And even if you believed it, you would have to concede that there is no patriotism in business, no responsibility to the state, no obligation of citizenship to expose dishonesty in public office or oppose the profit of it, and no higher sense in the man of wealth than a criminal self-interest and the cowardice of a knave.

Such an excuse—such an apology—it is impossible to accept. Every man who has had anything to do with politics knows that it is a lie. Our legislatures have been bought by the corporations, not for self-protection; our courts have been corrupted in no struggle against injustice; the "dives" have been subsidized against society, not because society oppressed the good. *The whole System is an alliance of lawbreakers against the sources, agents, and penalties of the law. It is the alliance of a "plunder-bund"—a compact among thieves and criminals, rich and poor, for the subversion of law and the protection of illegal profit.*

Even though I had never succeeded in doing anything to check this system, to oppose this corruption, I should still be content that I had fought it. For such a defense of liberty, it is a privilege to fight. It is an honor to be defeated in it. It is a happiness beyond glory to succeed, however obscurely, in the smallest struggle for it. It is my one hope that as long as I live I may be able, I may be found worthy, I may be considered fit, to devote myself to this allegiance, and in this cause to defend my state and its people, my own birthright and our children's inheritance, our right to freedom, and our institutions of freedom that are founded in that right.

Well, I have done. I have tried to write without malice—to do no one an injustice—to tell the truth, without fear as without favor, in the firm belief that the truth shall make us free. I shall be called "an enemy of the state," because I have attacked the enemies of the state—for the corporations in Colorado, like King Louis in France, hold majestically "The state—It is I!" I shall be called a traitor to the community because I have tried to expose the traitors in the community; and the traitorous newspapers of the community will be the first to raise the cry. I shall be called "a blackener of the fair name of Colorado" because I have named the men who have corrupted, debauched, and prostituted Colorado—for no men hate the light more than the men who profit by the crimes which the light discloses. Heaven help them!—Heaven help us all. We are struggling toward better things, a happier country, a more perfect civilization. We may never arrive, but, whatever the end, the aim is worth the agony. Let us struggle. Let us hope.

THE END

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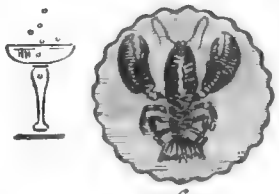
LOBSTER PALACE SOCIETY



by

JVLIAN STREET

SKETCHES BY

JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

"If we only had that mad desire to feed the poor we have to feed the rich."—J. S. of Dale.

NIGHT had cast her mantle over Broadway; not the mantle of darkness and peace, but the gaudy, spangled opera cloak with which she covers that white and glistening section of New York's anatomy called the Tenderloin.

Theatres, hotels, and restaurants were all alight; hundreds of vari-colored incandescent advertising signs were whirling, sparkling, pouring forth illumined words concerning stage stars, petticoats, plays, whiskies, corsets, and eating places; street cars were banging over switches; automobile engines whirring, horns honking, people howling conversations at each other; the air was heavy with the exotic odors of exhaust gases from motors; life and pleasure were jostling on the sidewalks. For we were at the very heart (or, if you think it has no heart, the stomach) of the city's gay night life.

On the steps of the Hotel Astor my friend, the Tenderloin Archæologist, halted me, while he cast a ruminative, fishy eye over the riotous triangle of asphalt which marks the crossing of Broadway and Seventh Avenue.

"The historical name of it," he said, "is Longacre Square. George Washington stopped at the old Long Acre farmhouse which used to stand here. But what does the Tenderloin care for history? It remembers nothing but the last theatrical divorce, ten-thousand-dollar dinner, or New Year's Eve headache. When that newspaper skyscraper was built, they changed the name to Times Square. That's the official name. But the only official things that count in this part of town are traffic policemen and head waiters. So the Tenderloin has rechristened its capital again: now it is "Eating-house Square."

The revolving glass doors of the hotel were spinning like millwheels under the pressure of a steady stream of people, flowing in from the twenty theatres of the neighborhood. We followed them down the corridor toward the large supper room, whence came mellow light and gay music. About the wide doorway of this room stood a knot of twenty or thirty men and women, all in evening dress and eager to get in—a comic sort of bread-line, held back by a plush rope and a young head waiter, who, St. Peter-like, examined the candidates with a critical eye and looked them up in a tome containing the names of those who had reserved tables in advance. The head waiter's book is the Social Register of the Tenderloin.

Watching the sifting process, we saw a couple elbow their way through the crowd. The man's eye caught that of the head waiter. He raised two fingers.

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The head waiter bowed, with: "Ah, good evening, Mr. Feldman." He did not look up Mr. Feldman in his book, but said to an assistant: "Table twenty-six for Mr. Feldman," and hastily unhooked the rope.

Mr. Feldman passed in. Behind him trailed a lady wearing staccato scents and an alarmingly diminuendo dress. Instinctively you knew she had a little, yipping, woolly dog in a flat somewhere not very far away; also plenty of siphons on the ice, and books which were not by Meredith or Henry James.

Clearly, in Mr. Feldman we had seen a man who really knew the ropes. He was not made of common clay but, to all appearances, of *pâté de foie gras* and truffles. He never had to reserve tables in advance. No matter what a crush there was, he always sailed majestically in and found a place. If the regular tables were occupied, a special one was carried in and laid for him.

The "Mr. Feldman" kind of man distributes largesse with a plump and lavish hand. He has cocktails named for him, drinks vintage champagnes, sends for the head waiter, calls him "Max" or "Louis," dresses him down, and gives him a twenty-dollar bill. "Mr. Feldman" does not pay spot cash in the Lobster Palaces. He merely tips his waiter with a bill and signs his name across the check. Check-signing is one of the most impressive rites of the Tenderloin. It signifies not only that "Mr. Feldman" runs an account and settles by the month, but that he always has aisle seats, down in front, for the first night of each new "girl show," and can play on credit in the roulette "clubs." So it is natural that, as "Mr. Feldman," with a superbly unconscious air, signs and rises from the table, people gaze at him in awe, and whisper: "Who is that?"

"Mr. Feldman" is sometimes young, but usually he is middle-aged and just a little bald. His complexion is of either a pasty cream color, or an apoplectic purple, shading off to a lighter tone about the prominently upholstered neck. There are deep wrinkles beside the nose, fleshy pouches beneath the eyes, diamonds on the fingers, and very fancy buttons on the evening waistcoat. The whole is mounted upon creaky legs.

While "Mr. Feldman" lives, he lives very high, and when he comes to die, he does it so quickly that he actually interrupts himself in the midst of ordering another bottle. His color changes. If he was purple, he turns mauve; if cream-colored, a lovely shade of pale green. An attentive waiter catches him as he starts to flop over on the wine coolers. He has stopped ordering, so his friends know he must be dead.

Obituaries in the next day's papers refer to him as a "prominent clubman" or a "well-known man-about-town," and, like as not, mention a hitherto (and hereafter) unheard-of wife, who lives in New Rochelle or Flushing. Several friends go out there to the funeral, but not one single head waiter. The friends think it would be nice to sing "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow" with the service. On the way back to New York they "roast" the widow for not providing drinks. Then, with a pleasant sense of duty done, they return to the Lobster Palaces. By night the Tenderloin has forgotten "Mr. Feldman" as completely as it has forgotten the old Long Acre farm. If people should trouble to investigate the matter further—which no one ever does—they might find that "Mr. Feldman" left, besides the trailing lady, the widow, and the waistcoat buttons, six children and a mortgage.

But hold on! This is disagreeable, and Lobster Palace life is acknowledged to be gay. Let us dry our tears, go to the Café de l'Opéra, and listen to the *haute monde* of the Tenderloin eat soup.

The Café de l'Opéra is, as I write, the newest, the gold-and-bluest restaurant in Babylon, though they are building others faster than type can possibly be set. Broadway pronounces the name of the resort with the accent of Paris, Texas, rather than Paris, France. Though it gets the "caf-fay" part pretty well, it rather goes to pieces on "de loppra." For Broadway eats French better than it speaks it.

A uniformed attendant assists us to alight from our taxicab—or do we own a limousine? As he helps us out, he tells us that the remodeling of the building we are entering cost two million dollars. We are prepared to be impressed. And, indeed, there are impressive things about this restaurant. One of them, which particularly startled the Tenderloin, is the rule that persons not in evening dress are barred from the ground floor. This rule is strictly enforced—"let the chips fall where they may." It opens interesting fields for speculation. It's easy enough to say when a gentleman is in evening dress, for you have only to look at a waiter and make sure that the one is habited like the other. But with women it is different. Some gowns are on

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the borderland. One fancies that the head waiters at the Café de l'Opéra may be confronted, now and then, with perplexing problems, calling for close decisions. Is she, or is she not, in evening dress? Have her wait until the manager can settle it.

Personally, I should hate to be the manager. Suppose, for instance, stern duty compels him to decide that a lady who *thinks* she is in evening dress, is *not*, because her gown is not cut low enough. Shouldn't you hate to have to break it to her?

Obviously, the ground floor of the Café de l'Opéra is *the* place. Those who aren't in evening dress, as well as many who are, are sent upstairs. Some of them seem to feel a little bit resentful. I heard scathing comments on the downstairs diners, and should like to print the plaint of one particularly pretty woman whom I overheard, but won't, for fear you would think she wasn't a lady.

"I would of worn my Tuxedo suit," I heard a crestfallen-looking young man say to his tailor-made young lady, as they were transported to the upper realms, "only I had to lend it to a fellow that was getting married."

It's enough to make any one feel crestfallen to come up against a rope and a head waiter, and be told one can't get in. Getting the rope at a Lobster Palace is much like "getting the hook" on amateur night at a music hall. It makes a person feel unutterably cheap, and "cheap" is a word that gives Lobster Palace Society the horrors. Spend money! That is the cry. Marry it, steal it, raise checks, mark cards, rob tills, or kill your poor old grandmother for the insurance; but get the money and, when you get it, SPEND!

Broadway's hysterical loathing of cheapness, and of feeling cheap, gives the restaurateur a whip hand. The head waiter suggests expensive dishes, and his victim buys them to show that he "has the price." To secure a well-placed table in a popular restaurant on a busy evening almost always involves the payment of a dollar or two of "honest graft" to the head waiter who reserves it for you. This psychological advantage is used to the uttermost in a thousand different ways on Broadway.

People are sheep; let a movement start and the whole flock will follow, pellmell. Sheep and the Lobster Palace Set are easily herded. The head waiter at a hotel, the restaurant of which is crowded every night, told a friend of mine that but few people came there when they opened. And how do you suppose he got them to coming? Simply by humming and hawing when some one telephoned for a table reservation; by mumbling vaguely the names of fashionable people, and saying, "I'm not sure you can have a table for tonight, but if you'll call up later, I will see." The minute that person thought he might not be able to get in, he was obsessed with a mad desire to do so. He went up to see about it, and when, at last, he was promised a table, a great elation filled his bosom. Such tactics started people coming, and, once started, the movement soon became an avalanche.

What a horrid, clear vision head waiters must have of human nature! How they must laugh together over the antics of the people that they serve! How excruciatingly funny they must find it to be tipped by men not nearly so well off financially—or even mentally and morally—as are they themselves!

There are many head waiters in these popular resorts who are comfortably off, and several who are rich. Head waiters' accounts are highly valued by stockbrokers. In speculation they often do very well, for, of all the tips they get, market tips from wealthy patrons are apt to be the best. And the head waiters are not the only ones who prosper.

"I get it all back," said a stockbroker friend of mine, as he gave a quarter to a coat-room boy at Rector's. "The man who rents this privilege is a good customer of mine." From what he said I drew that it was the general custom of Tenderloin restaurateurs to take a rental for their coat-room privileges, just as it is the custom of hotel keepers to rent the barber shops and flower stands in their establishments. The aggressive manner of the Lobster Palace coat-room boys heightens this impression. We tip them, though we should like to kick them. And we go away with the feeling that is expressed by the verse from Lamentations: "Servants have ruled over us: there is none that doth deliver us out of their hand."

You may fancy from my plaintive cries that *we* got the rope at the Café de l'Opéra? Not so! We arrived early, opened our overcoats, showed the white bosoms of our shirts to the head waiter (much as detectives show their badges), engaged a table, and hurried out again.

People from the theatres were pouring into all the neighboring cafés. Crossing the street, we entered the Hotel Knickerbocker. At the entrance to the Grill Room, down-

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stairs, the bread-line had already formed, outside the rope. It looked much like the other Tenderloin bread-lines: all shimmer, glitter, sparkle.

Ascending, we passed through the Knickerbocker bar, a central meeting-place for the men of Lobster Palace Life, who refer to it affectionately as the "Forty-Second Street Country Club." Over the bar is placed Maxfield Parrish's rich painting, "Old King Cole"—one of the few examples in the Tenderloin of art that may be described as chaste. Many Tenderloin restaurateurs and hotel keepers are "art patrons." Their taste in paintings is extraordinarily uniform—ladies out of uniform being the prevailing subjects. It is, therefore, quite surprising to come on "Old King Cole," where one might reasonably expect to find his harem.

Now it's time to go back to the Café de l'Opéra again; time to sit down, order supper, and take a look about.

"The first spiritual want of a barbarous man is decoration," said Carlyle, "as indeed we still see among the barbarous classes in civilized countries."

If this be true, the Café de l'Opéra should amply satisfy the spiritual wants of the Tenderloin, for it seems to have reached the ultimate in passionate surroundings for food and drink. But has it?

Some years ago when I first went to Murray's Restaurant in Forty-second Street, I thought that it had reached the ultimate. How Art does progress! To-day I think that Murray's shows architectural restraint. The façade looks like a refinement of a fine old papier maché *palazzo* in the chaste and classic style of Luna Park. Inside, it is quasi-Pompeian, with plashing fountains, mirrors, pergolas, and landscapes set into the walls so cleverly that a man who once sat there from seven P. M. until two A. M. is reported to have imagined himself traveling abroad. They even have lights under the tables, at Murray's, so that a pink glow comes up through the cloth. Quite thrilling! It makes a good place to take your friends who come from afar and wish to gaze about, for dining there is like dining on a stage set for the second act of a musical comedy. You half expect a chorus of waiters to come dancing in with property lobsters glued to property plates.

If dining at Murray's suggests musical comedy, supping at the Café de l'Opéra suggests a big spectacular effect at the New Theatre—the place of some very festive Old Testament king, like Nebuchadnezzar, or Og, the King of Bashan. It does make a sumptuous setting for the gastronomic pageant. The color scheme is blue and gold, with black marble columns surmounted by golden capitals representing bulls' heads—or are they calves of gold? There is a black marble stairway that is quite the most magnificently heathen-looking thing in town. At the bottom of it stands a gigantic winged lion, with a man's head, in bas relief. The broad stair-landing, visible from the main dining-room, would be a fine place for a priest to make burnt offerings to barbaric gods, while vestals tripped about, à la Isidora Duncan and Maud Allan.

On the large expanse of wall back of this stair-landing the latest and most startling addition to New York's Lobster Palace Art Collection is displayed, in the form of an immense painting, by Rochegrosse, of the Fall of Babylon. This picture was exhibited in the Paris Salon—an institution which, by the way, could hardly have existed in the past few years, had not Babylon fallen, or the Elders seen Susanna, or ladies bathed. So many paintings of the fall of Babylon are submitted to the jury at the Salon that only those which depict that wicked city as falling with a particularly vicious crash of flesh tints are accepted. Monsieur Rochegrosse certainly succeeded. Seldom, indeed, has such a fall been taken out of Babylon!

To place such a picture in a New York Lobster Palace would be daring if Lobster Palace Society had brains or used them. But why have brains? Aren't sweetbreads just as good? So the élite of Lobsterdom have sweetbreads, and, eating, fail to see the writing on the wall.

Men and women stop on the stair-landing to look over the dining-room. They blend in with the painting—perhaps because some of them are painted, too. The evening wraps of the living women make the painted ones of Babylon look chilly. The effect is grotesque, yet it is ominous; for, as they stand there, Babylon is falling about the very ears of these gay, well-dressed, well-fed Americans.

I don't know what the style of architecture is. The figure of a man like a design from a piece of ancient pottery, which is the trademark of the Café de l'Opéra (you can see it in the heading of this article) seemed to me to be Assyrian. But a plump Swiss head

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—WITH A DANCER FROM A THEATRE DOWN THE WAY.

waiter, who was probably born in the Savoy or the Ritz and came here to help run this place, assured me it was Persian; and no sane man ever contradicted a head waiter in a Lobster Lair.

There's another dining-room, in the same style, on the second floor, and on the third a Japanese tea-room. Above are several floors of banquet-rooms, private dining-rooms, and bachelor apartments. The bachelor apartments seem to be the only rooms in the entire place which have no flesh tints painted on their walls; but maybe they weren't finished when I saw them.

Though it is getting late, let us inspect the festive gathering in the main dining-room before we go. At a table near us sits a woman with a figure like a pouter pigeon. She protects her elaborate dress by pinning her napkin to the highest available portion of it, with a diamond sunburst. At the next table a little man who looks as if he was on a diet, is providing for the wants of three healthy, hungry women. At still another table the arrangements of the numbers is the reverse: three men are with a dancer from a theatre a few doors down the Great White Way.

We see two unmistakable chorus girls with unmistakable "Johnnies," besides several suspects with several "Mr. Feldmans." And we are grateful for the presence of a very lovely lady in a rue de la Paix gown and hat; although, as you'll see from the sketch, we saw only her back. Tables, tables, tables; people, people, people; known and unknown; pretty and plain, the seers and the seen. Festive parties; family parties; parties not of the Tenderloin—merely visiting it as they might visit Chinatown; fashionables and would-be fashionables; Americans and New Yorkers.

It is the custom of the Tenderloin to look with pity and amusement at those who are not of it. People from out of town are jokes. Why, one wonders? Why is it comic never to have been in any given place before? Why is it any droller not to know New York than not to know Omaha, or Lhasa? Yet these "typical New Yorkers"—most of whom were born in Philadelphia, or places even more remote—find it droll. They love to

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look about a restaurant and declare that certain people, whom they indicate, must have come from Kankakee or Keokuk. They accuse strangers in town of "rubbering." Of course the strangers "rubber." They stare at New York as a New Yorker stares at Coney Island. For New York is, after all, the Coney Island of the nation.

I know a man who was born in West Eleventh Street. He has a gold cigarette case, and a story, which he tells in restaurants, about a man from out of town, who asked a Broadway waiter what pie à la mode was.

"It is pie with ice cream on it," said the waiter.

Presently the stranger was seen to be in great excitement. He had read up the menu until he came to beef à la mode, and was horrified to think New York could stomach such a combination.

There are Tenderloin wags who have made local reputation and earned numerous good

ALTHOUGH WE SAW ONLY HER BACK.

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HE HAS COCKTAILS NAMED FOR HIM.

dinners by spinning funny yarns about the people at other tables. I am acquainted with such a man—a waddling edition of "Who's Who in the Lobster Palaces." And, like the other "Who's Who," he is a fat volume, appropriately bound in red. He considers any one who doesn't know the way to Sherry's, or Martin's, or the Knickerbocker, very, very funny. I sometimes wonder if it ever struck him that he—like all the rest of us—must some day transverse spaces in an undiscovered country, which has no Sherry's, Martin's, Knickerbocker. He will be a stranger. Will he, therefore, find himself amusing?

It is after one o'clock. The crowd at the Café de l'Opéra is dwindling. We call for our check. If we have had a large supper with champagne for two, the bill may come to twelve or fourteen dollars, with another dollar for the waiter; if a moderate supper, less than half as much.

A spidery attendant from the cloak-room dashes forward with our coats and hats, levies his toll, and passes us out through a revolving door.

All the outdoor lights, save those of the theatres, continue to burn furiously. The "smart" restaurants are emptying; many people are abroad. Some are going home, while others, with the true spirit of deep-sea Lobster Life, are "going on." In the Tenderloin there are always places to go on to. For instance, there is Rector's. Rector's happens to be demolished at the moment, but only that another and more golden Rector's may rise on the same site. The new Rector's will be open, so they say, on New Year's Eve. Reserve your tables in advance!

Rector's remains open later than most of the other "gilt-edged" Lobster Lairs; it is gayer; high life is higher. You're apt to see Broadway celebrities: musical comedy favorites, actors, actresses, show girls, women of not in the least "doubtful character," and the invariable sprinkling of onlookers.

Show girls are starred at Rector's: affluent, opulent, effulgent looking girls who think that they will never leave Broadway. A few of them attain a meteoric notoriety through connection with scandals; a few rise to good positions on the stage; a few acquire fortunes by marriage, or by other means. But, as a rule, the Broadway show girl fades and disappears. The Tenderloin which was kind to her last year harvests another crop of pulchritude. She is forgotten, and the road shows quickly snatch the remnants of her pitiful good looks.

Poor, funny, pretty, dressed-up, painted girls—members of tinkling yachting parties,

AT MARTIN'S.

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automobile parties, and supper parties in the land of make-believe! What wonder that they want to try the game in earnest? Have they not their ideals of luxury, as you and I have ours? Yours may be a cigar a foot long, or a porcelain bathtub six feet long, or a limousine twenty feet long, or a steam yacht three hundred feet long. Mine may be a flannel shirt. To accomplish our ideals we must make sacrifices. To get your yacht you may throw overboard your honest principles; to get my shirt I may give up my literary self-respect. And rest assured that if she wants to live the Lobster Palace Life, the show girl, too, must make her sacrifice.

Rector's is one of the few large restaurants which has not a French name. To be sure, such names as Murray's, Shanley's, and Burns show in electric lights over the doors of certain eateries, and the large hotels seem to favor New York-sounding names: Astor, Knickerbocker, Hoffman, Waldorf-Astoria, Manhattan, Belmont, Gotham. Some of the hotels have special names for their restaurants, however. Thus, for instance, the Café d'Armenonville, upstairs in the Hotel Knickerbocker, is named for the famous Pavillon d'Armenonville in the Bois de Boulogne. The Café Madrid, Maxim's, and l'Abbaye also take the titles of famous Parisian restaurants which they do not otherwise particularly resemble. The Claremont, at the head of Riverside Drive, and the Casino in Central Park, are the nearest equivalents we have for the *al fresco* cafés of Paris. But New York has a long list of French restaurants whose fame is entirely their own; the Café de l'Opéra, Martin's, the Café Lafayette, the Café des Beaux Arts, Mouquin's, and others.

VICTOR SERRA—AT THE BEAUX ARTS.

Martin's is, probably, more nearly like a typical big Paris boulevard café than any other New York restaurant, while Mouquin's is more like a good Latin Quarter eating place. When Delmonico's moved up to Forty-fourth Street, Martin's in turn moved from its modest home in University Place to the old Delmonico building in Madison Square, while the old Martin's, in other hands, became the still interesting Café Lafayette.

Financially, I have no doubt, the uptown move was good for Martin's, but the new place is far from being as modest, as truly French and easy-going in spirit, as the old one was. Obstreperous Broadway has infested it, and taught it to be brazen with success. It was at Martin's that the comically brilliant notion of serving nothing but champagne to drink after nine o'clock on New Year's Eve originated.

To get a table at all on New Year's Eve is difficult; when you get one you must drink what you are told. Notices to this effect are posted in the café. Does this strike you as remarkable effrontery? Let me tell you that it is not more remarkable than the abject apathy with which Broadway receives it. Martin's, and other Broadway restaurants which have copied the device, are almost always packed with eager spenders.

I know a man who went to Martin's three weeks before last December thirty-first to reserve a table for that night of nights.

"Give me your order now," said a head waiter, "and I will see what can be done about it." In other words, he might have said: "If you agree to spend enough money, you may come."

I passed a New Year's Eve in Martin's once. No one seemed to mind drinking "nothing but champagne." They not only drank champagne but spilled it on the tables and the floor. Many new acquaintances were made that night—and forgotten the next day. Every one was kind, indulgent. Now and

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"TABLE TWENTY-SIX FOR MR. FELDMAN."

then some one stood upon a table and bayed at the moon. Everybody seemed good-natured, and almost everybody seemed drunk. But then, you must remember, it is not thought good form, in Lobster Palace Society, to be anything but drunk on New Year's Eve.

The Café des Beaux Arts is a different sort of place. It occupies the two lower floors of a large studio building midway between Broadway and Fifth Avenue, in a neighborhood of clubs rather than of cafés. Whether the studios above it affect the flavor of the place, I do not know, but certain it is that the Café des Beaux Arts has an individual air which, for lack of a better term, I shall have to call "Bohemian." ("Smart Bohemians," a circular issued by the café calls its patrons.) The word "Bohemian" has come into bad odor of late years, but I know of no good substitute. The Century Dictionary defines a Bohemian as: "A person, especially an artist or a literary man, who leads a free and often somewhat dissipated life, having little regard to what society he frequents, and despising conventionalities generally."

To these requirements might have been added, I think, a soft hat, a flowing necktie, and dirty finger nails.

But what is "Smart Bohemia"? To judge from the Café des Beaux Arts, it is as well dressed, as well mannered as the very best of Lobster Palace Society. It likes good things to eat, good music, a jolly time. True Bohemia, in the old sense of the word, was something which could not be created. It just happened. And it was frail: stare at it, call it "Bohemia," write an article about it, and it ceased to be Bohemia and became a shoe clerk's paradise. New York is full of such quasi-Bohemia: chop-suey-Bohemia, spaghetti-Bohemia, watered-wine-Bohemia. But the cheap table d'hôte is not a Lobster Palace and does not come within our scope.

The three dining-rooms of the Café des Beaux Arts are moderate in size; snug rooms, with tables fairly close together. There is a Neapolitan string quartette, an orchestra, and a corps of several vocal soloists, all good. They go from room to room, so that you get variety, with neither too much nor too little music. Meanwhile you eat (and drink if you want to) very well, for in these things "smart Bohemia" fares much better than its lowly prototype. Thursday night is the big night at the Beaux Arts, though an effort is being made by the proprietors to turn every night into a Thursday. The place is very gay on

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these big nights; a real *esprit* develops, and one may hear fine singing from a "volunteer" among the people at the tables. Bonci has sung there, as well as other grand opera stars; and Anna Held, Blanche Ring, David Warfield, George Beban, and others of the stage have been known to do a "stunt," from sheer gladness of heart. The very possibility of such a happening lifts the place into a niche which is unique.

But, even on Thursday nights at the Beaux Arts, there comes a time when gayeties must end. To go on to the other places now is nothing short of prowling. Still, if you simply *will not* go to bed—there is the Café Madrid.

The Madrid used to be Churchill's, the *château d'homard* of a retired police captain of that name, who had a strong aversion to closing up, or closing down, before the crack of dawn. Dawn breaks so beautifully upon the Tenderloin! When the chairs were piled upon the tables in the other places, the night owls used to make for Churchill's, where, unless they got too rough, they could stay on, and on, and on.

Churchill sold the place to George Rector, who is not only the son of his father, but a graduate, with honors, of such gastronomic establishments as Marguery's and the Café de Paris. To have studied cooking under Monsieur Marguery is equivalent to having studied singing under Jean de Reszke. Mr. Rector not only renamed Churchill's—calling it the Café Madrid—but instituted reforms as to equipment, cuisine, and etiquette. The reforms are in no wise painful. The Café Madrid may still be called a lively spot in the early morning hours. You may see there people who are in Lobster Palace Society but not in the Four Hundred, and—hist!—you may also see some people who are in both. It is extraordinary how the two sets overlap each other at the edges—people from Fifth Avenue are such climbers, anyway.

—PROVIDING FOR THREE HUNGRY WOMEN.

The Madrid is not large, as compared with some other restaurants around Eating-house Square, but it is an extremely busy little place, and is occupied by a peculiarly Lobsterian society. Two hundred pounds of the symbolic shellfish are consumed there every night. For the rest, you may stay till daylight if you wish, so long as you behave. But do behave, for there are two sturdy gentlemen about who are capable of making it quite clear to any one that "rough house" is not deemed *au fait* at the Madrid, this season. Have all the fun you want, but everybody must act "gen'l'mumly."

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THE CAFÉ MADRID MAY STILL BE CALLED A LIVELY SPOT.

In the pious times before Churchill's was invented, those who were intent on sitting up all night usually wound up by tacking over toward Sixth Avenue, where Burns and Jack's continued operations. Jack's got pretty wild at times—by which I mean no disrespect to Burns. About three in the morning some sensitive soul, pickled in wines, liquors, and cigars, might suddenly grow boisterous, or jealous, or peevish. Then some one might throw a saltcellar or champagne glass at some one—an act which is termed "starting something." If some one "started something" round at Jack's it always ended quickly, and some one suddenly woke up and found that some one was sitting on the car tracks. Jack's is frankly what it is, and the frank, straightaway, strong-arm method of keeping a disordered sort of order there is not without its merits. It gives an air of wholesomeness—comparatively, at least—that I should like to see in certain other cafés which I shall not call by name.

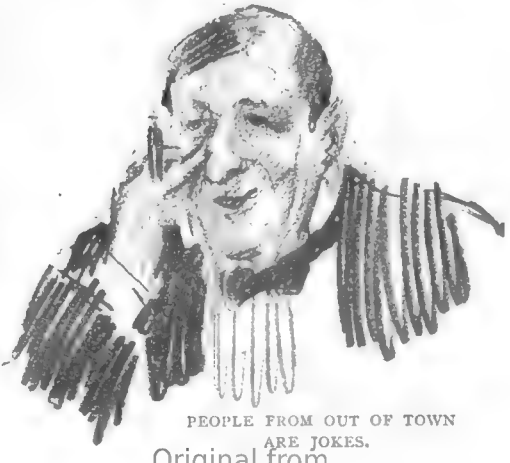
Dramatic critics know that to attack a play as being vulgar or indecent has the undesirable effect of booming it. There are a lot of prurient people in the Tenderloin, as well as in the rest of the world. That is why I shall not name these other places.

We happened into them late on the night of Lincoln's Birthday, or, rather, early on the morning following. The sad face of Lincoln gazed from the wine-soaked menu I was given. Around us drunken patriots were celebrating, while not far off a hired singer with an execrable voice and an offensively insinuating manner sang a song so vulgar that even this audience did not applaud it. Later came a burlesque of a patriotic air, telling of:

> Husbands dancing hand in hand,
> Shouting the Battle Cry of Freedom!

And it was Lincoln's Birthday!

The place was littered with confetti. Blear-



PEOPLE FROM OUT OF TOWN ARE JOKES.

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HE WAS NOT MADE OF COMMON CLAY, BUT OF *PÂTÉ DE FOIE GRAS.*

eyed people leaned upon the tables. Glasses were upset. The noise made us dizzy. Five weak-faced youths sat at a near-by table. When an overdressed young woman of the Tenderloin trailed in, one of them laughed and made an insulting remark. The woman swore and sent her escort to demand apologies. He did so in a genial manner, and in a moment all were friends. And so they settled it by all having a drink together.

On with the debauch! We saw a woman, appropriately dressed in scarlet, pick up her skirts and jump over a man who was lying on the floor. We saw a drunken young girl half carried from the room. The scene became a dusty, dirty dream, peopled with caricatures and smelling stale as a plush dress on which a goblet of champagne has been upset.

Approximately twenty thousand people have supper in or near the Tenderloin each night. Next year, when newer Lobster Lairs are built, the number is expected to increase to thirty thousand. Several thousand pounds of lobster, and several thousand quarts of champagne (besides innumerable other things to eat and drink) are served by several thousand waiters, every night. And in the morning there are several thousand empty pocketbooks and several thousand aching heads.

You have doubtless heard Mr. James J. Hill's shrewd epigram to the effect that it is not so much the high cost of living which ails the United States, as the cost of high living.

The cost of eating lobster must increase. The demand grows, but the supply diminishes. Millions of pounds of lobster are caught along our coasts each season, but the government statistics show that, despite the work of various fish commissions, the available supply has shrunk more than fifty per cent. within the past three years. In short, starvation stares the Tenderloin directly in the double chin!

. . .

With the coming of the purifying, steel-blue light of dawn, we flee like jungle beasts that feed at night.

"*Morning Telegraph*, sir?"

We take the paper. The boy demands ten cents; five for the paper, five for the "sir," perhaps.

As we move toward the subway entrance, we pass the Café de l'Opéra, deserted, cold, and gray, and, thinking of the fall of Babylon, we shiver. It must be getting chilly. We started out to be amused. But, have we been?

"TH' END."

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A BATTLE ROYAL IN WOOL

An Answer to "Schedule K"—By William Whitman

President of the National Association of Wool Manufacturers

A Defense—By Richard Washburn Child

Author of "What is It?" and "The Making of 'K,' the Wool Schedule"

In Further Rebuttal of William Whitman—By Edward Moir

President of the Carded Woolen Manufacturers' Association

EDITOR'S NOTE.—When Mr. Taft called the Wool Tariff indefensible, it seemed our business to show our readers "why." Richard Washburn Child, a competent and trustworthy investigator, was assigned to set forth the facts as he found them. But the subject is complex, and we mean to be impartial. William Whitman, president of the National Association of Wool Manufacturers, whom Mr. Child declared responsible for "Schedule K," asked space to reply. It was just and proper he should have the opportunity. Mr. Child, having been contradicted, was entitled to be heard in answer. The Carded Woolen Manufacturers' Association also asked to enter the lists, and Edward Moir, its president, contributes to the controversy. The answers of Mr. Child and Mr. Moir have been submitted to Mr. Whitman, who may be heard from further. As to the merits of the several contributions, our readers will judge for themselves.

IN the two successive issues of February and March, 1910, EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE published an elaborate illustrated article severely attacking Schedule K, the wool and woolen schedule of the new Aldrich-Payne tariff, and, incidentally, the American woolen industry in general and its trade organization, the National Association of Wool Manufacturers. To this attack the Association has asked the privilege of a reply, which has been very generously granted by the publishers.

It is not the purpose of this article to urge that Schedule K is perfect. But this fact is undeniable: that, under its provisions in the past forty years, the American wool manufacture has developed from an inferior, almost despised, position to the rank of a most efficient and progressive industry, producing in the United States for its people more woolen fabrics than are wrought in any other nation for the people of that nation, and making the United States the greatest wool consuming country in the world.

It was the emergency of war that first created a native wool manufacturing industry on this continent. That was in our conflict with Great Britain in 1812–1815—well called the Second War for Independence. Another and a most powerful impetus was given to the manufacture by our Civil War, and the humiliation of our government and people that they could not clothe their mighty armies without invoking the grace of Europe, when the only fabrics that Europe would provide were so inferior as to be practically worthless.

Now the army and navy of the United States are, and long have been, clothed entirely in American fabrics, and we are no more dependent upon foreign countries for this indispensable material than we are for powder and cannon, shot and shell. More than a hundred years ago General George Washington wrote to Governor Randolph urging vigorous protection, even by direct bounties, if necessary, to the growing and manufacture of wool in America. "If a greater quantity of wool could be produced, and if the hands which are often idle could be employed in manufacturing it," he said, "a spirit of industry might be promoted, a great diminution might be made in the annual expenses of individual families, and the public would eventually be exceedingly benefited."

To-day a million farmers in the United States are engaged in the growing of sheep, and five million Americans are dependent in a greater or less degree on the prosperity of this industry—five million people scattered all over the nation. There could not be a worse delusion than that an attack upon the tariff schedule shielding this interest is an attack on only a thousand or two manufac-

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turers and a few hundred thousand operatives in the Eastern States, where the work of manufacture is chiefly performed.

I have no question of the honesty of purpose that inspired these articles in EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE. We are living in a critical, a searching time, when every interest and every industry, especially those dependent on national law, are regarded as proper and necessary subjects for surgical examination. This is all right, if it is undertaken in the spirit of true, impartial inquiry, and particularly if there are rigid precautions against deliberate malice and deceit. The grave defect in EVERYBODY'S articles, as they appear to me, is that the author has accepted at full face value, without proper effort for verification, the exaggerated or wholly untrue assertions of persons or interests hostile to the industry as a whole, or to the National Association, or to individual manufacturers.

THE SENATORS AND "K"

In the first place, it may be said that the writer of the article on "K" has apparently drawn much of his information from the senatorial debate of last summer on the revision of the tariff. He has accepted as the literal truth the statements of those "insurgent" senators who attacked the schedule, and he has given no weight at all to the statements and explanations of those senators who sustained it. This is a delightfully easy way of disposing of a complex and difficult question, but it can scarcely be said to be a disinterested and impartial way, nor can it be expected to prove especially convincing to those many thousands of Americans who, either as growers of wool or as makers of cloth, happen to possess some direct, practical knowledge of the subject.

The net impression which that debate, pro and con, left upon the senators who listened to it can be conjectured from the fact that at its conclusion a motion by one of the "insurgent" senators to recommit Schedule K to the committee with a view to "reforming" just those alleged abuses pointed out in EVERYBODY'S articles, was defeated by the overwhelming vote of eight yeas to fifty-nine nays —all of the tariff-for-revenue-only Democrats concurring with the protectionist Republicans that no valid cause for such action had been shown.

Now let us consider a few of the various counts of the indictment as framed in EVERYBODY'S against the present tariff on wool and woolen clothing. First:

> If the country had as its limits the confines of Manhattan Island, it would not be wise to protect the sheep raising industry; because sheep raising is a business for waste places.

The obvious, and sufficient, answer is that the country does not have Manhattan Island as its limits, but possesses a continental domain, in which there still are millions of acres of cheap land unused for other purposes and fit for grazing. Nor is it true that sheep can be profitably grown only on "waste places" —or there would not be 31,000,000 sheep on the densely populated, high-priced area of the United Kingdom, nor would a million American farmers be reporting that flocks of sheep were a part of their improved and valuable property.

In the world at large, sheep are decreasing, or, at best, are stationary, in number. But since 1904 they have been increasing in the United States. That the rate of growth is relatively slow here is due to two chief causes —first, the terrible blow to the sheep raising industry struck by the free wool clause of the disastrous Gorman-Wilson tariff of 1894–1897, and, second, the sharpening demand for lamb and mutton as food. Free wool, in its political consequences, practically destroyed the Democratic Party in the memorable Congressional elections of 1894, and its economic consequences were the slaughter of one third of the flocks of all America. Recovery from such a catastrophe is inevitably difficult even under protection, and it has been delayed further by the financial panic of 1907–1908. But the Department of Agriculture, in coöperation with woolgrowers and manufacturers, is now making especial effort to increase still further the number of sheep and the yield of wool in the United States, and even in New England large areas of land are now being secured and set aside for this purpose.

Let us consider another specific statement:

> We raised last year 311,000,000 pounds of grease wool—that is, wool that contains all the animal grease and all the dirt that clings to the fibre—on some fifty million sheep. These are impressive figures. But the stiffening goes out of them when we know that this wool, if distributed among our ninety millions, would make only about a pound of clothing for every person in the country.

If by "last year" the calendar year 1909 is

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meant, the domestic wool clip was 328,000,000 pounds, not 311,000,000—that is the figure of the year before. But the tariff on wool is not prohibitive. Besides the 328,000,000 pounds of domestic wool, there were in 1909 imports of 175,910,000 pounds of Class I and Class II wools suitable for clothing, as well as 136,220,000 pounds of Class III or so-called carpet wools. The United States is the greatest wool consuming country in the world.

Free wool, if we may judge by recent experiment, would mean the quick slaughter and disappearance of American flocks, and a consequent shortage in the supply of both wool and mutton—for the number of sheep in the world at large, as has been said, for years has been either stationary or decreasing. The elimination of American sheep would deprive American farmers of a part of their livelihood, but with these sheep once eliminated from the world's supply the price of both wool and mutton would certainly advance—and who would gain any final net profit from such an outcome? Even a restoration of protection, as we are now realizing, cannot suffice to bring back quickly the sheep raising industry, where it has once been cut down. Moreover, the protective system, as both its friends and its foes acknowledge, must be a national system if it is to endure. If the manufacturers and their operatives are to be protected against the cheap labor of foreign lands, the farmers must be protected also. This is so obvious that it need not be argued here. The free wool policy of the Gorman-Wilson law was an effort to destroy protection by knocking out the wool duty, the keystone of the protective arch uniting manufacturing and agriculture. The arch did fall, but it fell upon the heads of the Democratic leaders, as the temple of old upon the Philistines.

The writer in EVERYBODY'S says further:

> Those who benefit by this arrangement are the interests that have worked together successfully to maintain the present tariff and to keep it in its present form. These interests, favored so agreeably, are showing a tendency toward consolidation. They act together quietly and effectively under the title of The National Association of Wool Manufacturers, and under the leadership of William Whitman, of the Arlington Mills, who, more than any other person in the United States, is worthy of the title, "The Maker of Schedule K." With this Association is the influence of the so-called "trust," the largest organization of its kind in the world, controlling more than a third of the business. It is called "The American Woolen Company"; it came into existence under the Dingley Tariff; it came into existence *because* of the Dingley Tariff. And it is now building the largest worsted mill in the world.
>
> These are the "*benefitees!*"—these worsted manufacturers!

There are three obvious inferences from this language—(1) that the National Association of Wool Manufacturers is exclusively a worsted concern; (2) that the American Woolen Company is a trust or monopoly, and (3) that the American Woolen Company is also exclusively a worsted concern. Later on in the article, the "worsted trust" is specifically mentioned.

Not one of these inferences is true. The real facts are that the National Association of Wool Manufacturers, which, with the sole exception of the Iron and Steel Association, is believed to be the oldest trade organization of continuous existence in the United States, was founded by carded woolen manufacturers, in 1864; that it has always had most of the representative men of the carded woolen industry in its membership, and that at the present time nearly one half of its officers and leading men are largely or wholly engaged in carded woolen manufacture. To urge that this Association has been working to discriminate against the carded woolen interest is equivalent to urging that these alert and sagacious business men have been engaged in discriminating against their own prosperity.

NOT A "WORSTED TRUST"

Of course, this is untrue on the face of it. And it is equally untrue that the American Woolen Company is a "worsted trust," or a trust or monopoly of any kind. It is a large, strong corporation operating a number of mills, the largest wool manufacturing corporation in America. But instead of "controlling more than a third of the business," it is the belief of competent authorities that it controls less than a fourth, and it is an unmistakable fact that the great company is in constant and severe competition with many other large and powerful corporations, and with hundreds of smaller but still important and effective mills, in whose ownership it has not the slightest share, and over whose policies it has not the slightest influence. The latest complete official enumeration of the wool manufacture, made in 1905 by Mr. Edward Stanwood, Expert Special Agent of the Census Bureau, showed that there were 792 carded woolen

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and 226 worsted mills in the United States.

The American Woolen Company controls thirty-two mills, of which only ten are worsted mills, while twenty-two are carded woolen mills, seven of these having some worsted as well as carded woolen machinery. The impression conveyed by EVERYBODY'S articles that this company is exclusively a worsted concern, a "worsted trust," is so manifestly untrue that it need not be further considered. The American Woolen Company is building the "largest worsted mill in the world." It is also operating, in the Assabet Mill, the largest carded woolen establishment in America, if not in the world. Moreover, the carded woolen mills are the more active and profitable at the present time.

When the revision of the tariff was being considered a year or more ago in Congress, it was represented that the carded woolen interest, or a part of it, was not enjoying its full share of prosperity, and it was insisted that the specific wool duty was the cause. The duty was not changed in any respect; but since that time—apparently since the writing, but not since the publication, of EVERYBODY'S articles—a most marked and gratifying improvement has set in in the carded woolen manufacture. Fashion, which had neglected carded woolen fabrics for some years, has now brought them again into favor. To quote a New England financial authority: "A feature which stands out rather conspicuously in the rising tide of industrialism in New England has been the revival of the 'woolen' industry during the last ten months, after several years of depression."

CARDED WOOLEN MILLS PROSPERING

These carded woolen mills were described in EVERYBODY'S articles as suffering a complete eclipse because of the tariff discrimination against them, but this authority already quoted has said: "It is estimated that they are to-day operating at about eighty to ninety per cent. of capacity, as against less than fifty per cent. at the beginning of the (last) year, and only about twenty-five per cent. during the depression." The annual report of the Secretary of the National Association of Wool Manufacturers, presented on March 2 last, remarks "the new and broad prosperity that has come to the carded woolen branch of the manufacturing industry," and declares that "there is not a member of this Association who does not earnestly wish that this marked improvement in carded woolen manufacture may continue."

In the face of these facts, the assertion of EVERYBODY'S articles that the carded woolen interest was being oppressed by Congress at the instigation of the National Association of Wool Manufacturers must fall completely to the ground. The writer of the articles was unfortunately deceived upon this point, as on many others, by the prejudice or malice of those to whom he trusted for his information

THE WHITMAN-NORTH CORRESPONDENCE

Those garbled extracts from correspondence between myself and Mr. S. N. D. North, then secretary of the Association, which are published in EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE for March, are not new material. They were printed several years ago, and a detailed explanation and reply were presented to the committees of Senate and House in the recent Congress. The sinister significance which a careless reading of these letters may suggest is likely to disappear when the real fact is recalled that, in 1897, Mr. North, by direction of the National Association, was working for a reduction, not an increase, in the duty on wool tops. He urged before the Committee on Ways and Means that to impose a duty on tops higher than the duty on yarns, and as high as the duty on cloths made from yarns, "destroys the symmetrical adjustment of the schedule." That also was my own argument to Chairman Dingley. "As tops now stand in the proposed tariff bill," I wrote, "the duty is absolutely prohibitory, because there is the same rate of duty imposed upon them as is imposed on manufactures of wool not specially provided for. . . . The objections that I have to the top rates as now incorporated in the bill are: 1st, that they are unnecessarily high and will do nobody any good; 2d, that they are so high on the article our mills manufacture as to create unfavorable criticism."

At that time the high duty was renewed because of the insistence of the woolgrowers, who feared the importation of foreign wool in the form of tops. But in the recent revision of the tariff I again urged a lowering of the top duty to its proper place, in my address before the Committee on Ways and Means, December 2, 1908, and this time the effort was successful. Presumably the writer of EVERYBODY'S articles was entirely unaware of the fact in either case, or he would scarcely

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have laid so much emphasis on the subject of tops. The edge of criticism is blunted, indeed, when it is understood that the actual end sought was the correction of an anomaly in the law and the lessening of an unnecessary and excessive duty.

For fifty years the wool and woolen schedule of the American tariff has been a favorite target of attack from the foes of the protective system in this country and abroad. EVERYBODY'S articles contain very little in the way of accusation that may not be found even more strenuously stated in the dust-laden files of the *Congressional Record* or of tariff-hating newspapers of any year from 1860 to 1909. There is not one suggestion for a change in the make-up of this schedule that has not been considered again and again in successive tariff revisions by public men of both parties in Washington, only to be rejected in the end as unwise or impracticable. Fault-finding is easy, but honest, actual correction and improvement are difficult. Certain it is that if a different schedule would better serve the purpose, nobody would welcome it more eagerly than the manufacturers themselves.

SCHEDULE K ONLY FAIRLY PROTECTIVE

As a whole, the wool and woolen schedule of our tariff law is exact, equitable, and fairly, but no more than fairly, protective. This schedule in the fullness of the years has won for the American industry the control of the bulk of the American market, at least for low-priced and medium-priced goods, precisely as the framers of the law intended, as an overwhelming majority of the American people desire, and as Washington predicted more than a century ago would be the result of a protective policy.

The desirability of producing on our own soil the most of the wool required for the clothing of our people, and of spinning and weaving the most of it here does not need to be argued in this year 1910. This being acknowledged, it must be conceded also that there is no method by which this result could be achieved except the protective tariff policy founded in 1789 by the fathers of the republic, under Washington, and carried to its logical development by the modern Republican Party from Lincoln to Taft. The economic legislation of this country has been and should be governed by the interests of its productive industries, which give to the country its wealth, to its labor remunerative wages, and to its people the material comforts of life and the essential opportunities for mental and moral development.

All this will not be disputed. The main lines of attack upon our industry in EVERYBODY'S articles, as I interpret them, are: 1st, that the manufacturers themselves make the tariff instead of leaving it to Congress, and 2d, that the tariff is higher than is necessary to give adequate protection. That the manufacturers do make the tariff is an assertion that has been dinned into the ears of the people so persistently for forty years that perhaps the only Americans who do not now believe it are those who know the actual facts. It is not now and never has been true that the manufacturers have made the tariff. They have never dictated the rates, the classifications, or the schedules. They have been consulted about the technical details of industry and the amount of protection that was required, and it is perfectly right and, indeed, indispensable that they should be consulted about these things. No successful tariff ever has been or ever will be made in any country without invoking such expert, authoritative information.

Doubtless in some instances, where interests appeared to clash, the conflicting parties have been exhorted by the senators and representatives to get together in some reasonable agreement. But in no instance has such an agreement been made a part of the actual tariff law without the examination and approval of Congress, which first asks the manufacturers what rates they regard as proper and necessary, and then revises and arranges these rates to suit itself. This, unquestionably, would also be the procedure of a "Tariff Commission," if such an external tribunal were ever again to be established. It should be remembered that the experiment was actually tried, with no particular satisfaction, in 1882–1883.

MANUFACTURERS DO NOT MAKE THE TARIFF

But it is asserted that Congress is coerced or cajoled in tariff-making by the manufacturers, and that the work is a matter of manipulation or "influence." Speaking with entire knowledge and authority for our own industry, but I believe truthfully for all, I do not hesitate to denounce this accusation as a sheer misrepresentation of the facts. There is only one thing that the National Association of Wool Manufacturers has depended on to win

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its case before the Committee on Ways and Means of the House and the Committee on Finance of the Senate, and that is the accuracy and thoroughness of its public testimony and the logic of its published arguments. The very first step we took in preparing for the recent revision of the tariff was to send a circular letter to every wool manufacturer in the United States, inviting his opinion of the existing law and his suggestions as to tariff changes. Hundreds of answers were received. These were carefully analyzed, and the argument to be presented before the House Committee was built up on these representative expressions as a whole.

Meanwhile a regularly authorized committee of the Association met a similar committee of the Western woolgrowers in Chicago to assure them that the report spread through the West by foes of protection that the manufacturers were going to ask for free wool was false, and that no reduction in the protective duties shielding the farmers and ranchmen was desired. This is all there was to that "secret compact," which was not even secret, for the facts were published in both the West and the East.

WOOLEN INTERESTS MERELY GIVE EXPERT TESTIMONY

Many weeks before the day of December 2, 1908, set for the Washington hearing on Schedule K, the testimony was being carefully gathered and verified by a special tariff committee of manufacturers of broad experience, representing every branch of the industry and almost equally divided between the carded woolen and the worsted interests. I went before the Committee on Ways and Means by its formal invitation, as the spokesman for the manufacturers as a whole. The testimony then presented and that added afterward in response to specific requests make up 250 printed pages. It could not have been more scrupulously prepared if it had been intended for use before a commission of the most distinguished academic theorists in America. It has been repeatedly commended for its precision, its fairness, and its comprehensiveness; and not one single point of it has ever been seriously attacked.

This careful, formal evidence is what the American wool manufacturers relied on, and it was all that they relied on, to prove and sustain their case in Schedule K. It is our profound belief that it would have been just as effective before an ideal Tariff Commission, if such a thing could be had, as it was before the duly authorized committees of Congress.

Now let us examine the other main contention of EVERYBODY'S articles, that the existing tariff on woolen fabrics is far higher than is needed to make manufacturing reasonably prosperous. This is not true, and that it is not true is demonstrable by specific facts. If the tariff were too high, if it gave inordinate and prohibitive protection, this would be indicated in two ways—by a complete cutting off of foreign importations, and by habitually excessive profits on the part of the domestic manufacturers.

IS 6.67 PER CENT. PROFIT TOO HIGH?

Now what is the truth? Are the present rates of duty in our industry "prohibitive"? Are the dividends of American woolen mills exorbitant?

In the presentation of our case before the Committee on Ways and Means, in December, 1908, we submitted the official statement of imports of foreign wool manufactures into the United States. These records of the Department of Commerce and Labor showed that American purchases of foreign woolen goods had increased from a duty-paid value of $24,150,565 in the fiscal year 1898 to a duty-paid value of $42,349,232 in the fiscal year 1907—or, in other words, that nearly twice as many foreign fabrics were coming into this country, in competition with American fabrics, as ten years before. Manifestly, the tariff under which this has occurred is not "prohibitive."

Now as to the profits of the American mills. On this point, the National Association of Wool Manufacturers presented to Congress a careful analysis, sworn to by public accountants, of the average capitalization, net returns, and dividends paid of more than forty representative textile manufacturing corporations of New England for the previous twenty years. This showed an average net profit on the capital invested of 6.67 per cent. Such a return cannot be regarded as excessive or extortionate. It is far below the average net profit of successful magazines or newspapers. It is probably as low as it could be and command the requisite capital, in competition with other, less hazardous, and more lucrative investments. The wool manufacture has not been profitable enough to attract

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general investors, and the few great fortunes made in the industry have been due to exceptional conditions or extraordinary skill in management. The pathway of the industry is strewn with wrecks that are now forgotten. Of the six important American concerns that exhibited dress goods at the Centennial Exposition of 1876, only three have managed to survive without failure.

SHALL WAGES BE REDUCED?

If you cut down the protection now given to our industry, we must do one of two things —reduce our dividends below the moderate average of 6.67 per cent., or reduce the wages of our work-people. Will EVERYBODY'S urge that these wages are excessive? They are twice the wages paid for similar work in Great Britain, and from two and one half to three times the wages paid on the continent of Europe. While wages in Great Britain are steadily going down, wages in the American wool manufacture, according to the Bureau of Labor, have increased thirty-one per cent. in a decade. I do not believe that these American wages are too high. We wish our work-people to be well fed, well housed, able to give their children a good, thorough education, and able to provide for their own old age.

If you cut down the protection now given to our industry and let in an increased amount of foreign competing goods, you drive capital away from our industry to other industries not thus attacked, and you drive our labor away to other employment. The capitalist might contrive to save something out of the disaster —enough, perhaps, to enable him to go away and live in decent comfort in some foreign land. But it would not be so easy for the operative—for the man or woman who must toil to-day for the bread and shelter of to-morrow. It is emphatically not the capitalist, but the worker, to whom an adequate tariff is the very breath of life—not the capitalist, but the worker, who is the chief beneficiary of the protective system. Capital is international. It is quick and mobile, and can find an opportunity under any flag. But who could contemplate unmoved a shifting of the tide of immigration so that it would set not, as now, from Europe to America, but from America to Europe?

This flood of immigration is of itself the most conclusive proof of the superior conditions under which the toiling masses live and work in our fortunate republic. The other day six thousand people sailed from one British port for the United States. They came because their kinsmen who had gone before were beckoning them to a land of greater comfort and freer opportunity. Would it be a good thing to abandon the economic policy under which this has occurred for another policy that would close our mills and drive six thousand people to sail from Boston or New York in a single day for Great Britain or the Continent?

The wool manufacture, like other forms of manufacturing, is commonly called a protected industry. So it is—but it is only partially protected. The completely protected industry is not the industry shielded by the tariff, but the industry shielded by geography or nature. Take, for example, the building trades. A house cannot be imported. A business block or a factory cannot be brought over bodily from Europe. Every dwelling, every warehouse, every church in America must be constructed here by American labor. There is no foreign competition. The wool manufacture is at the best only a partially protected industry, but the building trades are an absolutely protected industry. So is the publishing of a newspaper or the management of a bank or store. These industries from their very nature can be carried on for America only in America. But the product of a woolen mill or any other like industry can be made in Europe on a low wage scale and laid down here at a small cost of ocean freight to compete directly and sharply with the similar product of American manufacturing.

THE "ULTIMATE CONSUMER" AND HIS PROTECTION

In the recent tariff discussion, and in EVERYBODY'S articles, much stress is laid on the consumers, the "ultimate consumers," who appear to be either those who, like the lilies, neither toil nor spin, or those persons who are engaged in the non-tariff-protected —or, in other words, the absolutely protected —industries. It is urged that the tariff ought to show more consideration for these "ultimate consumers" by reducing the protection on American manufacturing and thereby cheapening the price and increasing the importation of manufactured goods—the products of the partially protected industries.

But suppose that Congress had taken the spokesmen of these "ultimate consumers" at their word? What would have happened?

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A sharp reduction of the tariff would have been followed, just as it was in 1894, by a flood of importations and the wholesale closing down of American factories. Thousands of American wage-earners in the tariff-protected industries, thrown out upon the streets and deprived of work at their own calling, would soon be turning, in hunger and desperation, to the building trades, to the ordinary labor in shops and stores, and to other absolutely protected industries. The need of these men and women would force them to cut below the ruling wage rates in order to get bread and shelter for themselves and their children—and wages in all industries everywhere would go down like tenpins struck by a single ball.

Here in America our interests are so closely interlocked that you cannot cripple or destroy one industry without striking right at the hearts of the others also. We are all one people—one and indivisible in more senses than some among us apparently understand. We are, moreover, the greatest manufacturing nation in the world. All of our immense manufacturing interests have been built up by, and most of them are now dependent on, the American system of protection. That system, through the close interdependence of our industries, has become the very foundation of our national prosperity. Many of the American people had forgotten that in 1894. If they must be taught again, it is not the tariff-protected industries alone that will bear the fearful cost of such a lesson of experience.

IN DEFENSE OF "SCHEDULE K"

By RICHARD WASHBURN CHILD

TWO articles in EVERYBODY'S for February and March criticised severely Schedule K. The criticism was founded on several main assertions of fact. Let us set them down once more:

The duties on wool are arranged so that American consumers are deprived of an adequate supply of wool and, therefore, are made to pay an unreasonable tax on what they buy. The duties are so arranged as to favor one branch of the woolen industry while they place another under a disadvantage.

They include "specific" duties, compensatory duties, duties by the pound which, being in addition to ad valorem duties, make the burden on the manufacturer who imports them vary according to the shrinkage of the wool when, later, it is washed and scoured.

They tax carpet wools and increase the price of rugs and carpets without protecting any industry, because carpet wool is not grown in the United States.

The duties on *manufactures* of wool are too high—prohibitive in the case of several of the products of favored manufacturers. They cut off importation which under a reasonable duty would yield the government revenue. They are so arranged as to throw the heaviest burden on the poor. By a series of substantially prohibitive duties on tops, yarns, and the by-product, noils, certain worsted manufacturers are especially favored, in violation of all principles of decent protective tariff-making.

The duties on manufactures of wool are so arranged as to tax as woolens, by the pound, any and all materials that are found in imported woolen products. This acts as a peculiar and iniquitous "protection" to the manufacturer of cotton-adulterated woolen clothing sold at unreasonable prices to the American consumer.

The construction of Schedule K, forty-three years ago, was based on false assumptions of trade facts. These false assumptions have been maintained to assist "special privilege," and result in unjustly taxing ninety millions of people on their clothing.

K, for years, has been maintained because the selfish interests which profited most by it exerted enough combined influence, by campaign contributions, stuffing of testimony, manipulation of statistics—consumers having no adequate way of being heard—to be permitted by Congress to write their own tariff.

To-day Schedule K, after the "revision," stands, as it stood in the Dingley Act, without a change of consequence, not as a part of the American protective tariff system but as an example of the *abuse* of that system.

Mr. Whitman's article, in this number of EVERYBODY'S, purports to speak for the

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whole woolen industry as if that industry as a whole were in favor of the present unscientific and inequitable schedule. Let us examine this article.

The National Association of Wool Manufacturers and its officers are not authorized to speak for the industry. The membership of the Association is not disclosed either in numbers or in names. Challenges to publish these facts have failed to bring out the character of the Association. So far as the public can determine, its principal activity is "legislative." Furthermore, the intimation that the woolen industry as a whole is satisfied with Schedule K is a misrepresentation.

What is the fact? The carded woolen manufacturers, except those whose principal business, like that of the American Woolen Company, is in worsteds, and a few associated exceptions, were not satisfied with Schedule K. These carded woolen manufacturers have an association of their own. This association has complained bitterly to Congress and to the President, protesting against K as a piece of *abuse* of protection, and stating that they are injured by its provisions. It would seem that, as to their own grievance, their word is better than Mr. Whitman's. He denies that they have suffered.

The National Association of Clothiers, which includes over ninety per cent. of the manufacturing clothiers, protested against K.

Carpet manufacturers, wool brokers, consumers, the "insurgents" in Congress, President Taft, and other good protectionists are on record against the schedule. Even some woolgrowers, in letters to their representatives, have said that K is inequitable.

It is not true, therefore, that the body of protectionists or even the woolen industry is behind K, nor that any attack on that industry has been made in EVERYBODY'S. If any industry was attacked, it was the industry of "private tariff" making.

NO QUARREL HERE

Where else does Mr. Whitman take issue with the original articles?

Not where he says that the industry has flourished. Not where he praises the American protective tariff, unless he includes the *abuses* of it. Not where he quotes George Washington, or says that the original articles in EVERYBODY'S were written with honesty of purpose, or states a desire to see woolgrowing scientifically encouraged, or mill hands paid as well as they are now, or even better, or capital kept in this country, or the prosperity of the farmer increased. There is no quarrel about these very reputable considerations. They are expressed well. They are agreeable. They sound of large economic significance. They give a touch of profundity.

But returning to Schedule K, and to the *issue:*

Mr. Whitman says that we grew 328,000,000 pounds of wool in 1909. This figure was not available when the original articles were written. In connection with this figure, which, in spite of its impressiveness, discloses that we do not grow enough wool to furnish each of us with one suit of clothes a year, to say nothing of underwear, carpets, or blankets, he admits that wool-raising is not increasing very fast. The truth is, we are raising less wool per capita, not more. And Mr. Whitman says the wool clip is still at a low figure because of the Gorman-Wilson Act. That act went out of existence thirteen years ago! Surely our sheep must have forgotten it by this time. He asserts that Schedule K since that time has been nourishing the industry. But during the Dingley tariff the number of sheep dropped from sixty-four million in 1903 to fifty-four million in 1908, and once in the period it declined to forty-five million—at which time each of us did not support, by paying our tax, even a half a sheep apiece.

WE DO NOT RAISE ENOUGH WOOL

He says that the number of sheep has been increasing since 1904. The Department of Agriculture does not agree with him; the statistics, taken for what they are worth, show a decrease from 1904 to 1905 of 3,000,000. He says that one third of the flocks were slaughtered by the Gorman-Wilson Act. Just for accuracy let it be pointed out that, by his own published figures, the decrease was only one fourth, not one third—that this is the figure which stands, according to the trade estimates published in the *Commercial Bulletin*, for the fraction of our total woolen production attributable to the American Woolen Company.

He says that the tariff on wool is not prohibitive. How can it be prohibitive? We do not raise enough wool for our necessities. He says we import 136,220,000 pounds of carpet wool a year. Well, we have to—or get along without carpets. No carpet wool is raised here. Incidentally, to protect this im-

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aginary industry every pound of carpet wool taxes the consumer.

He says, to establish that the American Woolen Company is not substantially a worsted concern—no one said it was exclusively so—that it has ten worsted mills and twenty-two carded woolen mills, seven of them having some worsted machinery. This is deceptive. The product and business interest of the Company is not divided in any such proportion. In 1906, for instance, about two thirds of its employees were those attached to worsted mills. It is obvious that capacity of mill counts. It is true that for years the larger business of the company has been in worsteds.

He says that the expression "so-called trust," as applied to this company, raises an inference which is "untrue." If "trust" means a monopoly, it must be frankly stated that, to-day, the American Woolen Company is not a trust. If "trust" means a large combination of, say, thirty-two establishments, then the expression and the inference to be drawn from it must stand.

And, finally, coming to the provisions of K as to *manufactures* of wool, he says that two facts show that the duties are not too high: First, they are not prohibitive; secondly, the manufacturers do not make excessive profits. Let us see with what character of truth his argument is supported.

To show that duties on manufactures of wool are not prohibitive, rather than merely protective, he sets forth figures to show how large the importations are. These figures *look* large. But Mr. Whitman does not add to them on this occasion, as he was forced to do on the occasion of the tariff hearings, the fact that our imports of manufactures of wool are less than ten per cent. of our total consumption. He does not mention that Mr. W. A. Graham Clark, the expert of the Bureau of Manufacturers, finds from government statistics that they are less than five per cent. He does not quote this passage from the testimony of Mr. Theodore Justice, his associate, representing the Wool Growers National Association, made before the Ways and Means Committee:

Mr. Justice. Our importations, as previously stated, are limited to articles of luxury imported by the rich.

Mr. Underwood. Do you mean to say that the present schedule is prohibitive as to the manufactured goods?

Mr. Justice. Oh, my, no. I say that it is so wisely adjusted that the low-priced articles worn by labor do not come in; it does not affect the cost to them, as I will show you.

Mr. Underwood. Then it is only prohibitive as to that class worn by the poorer people?

Mr. Justice. It might be prohibitive if you say so; . . .

(Mr. Justice said, however, that this did not raise the yearly cost more than $7.66 per family of four!)

Nor does Mr. Whitman state how high are the duties which he says are not too high. Let us take a fair sample to see about that.

	Cents per pound.	Percentage of revenue taxation.
One pound of German cloth made from 4 pounds of Cape of Good Hope fine wool. Cost in Germany	$0.44	. . .
Specific compensatory duty of four times the 11 cents duty on 1 pound	.44	100
The ad valorem duty of 50 per cent.	.22	50
Total cost, duty paid in the United States in custom house	$1.10	150

One hundred and fifty per cent!

Secondly, he says that the profits of the woolen mills are not excessive. He wants to show that the woolen tariff is not too high. He says that, if it were, the profits of the mills would show it. Of course this is a false measure of the equity of a tariff. Furthermore, it is poor policy to measure tariff iniquity merely by the size of industrial profits, because it sometimes results in discrediting a worthy, well-earned success, and this is the last thing any of us want to do. But never mind. Mr. Whitman wishes to show that the woolen tariff, Schedule K, has *not* been coincident with large profits. Note well that we are discussing the *woolen* tariff.

So he asserts that a statement was submitted to Congress which proved that more than forty textile mills for the previous twenty years "showed an average net profit on the capital invested of 6.67 per cent." No more.

Can this be a deception?

The list to which Mr. Whitman refers is a list of forty-five establishments. Their names were given. Three of them make wool goods, five make wool and cotton goods, and ***every one of the remaining thirty-seven is a cotton mill!***

With this character of evidence Mr. Whit-

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man may go before Congress. He and his associates have had their way there. With this kind of evidence he cannot go successfully before the American people. . . .

The original articles in EVERYBODY'S were written upon the conviction—first, that our schedule-making system, under which only the selfishly interested individuals or corporations are given full hearing and in fluence, is unbusinesslike; secondly, that the voter and wage-earner, those "good fellows" around election time, do not mean, when they vote for protection, to vote for "special privilege"; and, thirdly, that, in tariff affairs, "it is time that the stockholders should know what the directors are doing."

Schedule K was an excellent example to work upon

THE SIDE OF CARDED WOOL

By EDWARD MOIR

A GREAT service has been rendered to the public by the publishers of EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE in presenting Mr. Child's articles on Schedule K, giving the facts regarding that schedule in a form to be readily understood by the general public, who are most affected by its classifications and rates, but who are the least able to understand the schedule, because of the technical details with which it is necessarily involved. And we desire to express our appreciation of the fairness of EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE in giving us an opportunity to place this statement before its readers along with the criticism of Mr. Child's article by William Whitman, president of the National Association of Wool Manufacturers.

Much time will be saved in considering Mr. Whitman's argument by keeping in mind the fact that most of his contentions deal with a wholly irrelevant issue, that of protection and free trade, which has evidently been raised by him for the purpose of providing something he could successfully attack. The American people have for years, without a shadow of turning, decided in favor of a maintenance of the broad policy of protection to every American industry. Mr. Whitman speaks of free wool. We are not concerned with free wool, as the position the Carded Woolen Manufacturers' Association has taken is that any ad valorem duty that will be satisfactory to the woolgrower, to Congress and the people, will be satisfactory to us. That being the case, it is a waste of time to discuss the question of free or inadequately protected wool and wool goods. Schedule K is now attacked, not in an effort to impair the protective policy, but in an effort to place protection on a safe foundation by making it fair and honest. Anything that exposes the defects and abuses of that schedule furthers this end, and that is why Mr. Child's articles, instead of being "an attack on the American woolen industry," as Mr. Whitman asserts, are, in fact, calculated to protect this industry and the protective policy against their greatest dangers.

The chief defect in Schedule K, the one which causes the oppression of the carded woolen manufacturers and of the consumers of wool goods, and gives special privileges to the worsted manufacturer, is the inequality in the duties on raw material. Schedule K imposes a duty of eleven or twelve cents a pound on grease wool adapted for clothing, and also imposes prohibitory duties on practically all wool by-products. The nature of wool is such that those grades suited for worsted goods are chiefly light shrinking, while those suited for carded woolen goods are mainly heavy shrinking. It is only the scoured weight that counts in making cloth, and as a result the worsted manufacturer can import wool suited for his purposes at a comparatively low duty, while the carded woolen manufacturer finds that the duty per scoured pound is so high on the wool suited for his goods as to prohibit its importation.

HOW K OPPRESSES CARDED WOOL

In addition to this evil there are the prohibitory duties on wool by-products. These wool by-products cannot be used by the worsted manufacturers, but must be sold to the carded woolen mills. Thus, under Schedule K the carded woolen manufacturer is deprived of raw material by prohibitory duties, is forced to pay exorbitant prices to his competitors, the worsted manufacturers, for an

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inadequate supply of by-products, and is thus forced to lower the quality of his products; while the worsted manufacturer, under the same law, is able to import foreign wool at low duties, is able to sell the by-products he cannot use to his carded woolen competitors at high prices, and to dispose of his products in a market in which his competitors are seriously burdened. The consumer suffers from these conditions by reason of inferior fabrics or excessive prices for the better grades of goods.

During the past year these outrageous inequalities have been exposed over and over again. Neither in his statement to EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE nor elsewhere has Mr. Whitman made any attempt to meet the objections, for the simple reason that he cannot meet them. Mr. Whitman makes a labored effort to convey the impression that the specific duty on grease wool is not a burden on the carded woolen industry, but he is careful not to make a direct assertion to that effect, because he knows in that case his own words would rise up to confound him. For example, in a statement submitted to the Ways and Means Committee on March 13, 1886, Mr. Whitman, then, as now, president of the National Association of Wool Manufacturers, said:

> On greasy wools in London costing ten cents per pound, there is a duty of ten cents, or 100 per cent., and the cost of importing them is 1.78 cents per pound, making the total cost of landing such wool in the United States from London 117 $\frac{8}{16}$ per cent. . . . On wool wastes and other substitutes for wool (by-products) there is a duty of ten cents per pound, which is practically prohibitory. . . . This enormous duty on wool substitutes is very burdensome, because they can be so usefully employed to mix with wool in the manufacture of cheap heavy cloth.

Since those words were written, the burdensome duty of ten cents on grease wool has been increased to eleven cents, and the "enormous" duty of ten cents on by-products has grown to twenty cents. And yet Mr. Whitman in 1910 is content to pass over these burdens on his competitors in silence. Why? Because Mr. Whitman belongs to the favored class under this tariff.

Having briefly outlined the underlying objection to the present Schedule K, we will next take up the points in Mr. Whitman's argument in order.

Mr. Whitman virtually admits that Schedule K is not perfect, but seeks to justify it by the development of the American woolen manufacture during the past forty years. What the Carded Woolen Manufacturers' Association seeks to accomplish, and what we believe the American people desire to accomplish, is the improvement of Schedule K. As such improvement would promote and not hinder the development of wool manufacturing, Mr. Whitman's reference to past development is wholly irrelevant. But as he has seen fit to refer to the growth of the industry for forty years, we shall call attention to the comparative growth of the carded woolen and worsted branches of the business during that period, as indicated by the census figures in terms of capital invested:

	Carded Woolen	Worsted
1870	$ 98,824,531	$ 10,085,778
1880	96,095,564	20,374,043
1890	130,989,940	68,085,116
1900	124,386,262	132,168,110
1905	140,302,488	162,464,929

It has been customary during the past year to explain this difference in development by asserting that it is due to fashion. That claim is refuted by the fact that in Europe, where our fashions originate, the two branches of the industry have prospered and developed together during that period. The truth is that the wide divergence in the growth of the two branches of the industry in the United States is due to the burdens and the special privileges to which we have already referred.

K'S LAME DEFENSE IN THE SENATE

Mr. Whitman complains that Mr. Child "has given no weight at all to the statements and explanations of those senators who sustained" Schedule K during the debate in the Senate last summer. In this Mr. Child showed excellent judgment. Practically the sole defence of the schedule devolved on Senators Smoot, Warren, McCumber, Carter, and Aldrich. Their impotent attempts to defend a schedule that is wholly indefensible are calculated to arouse only pity and contempt. We have not space to analyze their speeches, but shall content ourselves with calling attention to Senator Smoot, a man who posed as a wool manufacturing expert, but who told the Senate that worsted was not used in the manufacture of carpets; who stated that a system of yarn numbering of which there is no record was in general use; who declared that noils, which are seldom sold in the carbonized state, were never sold in any other way; who claimed that the

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worsted manufacturers wanted to exclude worsted by-products from the country in order that the woolgrower might be benefited, and who, in an interview with the carded woolen manufacturers, dismissed them with language that we do not repeat for fear it would not be accepted by the publishers of EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE. As for the remainder of the "standpat" senators, they maintained silence during the debate and voted steadfastly to maintain Schedule K in all its iniquity.

Mr. Whitman professes to believe that the vote of 59 to 8 by which the Democrats and standpatters refused to recommit Schedule K to the committee for reform indicated that preponderance of approval of the schedule. To most people it appears as a combination of Democrats, who desired to reap all the political advantages that go with an unchanged Schedule K in a Republican tariff, and standpat senators who were performing their part of a political bargain.

Mr. Whitman asserts that since 1904 sheep "have been increasing in the United States." By what authority does he make that statement? As a matter of fact, there are no statistics of the sheep raising industry worthy of the name. The methods of compiling these figures of sheep and wool are a standing reproach. A more or less inaccurate census is taken every ten years. Then, at every succeeding year, the Department of Agriculture asks correspondents throughout the country for opinions as to the percentage of increase or decrease during the year. These guesses are used to increase or decrease the estimate of the preceding year. For ten years this farce has been carried on, and the figures resulting from these cumulative guesses are handed out to the public as "official." Neither Mr. Whitman nor any one else has any reliable data on which to base a statement as to the number of sheep in the country or the size of the wool clip.

OUR OVERBURDENED SHEEP

The depth of absurdity to which a man will sink who treats with any respect whatever the reports on the number of American sheep and the quantity of American wool, is illustrated by Mr. Whitman himself, who goes into a paroxysm of concern for a million farmers engaged in raising fifty million sheep and growing 328,000,000 pounds of wool, on whom "five million Americans are dependent in a greater or less degree." Think of it! Three hundred and twenty-eight pounds of wool a year, valued on the farm at, say, sixty dollars, equal to about one dollar a week, to support a farmer and his family of four. We cite this for the sole purpose of showing what Mr. Whitman's sheep and wool figures are worth.

Mr. Whitman says:

> But the tariff on wool is not prohibitive. Besides the 328,000,000 pounds of domestic wool, there were in 1909 imports of 175,910,000 pounds of Class I and Class II wools suitable for clothing, as well as 136,220,000 pounds of Class III or so-called carpet wools.

It is true that the tariff is not prohibitive on the kind of wool Mr. Whitman uses, but it is absolutely prohibitive on the kind of wool that Mr. Whitman's carded woolen competitors use. Of the 175,000,000 pounds of Class I and Class II wools imported, substantially all entered into the manufacture of worsted goods. All of this wool was the lightest shrinking that could be found in foreign markets, in order that Mr. Whitman and other worsted manufacturers might pay as low a duty as possible on their raw material. Such wool, if imported scoured, is subject to a duty of thirty-three or thirty-six cents a pound. This is what the woolgrowers have been educated to believe is the protection they receive under Schedule K.

Owing, however, to the light shrinkage of such wools as the worsted manufacturers import, the actual duty on the wool after it is scoured in this country is little more than half of the nominal thirty-three or thirty-six cents a pound. Some of the wool which Mr. Whitman and his worsted associates import shrinks as little as twenty per cent. None of it shrinks more than fifty per cent., while the average is estimated by competent experts to be forty per cent. So, instead of paying thirty-three or thirty-six cents a scoured pound, Mr. Whitman and his associates pay as low as fifteen cents, seldom, if ever, more than twenty-four cents, and on an average, nineteen and a half cents. Why, if he feels so much concern for the farmers of the country, does he not protest against that state of affairs? Why does he maintain absolute silence regarding it? We will tell you why. It is because he is one of the chief beneficiaries under this deceptive schedule.

And right here we desire to direct attention to an important feature of Schedule K which thus far has remained in practical obscurity.

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We refer to the so-called "skirting" clause of the wool tariff, which allows wool to be imported in a skirted condition without increase of duty. The fact we wish to emphasize is the physical impossibility of preventing foreign wool from being virtually sorted and shipped to this country as skirted wool. The result is to reduce the shrinkage still further, and with it the duty the worsted spinner pays on his wool. The Secretary of the Treasury who would make a serious effort to obtain a strict enforcement of the skirting and sorting clauses would supply a striking demonstration of the impossibility of such an undertaking. Now what we want to make plain is that Schedule K, which Mr. Whitman defends, excludes his competitors' raw material by a specific duty on grease and dirt, which cannot be evaded, while it facilitates the admission of worsted wool by clauses like the skirting and sorting provisions, which are designed to satisfy the woolgrower, but which cannot under any circumstances be generally enforced. The worsted spinner is thus favored; his competitors are oppressed; while the sheepherder is deprived of his alleged protection.

CARDED WOOLEN INTERESTS NOT REPRESENTED

Mr. Whitman holds up the National Association of Wool Manufacturers as the representative of the carded woolen manufacturers of the United States. How much truth there is in such a claim is shown by an inspection of the twelve names attached to the statements of that association to the Committee on Ways and Means last year. Of these twelve only one is a carded woolen manufacturer without known worsted affiliations. One is a carded woolen manufacturer who is interested in the Arlington Mills. Every one of the others is a worsted manufacturer, five of them having no known interest in carded woolen manufacturing. When a tariff favors worsted spinning and discriminates against carded woolen manufacturing, a manufacturer operating both kinds of machinery is first of all a worsted manufacturer. His carded woolen business is made subordinate to the worsted business, which enjoys special favors. Moreover, the only representatives of the National Association of Wool Manufacturers who appeared in person before the Committee on Ways and Means were William Whitman and Charles H. Harding, two manufacturers who make worsteds exclusively and sell their by-products to carded woolen manufacturers, and one of whom admitted that he had given up the carded woolen branch of his business because he could not make it pay. The only exclusively carded woolen manufacturer on his committee publicly admits the inequalities of Schedule K, and declines to support the effort for their removal on the sole ground that nothing can be accomplished so long as the woolgrowers refuse to consent to any change. That reason may well be left without comment.

Mr. Whitman says:

> When the revision of the tariff was being considered a year or more ago in Congress, it was represented that the carded woolen interest, or a part of it, was not enjoying its full share of prosperity, and it was insisted that the specific wool duty was the cause. The duty was not changed in any respect; but since that time—apparently since the writing, but not since the publication, of EVERYBODY'S articles—a most marked and gratifying improvement has set in in the carded woolen manufacture. Fashion, which had neglected carded woolen fabrics for some years, has now brought them again into favor.

Mr. Whitman knows, as does every other well-informed man, that the change in the relative activity of the carded woolen and worsted mills has been due in great degree to the exposure of the abuses in Schedule K. Never since that schedule was born in 1867 has so much truth about it been placed before the American people as has been published during the past year. The effect has been to unify those who were burdened by that law. Fashion was, doubtless, ready to turn toward carded woolen goods, but that which gave a powerful impetus to the change was the dissemination of the truth about Schedule K, and the efforts of those who bore the burdens to gain by concerted action in the trade the relief that Congress refused to grant. Now that the demand has turned to carded woolen cloths, the manufacturers of these goods find their difficulties in obtaining raw material aggravated by the fact that, while their wants have increased, the supply has decreased because of the diminished supply of by-products. This is shown by the fact that worsted yarn waste has advanced so that the difference between the foreign and the domestic prices is now equal to the excessive duty of twenty cents a pound.

Mr. Whitman tries to dispose of his connection with the framing of the Dingley tariff in the Committee on Finance by asserting that Mr. North in 1897 was "working for a reduction, not an increase, in the duty on

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tops." He seems to lose sight of the fact that the duty on tops is but a side issue. The outrage in this Whitman-North connection with the tariff of 1897 is that any man representing special interests should be allowed to control the framing of a tariff for his special benefit. If Mr. Whitman does not realize the extent of that outrage, it would certainly be useless to attempt to enlighten him.

SPEAKING OF TOPS

But now that he has mentioned tops, the truth might as well be told. Patient and laborious investigation discloses the first appearance of the now notorious tops paragraph in a statement by William Whitman, president of the National Association of Wool Manufacturers, to the Senate Committee on Finance on January 18, 1889. Nothing that has occurred since that date can absolve Mr. Whitman from responsibility for the paternity of this tariff on tops. We want every reader of these lines to remember that this paragraph, recommended by Mr. Whitman, provided that the tariff on tops, a product but slightly advanced beyond the state of scoured wool, was to be made equal to the tariff on finished cloth. And then, with that fact clearly in mind, we ask the reader to give particular attention to this passage from the same statement by William Whitman on January 18, 1889, to the Senate Committee on Finance:

> The representatives of this Association have often appeared before committees of Congress, usually with carefully prepared statements, which have been carefully preserved in published records. These records fail to show that any extravagant or unreasonable demand has ever been made by our Association upon Congress, and that more has ever been asked for than was absolutely required for the successful prosecution of all the various branches of the woolen industry. The accuracy and truthfulness of these statements have never, I believe, been successfully assailed. It is, as it has always been, our desire to be moderate in the amount of protection we ask. We do not ask that unnecessary rates of duty be imposed. We ask and expect no more than is absolutely essential to our industry, and no more than we are justly entitled to receive. . . . It would not be consistent with our dignity as representatives of a great national industry, nor would it be respectful to you, for us to appear here demanding more than we are entitled to, or expect to receive.

The tops paragraph, with its meaning and effect unchanged, was adopted by the Committee on Finance, as Mr. Whitman desired, and in the course of time was made a law in the McKinley Bill. It was properly subjected to severe attack, and then in 1897 we find Mr. Whitman and his secretary, S. N. D. North, advocating a duty on tops which was nominally lower, but actually of the same effect, because it, too, was prohibitive. Revolting as this naked truth is, it is aggravated by the attempt to place on the woolgrower the responsibility for this scandalous tops duty, while Mr. Whitman poses as one who seeks to lower that duty because, forsooth, he wants one prohibitory duty substituted for another.

Mr. Whitman points to the change in the Payne bill by which a nominally lower duty on tops was substituted for the notorious blanket paragraph that he originated and recommended in 1889. Few will be deceived by this subterfuge. For all practical purposes, the Payne duty on worsted tops is as bad as the Dingley duty, because both have the same effect—the arbitrary exclusion of a product from the country for Mr. Whitman's benefit.

PROFITS IN AMERICAN MILLS—BUT WHICH MILLS?

Mr. Whitman refers to the profits in American mills, citing the record of over forty New England textile mills, showing that the average net profit on the capital invested for twenty years was 6.67 per cent. This is the same list of forty-five textile mills that he submitted to the Ways and Means Committee on February 9, 1909, as proof that profits in his business were not excessive. An idea of Mr. Whitman's methods and of the contempt in which he evidently holds the members of Congress and the readers of EVERYBODY'S is obtained from the fact that of these forty-five textile mills, thirty-seven were cotton mills, five were engaged in the manufacture of both cotton and wool, and only three were engaged exclusively in the manufacture of wool goods. If Mr. Whitman wanted an illustration of small profits, no profits, and losses, why did he not go to the carded woolen mills of the country? If he wanted to give Congress and the readers of EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE a complete record of financial conditions in the mills affected by Schedule K, why did he not disclose the profits made in worsted manufacturing, and particularly in the spinning of worsted yarn?

Mr. Whitman devotes much space to an evasive discussion of the charge that the "manufacturers make the tariff instead of

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leaving it to Congress." The charge has not only been proved; it has been repeatedly admitted, and it requires extreme hardihood to deny it now. On November 8, 1875, John L. Hayes, secretary of the National Association of Wool Manufacturers, wrote a letter to Secretary of the Treasury Bristow, from which we take this extract:

> The tariff of 1867 was adopted by Congress without discussion, on the official recommendation and report of the commission appointed for the revision of the revenue system of the United States. This commission, in pursuance of the law authorizing them to take testimony, called together the representatives of the two branches of the woolen industry of the United States, and embodied the results of the agreements and representations and testimony in a report submitted to the Secretary of the Treasury, and officially published by him, and also submitted by him to Congress.

And here is Senator John Sherman's account of the transaction:

> I trust that in the present tariff this arrangement between the woolgrowers and the wool manufacturers will be carried out. I would take them at their word; I think their demand is a reasonable one, and I would be willing to give it to them as they ask it, so that, if there is anything wrong with the practical working of their scheme, they themselves may have the responsibility of it. It is said that there was a very important class of people not consulted when this arrangement was made. That is true. The consumers were not consulted. And the consumers have to pay the increased cost.

This practice of letting special interests make the wool and wool goods tariff, by which Schedule K was framed in 1867, has been continued in the various revisions of that schedule. No more flagrant example of this is to be found than that supplied by the revision of 1909. On October 15, 1908, three weeks before the national election, a committee of five from the National Association of Wool Manufacturers, all of them interested in the manufacture of worsted goods, met at Chicago a committee from the growers of heavy shrinking wool in the far West, and entered into what Mr. Whitman himself styled "a solemn compact" to stand pat on Schedule K. Let the President of the United States tell how well that compact was carried out by Congress.

The President said at Winona:

> When it came to the question of reducing the duty at this hearing in this tariff bill on wool, Mr. Payne in the House and Mr. Aldrich in the Senate found that in the Republican Party the interests of the woolgrowers in the far West and the interests of the woolen (worsted) manufacturers in the East and in other states, reflected through their representatives in Congress, were sufficiently strong to defeat any attempt to change the woolen tariff, and that had it been attempted it would have beaten the bill reported from either committee.

Now what the American people would like to know is how such a program is arranged and carried out. How are the representatives of the people made to stand by the agreements of special interests to the injury of the people in general? Do campaign contributions play any part in the proceeding? And if so, then to what extent did members of the National Association of Wool Manufacturers contribute, or to what extent were they instrumental in furthering contributions to the campaign fund of the Republican Congressional Committee in 1908—either to the general fund or to the fund in particular districts, say, for example, the Danville district in Illinois? Will Mr. Whitman enlighten us on this point? We ask these questions with the more confidence because of this statement by S. N. D. North, secretary of the National Association of Wool Manufacturers, in March, 1899:

> The traditions of the Association all condense themselves into the Golden Rule—Do unto others as you would have others do to you. As between grower and manufacturer, and as between one manufacturer and another, that has always been the guiding principle; and thus alone could the Association have been kept alive and healthy. . . . Thus alone could it have won and retained in each succeeding Congress, the confidence, the respect, and the approval of the committees of both Houses who have been charged with the duty of making and revising tariffs. . . . There is no chapter, page, or line in the records of the Association or its committees which the world is not welcome to read, and not a dollar of its funds has been expended in a way the world is not welcome to know.

Mr. Whitman poses as the friend of protection to American industries. We believe that protection has no greater enemy. Tariff protection is necessary to the prosperity of American industry. But the protective policy cannot endure in this country while it remains dishonest and unfair. The classifications and rates under Schedule K and the methods by which that schedule has been framed and maintained threaten the very existence of protection in this country. Privilege must be abolished. The law must give every citizen an equal opportunity. Only in this way can we make the protective policy secure.

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IN FURTHER DISSENT

By WILLIAM WHITMAN

EDITOR'S NOTE. — William Whitman having asked space to make further rejoinder, we have at the last moment, to accommodate his answer, reopened the magazine and added an additional four pages to the sixteen-page insert already provided. In justice to Mr. Child and Mr. Moir, it should be stated that they have not seen this final statement of Mr. Whitman's.

THE impression made upon me by Mr. Child's reply is that he writes a most readable article on a subject of which he knows very little, based on information furnished by ignorant, hostile, or malicious persons. His article reminds me of some remarks once made to me by a witty Democratic politician, District Attorney George M. Stearns, of Chicopee, Mass. In substance, his remarks were as follows: "I love to talk about the tariff. My political associates advise me not to talk about the tariff, but I find that I can interest audiences on the tariff and I love to talk about it. I really don't know anything about the tariff, and therefore am not hampered by restrictions." As a readable article, Mr. Child's is a success; as a contribution to economics, it can hardly be said, even by his friends, to be highly satisfactory.

One of the charges in the article is a severe arraignment of classes of men older, better informed, with far greater experience than he, and at least equally honest. It reads:

> K for years has been maintained because selfish interests which profited most by it exerted enough combined influence by campaign contributions, stuffing of testimony, manipulation of statistics—consumers having no adequate way of being heard—to be permitted by Congress to write their own tariff.

The reader must determine whether Mr. Child has furnished evidence to sustain his charge. One naturally wonders, after reading his article in connection with that of Mr. Moir, whether Mr. Child is writing in the interests of the general public, or whether, after all, he is not actually advocating the views of the few disgruntled carded wool manufacturers who recently formed an association, of which Mr. Moir is president. The points of similarity between these two articles, and the nature of the statements made by Mr. Child, indicate a very close connection.

I do not believe Mr. Child would intentionally make any misrepresentations, but the fact remains that he does do so, and in no more striking way can this be shown than by his statement in regard to the percentage of duty on a pound of German cloth, which he himself uses as an illustration to show that the duties are too high. As a matter of fact, there is no German cloth or any other kind of cloth made from four pounds of Cape of Good Hope fine wool costing in Germany 44 cents per pound; somebody must have misinformed him. Cape of Good Hope wool ranges from 13 cents to 23 cents per pound, according to its condition. Cape of Good Hope wool of a shrinkage such as the tariff is based upon, would cost from 17 to 20 cents per pound in London. Four pounds of this wool would equal 68 to 80 cents. Therefore, the wool alone in the piece of cloth described by Mr. Child is worth at least fifty per cent. more than the entire cost of the cloth as given by him. Mr. Child's statement does not include the cost of manufacture—which approximates the value of the wool.

It is urged against Schedule K that its chief defect is "the inequality in the duties on the raw material," unduly favoring the worsted at the expense of the carded woolen manufacturer, and in support of this the rapid growth of the capital invested in the worsted manufacture is quoted—a growth from $10,085,000 in 1870 to $162,464,000 in 1905. But the real explanation of this is that there was almost no worsted manufacture in the United States when the present protective tariff system was initiated in 1860–1861. There were in 1860 only three worsted, while there were 1,260 woolen, mills. The worsted industry virtually did not exist at that time in America, though it was already an extensive art in Europe. Now, on the basis of capital invested, the worsted is somewhat the larger half of the wool manufacturing industry in this country. But there is nothing sinister or abnormal about this. In Great Britain also,

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where there is no Schedule K, the worsted branch is very strong. The latest British census returns show a total product of $75,-854,000 in distinctive worsted coatings and worsted stuffs, against a product of $79,-888,000 in distinctive woolen tissues.

In America, as in other great manufacturing countries, the worsted interest and the carded woolen interest divide the wool manufacturing industry fairly evenly between them. The worsted interest in this country is apparently somewhat the larger at the present time —or somewhat the larger in 1905, when the latest Federal census figures were recorded. At that time the total worsted product of the United States was $165,745,-000, and the total carded woolen product, exclusive of wool hats and carpets, was $151,145,000. It is a matter of small significance whether the one interest or the other leads by a few millions of dollars.

The vital fact is that they are the two great branches of a common industry, protected by a common tariff, and alike represented in, and defended by, the National Association of Wool Manufacturers, which in almost half a century of continuous active and useful existence was never before so strong in resources as it is now. The protection which Schedule K gives to one kind of manufacturing is given also to the other. An attack upon this protection as excessive strikes just as directly at the carded woolen interest as it does at the worsted interest. It menaces the one exactly as it menaces the other.

The modern development of wool manufacture in the United States is slowly but surely obliterating any hard-and-fast line of cleavage between carded woolen and worsted mills. More and more are practical mill men acquiring an equipment designed to make both kinds of fabrics, in order to take advantage of ever-shifting fashions. It is increasingly difficult to classify manufacturers as carded woolen or as worsted manufacturers. Sometimes a mill runs on one kind of goods; sometimes on another. There is a strong community of interest, not a clash of interest, between the two branches of the industry, and those men who are endeavoring to stir up one against the other are the enemies of both.

For many months fashion has been markedly favoring carded woolen fabrics. The intimation that this is due to attacks upon the protective tariff, or "in great degree to the exposure of the abuses in Schedule K," is a fantastic delusion. This trend toward carded woolens was noted long ago in Europe, and American consuls and other observers abroad have commented on the marked revival of activity among the Scottish woolen mills. It is one of those world-wide waves of fashion, inexplicable, perhaps, but confounding business and political calculations alike.

The duties, both on wool and on wool wastes in Schedule K, are relatively high. They were made, and are kept, high at the demand of the great and powerful agricultural interests of the United States, which insist with ample reason that American wool shall not be displaced in the American market by foreign wool imported in the form either of raw wool or of so-called wastes or of semi-manufactured products. I am quoted as stating that these duties were high, in evidence before the Committee on Ways and Means, in 1886. What I said then was true, but the men who quote me suppress the essential fact, of which they must have been aware, that I was remonstrating then against proposed legislation from the party in Congress hostile to the protective policy that would have reduced the protection to manufactures of wool and have left the duties on the materials almost unchanged. Such legislation would have made the duties on wool and wool wastes, already high and burdensome, absolutely intolerable and destructive to the manufacturing industry. But for all these duties on the materials of the industry, demanded by the agricultural interests and not to be denied, the present tariff affords proper compensation.

I do not hold Schedule K as perfect, but I do not believe that it gives the worsted manufacturer any important advantage over the carded woolen manufacturer, even supposing that the interests of the two classes could be differentiated. Modern improvements in combing machinery, of which my critics seem totally unaware, have made available to the worsted mills a wide range of wools that were once regarded as fit only for carded woolen purposes. This process is certain to continue, and any change in the form of the duty on raw wool would affect almost alike the worsted and the carded woolen manufacturer.

The so-called by-products of the worsted mills, my opponents declare, "must be sold to the carded woolen mills." So they must be; it is their only market. The carded woolen mills are the only possible purchasers. Where one set of men must sell, and another set of men must buy, any given commodity,

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the resultant prices of this double compulsion, equal on both sides, are quite sure to be fair and reasonable to both parties to the transaction. Moreover, if the present tariff favors the importation of low-shrinkage wools, as my adversaries contend, the advantage is certainly passed along in the cost and abundance of the by-products sold for carded woolen manufacture.

I am quoted by my critics as having originated the idea of a very high duty on tops, in a statement to the Committee on Finance, on January 18, 1889. The very men who cite this statement must have been aware—for it is set forth in the same record—that a week earlier, on January 11, 1889, Judge Lawrence, of Ohio, the famous representative of the western woolgrowers, had proposed before the same committee a new section for the pending tariff bill making tops dutiable at double the duty imposed on the scoured wool of which they were manufactured. A high duty on wool tops was first suggested and most earnestly advocated by the woolgrowers of the western country. Their motive was a desire to close up a loophole that had been made by misinterpretation in the previous tariff—a misinterpretation under which many millions of pounds of foreign wool had been imported in a semi-manufactured form, to the grave injury of the farmers and ranchmen of the United States. I was not at this time, nor for several years thereafter, a manufacturer of tops for sale. But when I did enter the business, I sought earnestly to have the high duty reduced to the place in the tariff where it logically belonged.

An abnormally high duty is always harmful to the cause of protection, and nobody can be more desirous to avoid it than the manufacturer himself. Tops occupy exactly their rightful position in the new Schedule K, in relation to all other semi-manufactured and to manufactured products. This top duty has never at any time given any advantage to me that it has not given to every other manufacturer. For every worsted combing mill in the United States can make tops for sale if its managers desire it, and, as a matter of fact, the worsted mills do make tops, as a natural process of their industry. Moreover, the tops used in the United States ought to be made in the United States. This is a fundamental part of the protective principle. If these products were to be imported from abroad, the result would be a double wrong—a wrong to the American woolgrowers, who would be deprived of a market for all the wool contained in the foreign tops, and a wrong to the American factory workers, who would be deprived of the labor required to convert the raw wool into the semi-manufactured article. Why should we bring from foreign countries what we can produce here with equal effort and to equal advantage?

My entire connection with the top duty has long been known to Mr. Moir himself. I have his direct personal word that he has not only understood but approved it, and here is the conclusive proof:

> MARCELLUS, N. Y., February 26, 1909.
> MR. WILLIAM WHITMAN.
> My dear Sir:—When in Washington recently Mr. Marvin, Secretary of the National Association, handed me a copy of your pamphlet on the Top question. I have only had time to look it over very recently. I think it is due to you to say that your position has been much misrepresented, and I am sorry that you did not take steps earlier in the day to show that such was the case.
> I think it is due you that I should express my own regret in not having all this information at an earlier date. It certainly was a peculiar condition of things, at that time, to have so much tariff thrust upon the Top industry in which you have such large interests, and much against your will. This kind of thing does not happen very often in one's lifetime.
> Yours very truly,
> EDWARD MOIR.

These words constrain me, as they must constrain others, to believe that the violent and abusive article which now appears over Mr. Moir's signature does not in all points represent his own opinions, and has been prepared and published without his adequate knowledge and understanding.

My statement of the average profits of textile mills was a brief summary of a very precise, detailed statement submitted to the Committee on Ways and Means in the recent Congress, and printed as a part of the official tariff hearings. It was distinctly explained in that connection at the time—and of this also my critics must be perfectly aware, though again they suppress it—that the testimony covered textile mills, not woolen mills only, and that the reason why more woolen mills were not presented was due in large part "to the fact that the woolen mills of New England have had a harder struggle to live, and have experienced many more vicissitudes, than the cotton manufacturing companies"—so that there were not many woolen mills in existence whose profits were a matter of public record for any considerable period.

The companies enumerated as engaged

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wholly in woolen or partly in woolen and partly in cotton manufacture showed an average net return for a twenty-year period of 7.08 per cent. These included, however, some exceptionally fortunate concerns. A separate statement of the average yearly net earnings of three woolen companies, after deductions for interest and depreciation, showed a net return on the average yearly sales of 5.2 per cent. in one case, of 2.03 in the second, and of 2:06 in the third. Such facts as these must be fatal to a contention from any source that the protection given to, or the profits secured by, the American wool manufacture are "excessive." Such a contention may be adroit and effective in far-away Texas or Oklahoma, where the facts are not known, and where politicians can invoke sectional jealousy or prejudice. But there is not an experienced investor or an informed business man in the great industrial states of this country who does not know that the wool manufacture has never proved especially inviting to even the most courageous capitalists.

It is easy to quarrel with any official or unofficial estimate of the number of sheep in the United States, but it is well to bear in mind that all observers, all authorities, agree that the number of sheep and the amount of wool in the United States are steadily increasing. That was not the case under the ignominious free wool experiment of the Gorman-Wilson law of 1894–1897. Yet Mr. Moir apparently leans toward another trial of that policy of industrial suicide. On page 5,629 of the Tariff Hearings of 1908–1909, the curious reader will find this suggestive colloquy:

The Chairman.—Suppose you cannot get an ad valorem duty: what would you like next best?

Mr. Moir.—If I cannot get an ad valorem duty?

The Chairman.—Yes.

Mr. Moir.—Then I will have free raw material.

It would be superfluous for me or for anybody else to defend men like Senator Aldrich, Senator Warren, and Senator Carter—veterans of successive tariff revisions, masters of their subject, and commanding authorities on the manufacture and growth of wool—against the accusation that their discussion of Schedule K aroused "only pity and contempt." Would Mr. Moir dare to say this in their presence? Will he dare to say it, or care to have the insulting words recalled, if he ever has occasion to appear again in Washington? He had his day in court there—long days and many of them—before he had thus publicly affronted the very men to whom he must appeal.

The assertion that manufacturers make the tariff is not a new one. William McKinley heard it many years ago. His reply was that an economic blunder like that of 1883, in which the worsted cloth and broken top paragraphs were conspicuous, could not be avoided unless the lawmakers who did make the tariff were permitted to consult business men of integrity and experience. "You might as well take your watch to a blacksmith for repairs," McKinley said, "as to submit the construction of Schedule K again to the visionaries and doctrinaires who know nothing of the subject."

Above all things, it must be remembered that every tariff, like nearly all legislation, represents a compromise. Men may honestly differ over the rate of duty on wool, or over the question whether that duty shall be ad valorem or specific. But the time finally comes when the tariff law must be set down in precise language, in black and white, and then everybody, every interest, must be prepared to make some concession to reach a practical result. A serious quarrel with the woolgrowers and an attempt to deprive them of protection would destroy protection in the United States. That is something which must be acknowledged by both the friends and the enemies of the protective principle.

In closing, I cannot do better than to repeat the summing up of my argument before the Committee on Ways and Means, when speaking for the American wool manufacturing industry on December 2, 1908:

1. Are the work people engaged in this industry being paid excessive wages? We answer, We do not think they are.

2. Are the others engaged in the industry, those in the management and those in the ownership, whether private or corporate, receiving excessive profits in their business? We answer, They are not.

3. Is there any monopoly in the manufacture of woolen goods or any branch of the woolen industry? We answer, There is not.

4. Are the duties now imposed on woolen goods so high as to prohibit importation? We answer, No; the importations have increased.

If we are correct in this reasoning, it would appear that a lowering of the tariff would reduce the wages of labor, and should this be true our labor would flock to other and better-paid industries; or if the reduction should diminish the profits to those engaged in the wool manufacture, then it would follow that other investments would be more attractive and the woolen industry would lose its capital.

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LUCLIN'S FLIGHT

By MICHAEL WILLIAMS

Illustrations by Harry Townsend

"For the will therein lyeth, which dieth not. Who knoweth the mysteries of the will, with its vigor? For God is but a great Will, pervading all things by nature of its intentness. Man doth not yield him to the angels, nor unto death utterly, save only through the weakness of his feeble will."

—JOSEPH GLANVILL.

AT eleven o'clock on the night before the day set for the flight of Luclin's airship, Dr. Torrey Wardman, the son of Bradford Wardman, Luclin's chief patron, shifted his seat in the smoking room to one beside the inventor, and, putting his hand on the latter's shoulder, said:

"Mr. Luclin, I'd cut this out now, if I were you——"

"Cut it out?" asked Luclin sharply, raising his head with a startled air. "What do you mean? My trip to-morrow? My trip? Eh?"

The "Eh?" was a prolonged nasal exhalation, a sound something between a whistle and a gasp ,which broke from him explosively, like a gust of steam from a vent. Dr. Wardman looked at him closely, and replied:

"Give up the trip? Oh, Lord, no! Of course not. I am sure I could have no such thought as that, unless——"

"Yes—unless?" broke in Luclin, peering hard at the young physician through his thick-lensed glasses, which enormously magnified his dusky, bilious eyes.

"Unless you are so ill that we could not permit an ascent," returned Dr. Wardman. "But I was going to say that, if I were you, I should cut out this exciting talk and sitting up late, and go to bed and sleep. You need a clear head to-morrow."

"Oh," said Luclin, indifferently, his interest visibly vanishing, "my head is never anything but clear. But, as you say, sleep will be good for me. Good night!"

He rose abruptly and shuffled out of the room.

Dr. Wardman turned to the other men, and shook his head.

"What's wrong, Torrey?" asked Wardman's father. "Nothing the matter with Luclin's health, is there?"

The young man again shook his head in a puzzled manner. "I can't tell," he replied. "It seems to me that Luclin has been acting strangely. I asked him to permit me to make a physical examination, for of course he ought to be in the best shape possible for to-morrow. But he refused."

"You are always trying to get people to allow themselves to be punched and stethoscoped, Torrey," said his father. "Luclin is all right. He told me only the other day that he did not know what sickness meant. He has been too busy to be sick."

"That's just the point," said Torrey. "Your busy man pays no attention to the warning creaks and jarring of his machinery, but goes on until suddenly there is a breakdown."

"Oh, Luclin is all right," said Mr. Wardman. "He has been living under an intense nervous strain. Naturally enough, he is excited. Who would not be, on the eve of the first real voyage into space?"

His words thrilled all the others. Luclin, as Luclin, was forgotten; but around the name and image of Luclin, the inventor, Luclin, the conqueror of space, their talk seethed with increasing intensity, while the room grew full of tobacco smoke. . . .

"Hush!" said Bradford Wardman suddenly, lifting his hand.

Silence fell.

In the stillness, from the hall without there came softly and richly, deep-toned and sweet, twelve strokes of a clock.

"This is a day," said Wardman excitedly, looking around at his companions, "that will live in history!"

II

LUCLIN had heard the clock strike; indeed, he heard it strike one, and two, and three, and four; but from four to seven he slept profoundly.

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"IF IT WERE ONLY POSSIBLE TO ESCAPE THE HORROR THAT AWAITS ME IN THE SKY!"

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At seven he awoke, and for half an hour lay still, looking out through the wide window upon a landscape brilliant in the morning sunshine. Far away, there arose, beyond a broad, rolling valley, the low line of the Ramapo Hills. Across one pane of the window there was a patch of greenery—a glimpse of leaves, and the twisted branches of a thick vine. Suddenly, several birds swept across this picture of sun-drenched landscape in a flight of black, dancing, intricate wing-beats—and then, with fantastic rapidity, they reappeared, and disappeared.

A start swept through Luclin's body like a shock of electricity. He gasped on a sudden breath.

"How they do it!" he murmured—"How they do it!"

He got up and went toward his dressing table. Halfway across the room he stopped abruptly, and one of his thin, bony hands swept to his breast and clutched at his shirt bosom, over his heart. He panted, then recovered himself and continued his walk to the dressing table. A large looking-glass was tilted back above it, and the light, streaming in through the window, fell on one portion of the mirror, while the other portion was deeply shadowed. A singular effect was produced. To look, from a certain angle, into the lighted portion of the glass, which Luclin was slowly approaching, was to feel as if you were looking into a profound, a bottomless abyss—into vacancy—into nothingness. . . .

Luclin looked, and fell back with a ghastly face. . . .

"Fool!" he said, hoarsely. "Brace up, you fool!"

His lantern jaws shut tightly, grimly; his dusky, owl-like eyes fixed themselves with indomitable steadiness upon the glass; he approached with slow, firm, certain steps, his whole bearing an incarnate "I will!"

And as he advanced toward the glass, the effect of vacancy passed, he saw objects reflected in its depths, he saw his own face looking back at him, very pale, but set in a rigor of determination.

After shaving, he walked to the window, and now he saw, streaming along in the road beyond, a black, endless procession. In the fields on the slope of the hill were more crowds, and he could see that booths had been set up in which hoarse-voiced hucksters were spreading their wares—bottled soda, cigars, peanuts, popcorn, pink lemonade. Fakirs wandered through the gathering crowds, selling various articles. Here and there were groups of men and boys crowding around a crap game, or other gambling devices, in defiance of the rural constables. Everywhere there were newsboys. And continually the crowds thickened and increased.

III

THE huge, roofless building in which the airship lay was guarded by a troop of Pinkertons. Other detectives watched the gates and patrolled the extensive grounds. The invited guests of Mr. Wardman were already gathering at the house. With them came the picked reporters and photographers of the New York press.

Luclin watched the moving to and fro with a soft smile on his thin lips. Then he turned away from the window just as a tap came on the door.

"Hello, Luclin! Are you up?" It was Dr. Torrey Wardman's voice.

"Yes," said Luclin, without moving to open the door.

"Are you coming to breakfast?"

"Yes. I will be down in five minutes."

Wardman passed by, and Luclin sat down at his writing table and took a large, square notebook from a locked drawer. It contained all the secrets of his work; and yet, with the odd lack of system, of congruity, which was part of his nature, intermingled with the severely formal notes connected with his experiments and discoveries there were many entries of a purely personal nature. It was, in a word, Luclin's journal, and it only lacked completion in detail to be a unique literary document—the story of a great man's life work—the record of the work of his body, the dreams of his soul, and the victories and harassments of both.

The last entry in the book was this enigmatic line: "I have doubled the dose to-day. However, two days from now I make my flight."

Under this line Luclin now added another entry:

"Yesterday I went to a heart specialist who did not know me. His report absolutely confirms all others. My heart is rotten. From what he told me of the effect of excitement, and of rarefied atmosphere, I fully understand that my flight will result in my death and, no doubt, in the destruction of the ship.

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But I cannot live long, at any rate. And of course I *must* make the ascent. My work is done. This book tells the whole story, and relates the process—how simple it will seem, after all! I shall soon be forgotten, but my work will be here. And I shall have reached the top of my life. . . . If it were only possible to escape the Horror that awaits me in the sky!——"

His hand shook so that the letters blurred and ran together, and Luclin abruptly threw down the pen and closed the book.

IV

Among those invited to witness the ascent, none was Luclin's guest. He was a man without family, without friends, and with few acquaintances. Up to the time when he had hired the small theatre in New York to give his demonstration, he had been unknown to the public. He was a lonely man—a complete solitary; but those who came to know him after his emergence from obscurity never pitied him, for they understood that solitude meant nothing hard to him. Society was a word without meaning to Luclin. He was companioned by a fixed idea, which obsessed him, which completely filled his life, and sufficed him to the utmost.

Most of his life had been passed on the flat plains of the Middle West, and from his earliest days he had been fascinated by the sky. This vast dome rounding above him—how irresistibly had it drawn his soul! Mystery of mysteries—that boundless space in which the universe was suspended, in which worlds revolved, and in which the earth sailed as he would fain sail his ship—all this was the material of his brooding dream.

He had a small income, sufficient to carry on his work up to the point of the completion of the model, and at that point the money of others was offered, and he accepted it without wonder, without thanks. Every circumstance played a part in the promotion of the one effort of his will. It was inconceivable to Luclin that he should fail.

"Fail?" he once said wonderingly to Torrey Wardman. "Great heavens! Why, I cannot conceive of it! I *will* sail my ship through the air; I *will* do it, dead or alive!"

And then one day he found that there was something the matter with his heart. This was a keen annoyance. But he calculated his time, saw that his work would be finished before the disease could reach an acute stage, and he turned to drugs for stimulation and support.

But something else happened. Something that gave a deadly impetus to his disease.

When Luclin came to Hilltop House he had chosen rooms in the tower. One day, after an attack of heart trouble, he went to his window to breathe the air, and, throwing the sash up, he stepped out upon a small balcony overlooking the valley . . .

When he crawled back into his room two minutes later, he lay on the floor sick and white, limp and trembling, and feebly groaning.

He had experienced the horror of space. He had been menaced by the threat of the sky, he had been fascinated by the lure of the abyss. Luclin, the indomitable man of will—Luclin, inventor of the first really practicable airship—Luclin, whose soul was bent upon the personal conquest of the air, had sickeningly discovered that he was one of those men who, when they stand at any height above the ground, are tempted to cast themselves down.

He lay still; his twitchings and tremblings ceased. By and by he arose. His lantern jaws shut tightly; his dusky, owl-like eyes fixed themselves with indomitable steadiness upon the window; he approached it with slow, certain steps, his whole bearing an incarnate "I will!"

"I'll do it, dead or alive!" he breathed in husky tones.

And, stepping through the window, he stood for a minute erect and immobile on the balcony, looking out into the unseen depths of the air. Sweat started on his cheekbones, his skinny hands dug their long nails into the flesh. . . . But he stood there; stood there deliberate and imperturbable; stood there until he was quite ready to go in again.

The horror had retreated—but that was all; merely retreated; and it returned. It haunted his sleep, it peeped out at him from the depths of his mirror, and he knew that it lay menacingly in wait for him in the sky.

As soon as breakfast was over, Luclin bent his way to the airship. It was still an hour before the time set for the flight, but he wished once more to go over the machine. Not even his assistants were permitted within the enclosure. Beyond the locked gates

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IT WAS LESS WARDMAN'S WORDS THAT MADE THE MEN DRAW BACK THAN THE SIGHT OF LUCLIN

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Wardman and his guests waited; beyond the guarded grounds there watched and waited a multitude innumerable.

At fifteen minutes to ten o'clock, Luclin reappeared at the main gate of the enclosure.

"You may all go in," he said, to Wardman and his friends; "everything is ready except one thing, which I must go to my room to fetch."

"Cannot one of us go for you, Luclin?" asked Mr. Wardman.

"No," answered Luclin; "I must go myself. As I have told you before, Mr. Wardman," he went on, as he turned to go to the house, "if anything should happen to me or the ship, the book in my table drawer, combined with what my assistants know, will be quite sufficient to keep the work going forward."

"Mr. Luclin," said Dr. Torrey Wardman, coming to the inventor's side, and speaking in a low voice, "I am afraid that you are ill."

Luclin wheeled on him, snarling: "*Will* you let me be?" Then he set off for the house.

Within the enclosure, when he had been alone with his airship, the horror had returned—it had swooped down upon him from the unknown heights of space, like a vulture from the blue. This time there had been no tangible suggestion for its coming. But it came, and gripped, and tore at him. And his heart had acted . . . well, his heart, the specialist had said, was "rotten."

He entered the house, in which there was not a soul, for all the servants were outside on the grounds. He made his way to his room. And as he went along the wide, sunny corridor, in the warm hush of the house, the obsession of horror fell from him, and in its stead came the sense of the coming triumph, of the realization of his dream; feelings that glowed within him like strong wine, that expanded his spirit until it seemed soaring on high, aloft in the mysteries, explorer of its uttermost deeps.

With this feeling strong upon him, he entered his room and made his way to a closet where he kept his strong stimulant. He meant to take the bottle with him on his flight.

On the threshold, a spasm of pain attacked him. He struggled against it and fought his way across the room toward the stimulant. He must reach it—he *must*. Nothing should prevent his flight—he *must* fly.

His lantern jaws shut tightly, his dusky, owl-like eyes fixed themselves with indomitable steadiness upon the closet; he approached it with striving, onward steps, his whole bearing an incarnate "I will!"

V

"Ah, here he comes!" breathed Mr. Wardman in relief, as Luclin reappeared within the enclosure. "I'd begun to think he'd forgotten his time-table," he went on, jocularly, as Luclin approached the group standing about the airship.

Luclin spoke to no one, looked at no one, but passed on toward the flying machine.

"Are you feeling better, Mr. Luclin?" asked Dr. Torrey Wardman.

Luclin made no answer, but continued on his way. There was something so fixed, so absolute, so implacable in his muteness, in his absorption, that a silence fell upon the men within the enclosure, a silence vibrant and susurrant with the murmurings of the multitude without.

Somebody looked at a watch.

In the fraction of a moment every man had his watch in his hand. The sunlight glittered and sparkled from crystal, and gold, and silver—like a series of minute and intricate heliograph signals.

"Ten o'clock," said Mr. Wardman— And the flying machine arose; it went up on a long slant, without any of the delays or running along the ground necessary with the earlier forms of aeroplanes.

A tremendous roar of sound followed it—the united shouts of hundreds of thousands of men.

VI

"Luclin Is Flying! Airship A Success!"

Such was the bulletin sent over the wires by the newspaper men to New York. And the wires carried the news all over the world. Within fifteen minutes of the start, millions of inhabitants of the earth were marveling at the news that the dream of the ages was being realized, that a man was flying through the air at will in the first really practicable airship.

For it *was* practicable. It shot up diagonally for thousands of feet, and then it went forward until it almost disappeared. It turned and came skimming back. It circled Englewood. It darted off above the

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city of New York. It navigated a slow way through the cliffs of the skyscrapers. It darted at high speed in straight lines above them. It swung on, and in two hours was hovering over Philadelphia. . . . A little after three, it startled Stamford out of her sedateness. . .

Yes. It was a complete success.

Luclin was the conqueror of the sky.

VII

At four o'clock in the afternoon the ship reappeared over Englewood, and it was seen by the watchers to be descending. It came down on a long, gradual slant toward Hilltop House and circled about, seeking the right position from which to sink into the enclosure.

There was a rush of men toward the airship, the reporters in the lead. No man before Luclin had gone so far or so fast, nor remained so long in the air under perfect control. But at a hurried whisper from his son, Mr. Wardman sent detectives through the throng, who closely surrounded Luclin.

"You must leave Mr. Luclin alone until he is ready to talk!" cried Wardman. "Don't you see how exhausted he is? He must go to the house and rest."

But it was less Wardman's words that made the men draw back than the sight of Luclin. He was unutterably ghastly; his face was strange beyond words. He said not a word, he touched none of the hands extended to him, he did not look at any one, but started at once toward the house, walking like a machine, rigidly, in an undeviating course.

"My God, Torrey!" whispered Wardman to his son, "what's the matter with the man? He makes me shudder. What a face!"

The young physician pushed forward and swiftly took the inventor's hand in his. Luclin brusquely shook the grasp off, and walked on.

With a very pale face, Dr. Wardman looked after the bent, thin, singular figure of the inventor, and muttered to his father: "His flesh is cold as ice—I felt no pulse. Let us go to him."

Luclin passed on in the same mute fashion, walking like an automaton or like a somnambulist. He entered the house. He turned down the corridor and passed out of sight.

Hardly had this happened before a chambermaid came rushing around the turn in the corridor, screaming at the top of her voice:

"Mr. Luclin! Mr. Luclin! Mr. Luclin—he's dead!"

She blundered blindly into the men. "What do you mean?" shouted Mr. Wardman.

"Oh, sir—oh, Mr. Wardman!" gasped the shuddering girl—"I went into Mr. Luclin's room, just now, to make up the bed. I ought to ha' done it before—but oh, sir, I was out, looking at the airship. And I thought Mr. Luclin was up in the air, but he's down on the floor of his room—and he's dead, Mr. Wardman."

"Why, you fool!" thundered Wardman. "Mr. Luclin just went into his room!"

The girl began to whimper. "My head is whirling, sir," she wailed; "I cannot tell about that!"

"You idiot!" cried Wardman. And he bounded after his son and the other men, who were already running to Luclin's room.

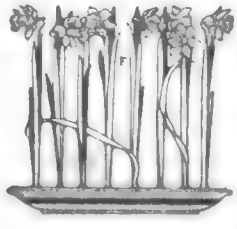
They found the inventor lying on the floor near the closet in the corner. An acrid smell of some powerful drug was in the air. His clenched hand held a broken medicine bottle.

Dr. Torrey Wardman was kneeling by the body.

"Is he really dead?" cried his father.

The young man lifted a white face of awful wonder and answered:

"Yes, Luclin is dead—and if medical science can be relied upon, he's been dead six hours at least!"



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THE TRAGIC YEARS

By B. PAUL NEUMAN

Illustrations by Frank H. Desch

AT six o'clock every week day, sharp to the minute, a hansom cab stood waiting outside the chambers of Mr. Martin Lovick, K. C., in New Square, Lincoln's Inn. It was a well-known rule that nothing, except some occasional matter of the greatest importance, kept him at chambers after six had struck. The cab took him to his club, where he had a rubber, glanced at the papers or magazines if he had time, and then, in another hansom, drove home to dinner at half-past seven. This feature in his daily life was typical of the whole. He was as fast-set in the grooves of routine as if

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he had been an old bachelor. As a matter of fact, he was fifty-five and a widower.

His name, his face, and his mind all smacked of the law. His grandfather, old Sergeant Lovick, had enjoyed a huge practice, one of his uncles was a solicitor, and another a special pleader. His face was rather flat, square, with a long, pointed chin; the nose and mouth were thin and clear-cut; the eyes small, gray, and piercing. His usual expression suggested reserve, good breeding, a quick intelligence, and perhaps a touch of obstinacy.

On the whole, his had been a successful if not particularly brilliant career. He had gained a first class in the classical tripos, rather nearer the bottom than the top, had thriven steadily at the bar, and was now in the possession of an excellent though not overwhelming practice.

Nor was he merely a lawyer. He could appreciate good literature of the severer kind, knew Bacon's essays almost by heart, had his own theory about Shakespeare's sonnets, but cared little for anything more recent than Hazlitt and Lamb—unless, indeed, it were Thackeray. As a young man he had played a good game of billiards, but had now given up the cue for the card table.

He had married young, and the marriage had been one of policy rather than of affection. The lady, however, made him a good wife, and when, ten years later, she died, she left behind her a boy of eight for whom an old family name—Huyshe—had been revived.

Martin Lovick was not a heartless man, and he was genuinely grieved by his wife's death. One of the effects of his loss was a striking development of his affection for the child. He was amazed and sometimes disturbed by the strength and novelty of this emotion. It seemed that a new side, a new aspect of life had suddenly been revealed to him. Huyshe was a pretty, fair-haired boy with blue eyes and a fine complexion. He was not robust, but his good spirits were unfailing, and as he was not at all shy he was already a very engaging little companion.

In a practical, common-sense way Lovick had planned the boy's future from his birth, but now the thought of that future became to him almost an obsession. He reviewed all the mistakes in his own course with scrupulous care, that he might safeguard Huyshe. No expense should be spared. The little lad evidently had plenty of ability. He should have a really good chance.

II

How the estrangement between himself and his boy came about, Lovick could never exactly tell, though he considered a hundred hypotheses. He found it hard to realize that in the lives of men the widest gaps are often those which open imperceptibly. With the true lawyer's mind, his analysis of his relations with Huyshe was severely chronological.

There was the French governess, engaged to help the boy with his modern languages. She had lived in the house for two years, and Huyshe had grown very fond of her, so much so that Lovick could distinctly remember having felt pangs of something very like jealousy.

Then there was the scarlet fever. It had been a bad attack, and the boy had never been quite the same since. It left a streak of delicacy that had helped to mar his school and college career. And the disappointments had certainly fostered the growing separation. He had never reproached the lad for his failures; perhaps it would have been better if he had. The fact that he refrained was due, he felt, to a restraint which ought not to have existed between father and son. When Huyshe left the university without a degree, the question of his future path in life had to be discussed. Lovick had quite given up any hope of seeing his son follow in his own footsteps, and he was greatly surprised and secretly delighted when the young man somewhat shamefacedly suggested that he should enter at his father's Inn. Lovick gave no outward sign of the gratification he felt, but took the necessary steps, and, in due course, sent Huyshe to read with Vernon Crabb, wariest and wiliest of conveyancers.

Three months afterward, Crabb came up to him at lunch time in the Common Room.

"Look here, Lovick," he said, "that boy of yours is a charming fellow, but he'll never make a lawyer. He's meant for something better, and he's only wasting his time here."

"He'll do that wherever he is, I'm afraid," answered Lovick, and then was furious with himself for having given his boy away to a stranger.

"My wife will miss him, though," the conveyancer went on; "he's been making up my lists for Mudie, and she says she's never had such a fine set of books. He's a brilliant talker, too."

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"Ah," said Lovick, on his guard this time, "that's how you spend the time in your rabbit warren, is it?"

On this occasion Lovick had forced himself to talk the matter over with his son. When pressed, Huyshe admitted that he had no liking for the law and, he feared, no aptitude for it.

"Would you like to travel for a year?" the father had asked.

The young man's eyes gleamed, and Lovick turned away with a sigh.

During his absence Huyshe wrote home at pretty regular intervals. The letters astonished his father, they were so keen in observation, so vivid in description, so admirable in style. Two or three, giving an account of an excursion from Dresden to the Saxon Switzerland and a visit to Prague, struck him as forming a veritable lit masterpiece, and he read and re-read them till he almost knew them by heart. But, on the whole, the letters gave him more pain than pleasure. Apart from the formal phrases, "Dear Father," and "Your affectionate son," they might have been written by one casual acquaintance to another. How he longed for one little outburst of affection, one little intimate touch, the freemasonry of love! Correct as was his literary taste, he would gladly have exchanged pages of almost faultless excellence for one survival of hearty, schoolboy slang.

One effect, however, these letters had—they made him revise his estimate of his son's ability. In spite of his failures, it was evident that he was no fool. Late as it was, he might yet find some definite path in life. His letters showed that he was fond of pictures. Perhaps he might make something of art criticism. In any case, Lovick reflected, there was and would be plenty for the boy, even if he wished to marry and settle down.

The traveler came back looking a good deal more of the man and less of the boy, and, to his dismay, Lovick found that the gulf between them was wider than before. He longed to greet his son with a burst of affection, but the actual words were, "Glad to see you back, Huyshe; hope you've had a good time." And Huyshe's answer had been worthy of the greeting, "Very good, thank you, father; no rheumatism, I hope?"

After this, time had gone on and nothing was said about the young fellow's seeking a new career. Every quarter-day he found a check for fifty pounds on his plate at breakfast and a smaller but still substantial one at Christmas and on his birthday. On one occasion Lovick did say, "Why don't you make up a book about your travels? Some of those letters of yours were capital." Huyshe blushed like a girl and said he would think about it. There the conversation ended and the subject dropped.

III

THE rubber at the club was over, and Lovick, taking out a notebook, carefully entered up the result. He was very proud of the fact that he had an accurate record of every game he had played for money since he left Cambridge. The clock showed twenty minutes to spare, and he was glad, for he had something to do.

He walked into the reading room and looked round. In a corner by the big fireplace he saw the man he wanted, buried in a big armchair, a cigar in his mouth, and the *Spectator* in his hand.

"The very man I was looking for, McKendrick," he said, pulling up another chair and taking a cigar from his own case. "I want you to help me. You're a great man at modern literature, I know."

"Great, eh?" answered the Scotchman, smiling. "Not that, I'm afraid, but I do have to read a good many tons. What is it you want?"

"Tell me some good stuff to read—quite modern."

"What sort—poetry?"

"No. I can't stand that. Novels, I suppose."

"Well, there's George Meredith, of course, and Hardy."

Lovick made a little gesture of impatience. "I had a try at 'Richard Feverel.' Isn't there something a bit easier? Besides, I want it to be *very* modern—what young men are reading now. I want to try and understand their point of view."

"I see. Well, now, let me think. There's Regnart—he's certainly one of the coming men. Look, I'll tell you what. I'll write down a few books and I'll star those that take my fancy most."

On his way home, Lovick bought the lot and glanced at them for a few minutes before dinner.

"Do you know a man Regnart?" he asked his son at dinner.

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"RIGHT THROUGH TO THE END I HEARD YOU TALKING TO ME."

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Huyshe looked up with a quick glance of surprise and interest. "You mean the novelist?"

His father nodded.

"I know his books. I've met the man himself once."

"Have you read 'The Newest Commandment?'"

Huyshe smiled. "I should think so: half a dozen times."

"Oh, is he one of your heroes?" asked Lovick, keenly enjoying the animation which showed on Huyshe's face and in his voice.

"He's wonderful; there's no one quite like him."

"Do you know a book called 'The Tragic Years', by—what was the fellow's name? Oh, yes, Asplen. I oughtn't to have forgotten that. I had an aunt who married an Asplen. I wonder whether he's any connection. Have you read that?"

"I've looked through it," said Huyshe, carelessly.

"What did you think of it?"

"Oh, piffle! Not in the same street with Regnart, of course."

"I don't know," said Lovick, a note of obstinacy creeping into his voice. "I rather liked the look of it. What about Hulse?"

"Ah, he's quite different. He's one by himself. I don't think he's found himself yet. He may be anything or nothing."

And in this strain the conversation continued, Huyshe growing warmer, and talking with a freedom and liveliness that came as a revelation to his father, who was quite sorry when dinner and the talk came to an end.

IV

It so happened that a big witness action in which, for a wonder, Lovick was not briefed, kept everything else out of the list, so that he had a comparatively idle day or two. He was able, therefore, with a clear conscience, to give the evening to modern literature. He took the great Regnart first, and read hard for a couple of hours. Then he began to skip and, having become faintly interested in the plot, turned to the last chapter. Then he shook his head.

"No good. I can't get the hang of it. Why don't they write like old Thack?" He looked doubtfully toward "Vanity Fair." "No; I'll go through with this job," he muttered, and turned to the other five moderns. He picked up "The Tragic Years."

"Let's see what Huyshe calls piffle," he said. The dedication amused him.

To
The One Reader
I should like to have
but
cannot get,
The Reader
who
doesn't know
and
wouldn't care.

"Come," he chuckled, "this is better: he has got me, after all!"

For an hour he read steadily. Then he took a piece of paper and began to make notes.

"He's got too many people—it's as bad as an Abstract of Title," he said. "Let's see: I believe he's made a bad slip there. No, he hasn't: it's quite right. Of course the entail had been barred. By Jove! this fellow's got a smattering of law."

He took the book up again and went on reading for half an hour longer. Then he sprang up and lit a cigar. "This is what he calls piffle, is it? I don't think much of Master Huyshe as a critic."

He made up the fire and settled down once more to his book.

As the hands of the clock went round, his usually immobile face became the theatre for a series of emotional displays. At one point he gave a loud exclamation, threw down the book, and began to rummage in a drawer till he drew forth a letter on foreign paper, over which he pored for some minutes before reverting to the book. Two or three times he chuckled loudly and smiled broadly, and again, an hour later, he brushed his hand across his eyes more than once. It was ten minutes past three when he closed the book and laid it gently on the table. For quite a quarter of an hour he sat gazing into the fire, and the expression on his face would have been hard indeed to decipher. Then, taking the book in his hand, he turned out the light and went softly upstairs.

V

Next morning Lovick came down to breakfast at eight o'clock sharp, "The Tragic Years" in his hand. Half a dozen

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times during his solitary meal he looked eagerly at the door, but, as it happened, Huyshe was late that morning, and his father, after waiting until the last moment, had to go without seeing him.

In the evening, dinner began with a little incident so strange, so unprecedented, that Huyshe could hardly believe his own ears. It was Lovick's invariable custom to mumble —as if he were heartily ashamed of it—the well-worn English grace before meat. But on this occasion, instead of "*For what we are about to receive, may the Lord make us truly thankful,*" he gabbled, "*I will both lay me down in peace, and sleep, for thou, Lord, only makest me dwell in safety.*" It was the old bedtime prayer which his nurse had taught him to say, kneeling in bed, fifty years before, and which he still muttered as a kind of charm before he turned on his right side (always the right) and composed himself to sleep. Then, quite unconscious of his slip, he began to talk about Regnart, asked a score of questions, and chuckled with perfect irrelevance at the answers. Finally, he powdered his cherry tart with salt instead of sugar, and jumped up spluttering and laughing.

"I don't know what is the matter with me to-night," he said, with an almost boisterous laugh quite unlike his usual manner. "Come, Huyshe, have a cigarette and the coffee in my room."

Marveling at yet another departure from the laws of the Medes, Huyshe obeyed. He was really concerned, and watched his father with grave anxiety.

"Pour out the coffee, will you?" said Lovick. "Sugar, not salt, please. Thanks; now light up, my boy."

Huyshe immediately began wondering how many years it was since he had been called "my boy" in that tone. He felt that the air was charged with some new, strange element. On the table lay "The Newest Commandment"; Hulse's challenge to the critics—"The Humble Ape"; and two or three other novels. What had come to the governor? Why did he look so absurdly, so unreasonably happy? Surely he couldn't have been——

"Huyshe," said Mr. Lovick, standing with his back to the fire, "we're both of us very reticent, especially with each other. For years I've been wanting to say something to you—something that any father might want to say to any son—and I couldn't do it. And I expect it's very much the same with you, eh?"

Huyshe nodded. He could see now that his father was profoundly moved, and he was wroth with himself for his hateful surmise.

"So all this time," Lovick went on, "we've been sitting opposite each other, day after day, and neither of us could speak."

Again Huyshe nodded; it seemed to be all, even now, that he could do.

Lovick turned to the bookcase, opened it, and pulled out "The Tragic Years." "But you've been the first to speak," he said, opening the book at the dedication, "and last night I sat here for hours listening to you. Oh, Huyshe! your Tragic Years seemed tragic enough to me till I saw what you were driving at. Then, when I heard you telling me that you loved me, all the tragedy vanished. But the father in your book wasn't quite as dense as I've been, and the son wasn't quite as shy."

"How did you find out?" asked the young man, his cheeks scarlet, his eyes glistening.

"Before I'd read a chapter through I felt at home. When you sent Campbell to Prague I remembered your letter—I knew the same hand had written both. Then right through to the end I heard you talking to me."

And still Huyshe could find nothing to say, but his eyes shone brighter and brighter, and there was no need of words.

"I used to long so," his father went on, "to get to the top of the tree—any tree—but though I managed to get a fair way up, I could never manage the top. And now I shall do it—I know I shall—through you, and it's better doing that sort of thing by deputy than for oneself."

"Is it, father?" asked Huyshe, in his voice a new tenderness that was music to Lovick.

"Yes, of course it is, when we love the deputy. You've got your reader, my boy, and he *does* know, and doesn't he care—ah, doesn't he?" And the cold, reserved lawyer let the veil go right up, while love and pride looked shamelessly from his happy face.

Then Huyshe found a word to say: "But it's a poor little tree, this one, father: yours had a woolsack on the top of it."

A sudden flash in the father's eyes gave him a momentary likeness to his son.

"A poor little tree?" he said. "No. It is the tree of life, and it stands in the midst of the garden."

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ON THE TRAIL OF HAROUN-AL-RASCHID

By E. ALEXANDER POWELL, F.R.G.S.

Special Commissioner for Everybody's Magazine in Transcaspia, Turkestan, and Bokhara

I ADMIT it frankly: I was in search of adventure. That is why I went to Inner Asia. And what more likely region, pray, in which to find it? For in these decadent days, when the Grand Lama of Tibet struts before a moving-picture machine, and the hoot of the locomotive is heard even within the walls of the Kaaba at Mecca, and travelers are wearing a path to the very spot where Stanley once lifted his helmet at sight of a gaunt, fever-stricken man and said, "Doctor Livingstone, I believe?"—in these days, adventure of the old-fashioned, rip-roaring sort is not nearly so easily found as the writers of fiction would have you believe.

It may be, of course, that I have not gone about it right. But, though I am more or less familiar with the byways as well as the highways of all the world's great capitals, I have never had a beautiful woman stretch forth white arms from a balcony and beg me to effect her rescue; the only King's messenger I ever knew, instead of carrying diamond necklaces or secret treaties in a dispatch-box chained to his wrist, was conveying the first pheasants' eggs of the season to his royal master, wintering on the Riviera; while all the detectives of my acquaintance are a disappointingly prosaic sort of persons, with a leaning toward horseshoe pins and vivid neckties. So, being minded to catch up with adventure before it went the way of the cowboy, the Indian, and the buffalo, there was nothing for it but to try my luck in the mysterious lands that lie beyond the Oxus.

Haroun-al-Raschid sallied forth to seek adventure with a turban and a scimiter; eleven centuries later I followed in his footsteps with a pistol and a passport. It seemed to me that in those lands where men still go forth to war with tridents and chain mail, where women of surpassing loveliness peer from their latticed casements, even as did Scheherezade; where criminals are tossed from the summits of the minarets or have their throats cut in the market place with neatness and dispatch by the public executioner; where dancing-girls are replaced by dancing-boys who have reconstituted the unspeakable vices of Sodom and Gomorrah; where Alexander and Genghis Khan and Timur the Tartar—whom we insist on calling Tamerlane—and the Great Mogul, not to mention Haroun-al-Raschid of amorous memory, lived and loved and fought and ruled and died—there, I repeat, adventure was to be found, if anywhere in all the wide, wide world. At the time, the glamor of it all was dimmed by the filth and squalor and hardships of the life; but when I had gotten back to the sheltered lands again, and had walked in the glare of the street lights, and had dined in glittering restaurants, and had sat with the smug, self-satisfied audience at the play, the haunting mystery of those Outer Lands came back to me a hundredfold, and so, though I almost despair of making it all seem real to you, I am going to sit with you beside the evening fire and tell you of some strange days and stranger ways among the strangest peoples that exist upon the earth.

If, in this year of grace one thousand nine hundred and ten, you were driving through the Catskills, and your carriage should suddenly be halted at the bend of a mountain road by a band of fierce-faced fellows in full armor, with two-handed swords slung at their sides and rifles of enormous length over their shoulders, you would probably think that you were the victim of an hallucination or a masqueraders' joke. That is precisely what I thought when the same thing happened to me in the mountains of Daghestan. Disregarding the advice of the Russian officials at Vladikavkaz and the protests of my Armenian interpreter, I insisted on making the journey over the Daghestani mountains by tarantass, which is a Caucasian apology for a four-wheeled, hooded vehicle in which one travels and, if necessary, sleeps. We were rattling down into a Lesghian valley as fast as the abominable road would permit, when

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my driver pulled his horses back on to their haunches without warning, my Cossack guard swore softly, and I found myself in the midst of as strange a group, I honestly believe, as the sun ever shone on.

There were a dozen of them, or more: squat, broad-shouldered ruffians with flat, ugly faces and complexions the color of tarnished brass. Every man-jack of them was habited in a style which, at first glance, I ascribed to the Arthurian age, but which proved, upon examination, to belong more properly to the times of Genghis Khan and Saladin. Coats, gloves, and trousers were alike of steel mesh, rather the worse for rust; their headgear looked like inverted soup plates, with a steel bar to protect the nose and a hood of steel links to guard the neck and ears. All of them carried brass shields the size of a barrel top and handsomely mounted Arab flintlocks, while one particularly vicious looking fellow had two swords—Heaven knows what for—swinging from his waist.

"It is a raiding party of Ossetes," whispered my guide. "We must be polite to them"—a warning which was entirely superfluous. My Cossack, meanwhile, was carrying on an animated conversation with their leader in some outlandish tongue.

"What do they want, Vassili?" I interrupted.

"They beg the Excellency to honor them by passing the night at their village in the valley below," he translated. "They will kill a sheep for the Excellency's entertainment, the chief says," he continued. (The natives of the Caucasus call every one Excellency, so as to be on the safe side.) To make a long story short, we went. When a dozen sullen-eyed gentry who are walking arsenals and hardware stores in one, insist on having your company at dinner, the safest thing is to accept.

The village to which they took us was nothing more than a collection of miserable mud huts, perched on a hillside above a fertile valley. But if the huts were uninviting without, they were impossible within. They ran with filth, they reeked with stenches, they swarmed with vermin. There was nothing for it but to pass the night in the carriage, and so, despite the protests of the hospitable villagers, in the carriage I stayed. Of the meal they offered me, the less said the better. They killed a sheep, it is true, this being the universal sign of welcome in the East; but they insisted, with a fine sense of courtesy, on serving me with those portions which we are accustomed to disregard. And even a long experience in Turkey failed to make me enjoy the sour sheep's milk called *yourty;* while the jug of vodka which was produced to crown the feast tasted like nothing so much as the smell of a motor-car.

The Ossetes, it must be understood, are probably the oldest of existing races. They are of the unadulterated Aryan stock, whence the name by which they call themselves, Iron. When the descendants of Japheth, leaving their ancestral home in Central Asia at the time of the Noachic Dispersion, began their wonderful march toward Europe, bands of stragglers were left behind in the various mountain valleys through which they passed. Thus it was with the Ossetes, and thus you may find them to-day, strangely isolated in their almost inaccessible valleys, cut off from all communication with the outer world, save through some stray traveler like myself, leading the same lives, having the same code of morals, wearing much the same dress, and fighting with much the same weapons that the founders of our race did in the days when the world was very young. It struck me as a peculiarly interesting experience, therefore, albeit a somewhat dangerous one, to be the guest of a tribe whose members are the living ancestors, as it were, of the Caucasian family of mankind.

The social life of the Ossetes is identical with the patriarchal system of government described in Genesis, being based on the absolute authority of the elders. At the head of each clan or family stands the oldest man, and the government of the tribe is conducted by a council composed of these patriarchal chieftains. Their laws, or rather customs, are few and to the point. In cases of murder, the nearest male relative of the victim is permitted to take one shot at the murderer, the result of that shot, whether the murderer escapes or is killed, settling the dispute forever. Among the Ossetes, a woman receives rather less consideration than an ox. It was a common thing, I was told, for girls to marry at eight, the husband demanding implicit faithfulness from his wife only until the birth of the first child, or, in default of children, for the first four years of their wedded life. The wife is then free to accept the attentions of any one she pleases; and whatever her conduct afterward, the husband views it with complete indifference.

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Four days later I found myself in Tiflis. Tiflis is the modern Babel, for in its streets eighty languages are commonly spoken; here the European dealers come to haggle for the carpets of Bokhara and the rubies of Tehran; here the Central Asian tribesmen make their way to purchase cotton prints from Moscow and jackknives from Solingen; here North meets South and East meets West. Also, it is the furthermost outpost of civilization; the last place where one can sit down to a civilized meal before plunging into the Asiatic wilds. That is why I loitered, then, at the Hotel de Londres, a hostelry as renowned for its cuisine as for the long list of explorers, diplomats, and soldiers it has sheltered.

I was dining one evening on the terrace which overlooks the muddy Kura, when there sauntered past the handsomest man I think I ever saw. Six feet and over in his Cossack boots, broad-shouldered, small-waisted, slender-hipped, his coat of dove gray, reaching to his spurs, fitted him like a second skin. Perched rakishly on his head was an enormous cap of snowy sheepskin, gold cartridge cases were sewed across his chest in rows, after the Georgian fashion, and from his gold-mounted belt swung a jeweled, heavy-bladed *kinjal*. He could not have been a day over thirty, and with his fresh complexion and his little, upturned black mustache and the unconscious insolence of his manner, he would have attracted attention in any assembly. He sat down at a table and pounded on it, and all the waiters dropped whatever they happened to be doing to wait upon him, which was my first intimation that he was a person of importance. Before long the *maître d'hôtel* approached me.

"His Excellency [and he mentioned a name which is known from one end of the Caucasus to the other] desires me to inform Monsieur that he speaks English and would be pleased to meet him." So I jumped up and he jumped up, we bowed ceremoniously to each other, and in five minutes we had become fast friends, it appearing that His Excellency—it were an indiscretion to give his name—had acquired his English from an American nurse and hence was bent on showing his fellow-feeling for any American that happened along.

"Come," said he suddenly, springing up from the table, "as you say in America, we will see the town." In front of the hotel a *troika* was waiting—a sort of miniature victoria, so low that the occupants could touch the ground, and without any back to the seat, so that it was necessary to put an arm around your companion if you did not wish to go sprawling on to the pavement. The Excellency whispered something to the coachman, and away we went. It was a wild ride. Of the three-horse team, the outer ones galloped and the one in the center trotted desperately. It was the hour at which the theatres were letting out, and that was why the Excellency chose, perhaps, to draw a pair of revolvers and fire a joyous fusillade as we tore madly down the city's chief thoroughfare. I fully expected to be arrested by the Cossack sentries who lined the street, but, instead of jailing us, they froze to attention at sight of my companion and brought their hands smartly to their caps in salute. It was not until then that I realized that a Russian official can do pretty much anything he pleases, provided only that he is of sufficiently high rank. Compared with the way we did Tiflis, Haroun-al-Raschid's nocturnal prowls in Bagdad were but feeble imitations.

Eventually—about one A.M.—our driver pulled up his horses at the entrance to what was evidently a summer garden. Servants with flaring torches met us at the gate and lighted the way down a wooded path to an open pavilion, in which was spread a *dastarkhan* of imposing dimensions. Imagine a long table covered with snowy damask, lighted by innumerable tapers in silver holders, and bearing more than forty kinds of *hors-d'œuvres*, and you will get some idea of what a *dastarkhan* is like. In filed the musicians who were to entertain us, six of them, Georgians all, with enormous silken trousers, and high caps of Persian lambskin, and mustaches that were trained over their ears as a crimson rambler is trained over a trellis. Two were violinists by courtesy and played on one-stringed fiddles; another pair pounded thunderously on tom-toms, and the other two evoked strange sounds from instruments which seemed to be a sort of cross between a banjo, a mandolin, and a guitar. Tall half-pint glasses of fragile Bohemian ware were set before us, and behind us a Georgian giant with a bulging wine skin slung over his shoulder took his stand.

"It is the custom of my country," said the Excellency, "to welcome an honored visitor with eight pieces of music; and it is likewise the custom for host and guest to toast each other at the conclusion of each piece in brimming glasses of our red Circassian wine, and at a single draught."

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We were off. The fiddles squeaked, the banjos twanged, the tom-toms thundered, and the fellow with the wine skin filled our glasses to the brim. "*Prosit! Gesundheit! À votre santé!* Here's how!" and we drained our glasses to the dregs. That is to say, my host did; but so vinegary was the coarse mountain wine that I nearly strangled in the attempt. Fortunately for me, I stood beside the railing of the pavilion and in the shadow, so the second glass went over my shoulder without any one's being the wiser, and so it was with the third and fourth and fifth and sixth and seventh and eighth. Then, thank Heaven, the musical drinking bout was at an end. The Excellency, after kissing each of the piratical looking musicians on both cheeks, as is the custom of the country, and bestowing on each a coin which shone yellow in the light, led me back to the carriage.

"Now," said he, "we will see the town." Regimental messes, officers' clubs, military casinos, Georgian restaurants, Persian tea-houses, Russian cafés—we visited them all; and when the last Cossack sentry saluted us before the hotel at six in the morning, I felt that I had seen Tiflis as it was never seen by European before.

A dozen years ago Port Said was popularly known as the wickedest town on earth. Now Baku holds that somewhat questionable distinction. The population of the place, as the Chief of Police remarked, is about equally composed of Anarchists, Nihilists, and Terrorists, thugs, murderers, and highwaymen. For Baku, you must understand, is an oil-

A MODERN HAROUN-AL-RASCHID. A SART NOBLE OF SAMARKAND DINING WITH ONE OF HIS WIVES.

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town—the greatest, indeed, in the Eastern Hemisphere, and hence it is very similar in its moral tone to the mining towns whose names were once synonyms for lawlessness on our own frontier. It is the resort of the scum and offscourings of the earth. The last three governors of the district have been assassinated, and hold-ups are so frequent that they scarcely attract attention.

My first taste of the city's real quality came when I started for a drive. The big hall porter of the only hotel worthy the name stepped to the door and waved his hand, and in an instant the pavement outside was a confused mass of rattling droskies, trampling

FIRE WORSHIPPERS PERFORMING THEIR RITES BEFORE THE "ETERNAL FIRES" AT SOURAKHANI, NEAR BAKU.

horses, and cursing coachmen. "This gentleman," the porter announced in Tartar, "has left his watch and pocketbook in the hotel safe, so it isn't worth your while to rob him. Besides," he added, "he has a pistol in his pocket and he is a friend of the Chief of Police." Then I chose a likely looking carriage and got in, but throughout the drive I kept my hand in my coat pocket and in the pocket was a revolver. When I returned that night in time for a late dinner, I learned that during my absence three men had been assaulted and robbed in the open streets, in broad daylight, and within sight of my hotel.

Before I went to Baku, I had heard of the little colony of Guebers in the vicinity, who, with the Parsees of India and a few stragglers in Persia, are the sole survivors of that Zoroastrian cult of Fire Worshippers which once held sway from the Persian Gulf to the Caspian. It was the desire to see them that induced me to trust myself to the tender mercies of a cabman who was a murderer in embryo, and led me to put up with a drive of a dozen miles over the most execrable road that ever felt the wheels of a wagon. It is so rough that even in a rainstorm one does not dare to use a covered carriage for fear of fracturing his skull. At last we came to Sourakhani, on the bleak Caspian shore, where the disciples of Zoroaster still prostrate themselves in prayer, in their ruined temple, before the flames which spring from the crannies in the limestone rock. One must travel far to see a stranger sight.

Night and day the fire is fed with offerings of sandalwood, by veiled and white-robed priests, while without the sacred precincts the worshippers kneel in prayer with their faces toward the eternal flame. An attendant priest, his mouth and nostrils covered

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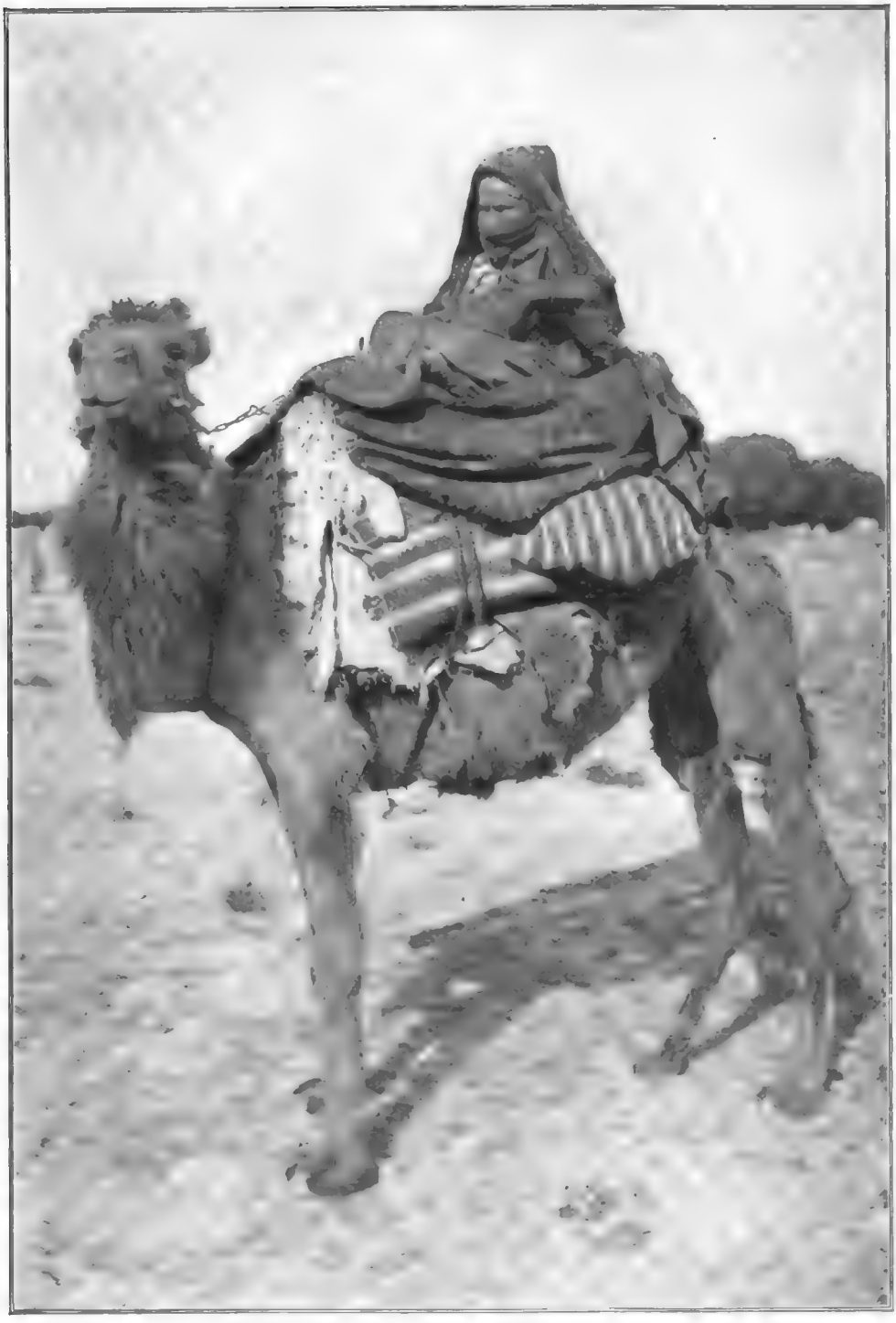

A TEKKE-TURKOMAN WOMAN NEAR MESHED.

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with a veil, that his breath may not defile the sacred blaze, places the offering upon the fire; when the wood is consumed, the ashes are taken in a flat spoon to the worshipper, who touches them with his finger, applies the finger to his forehead, and departs.

Strange almost beyond belief is the Guebers' treatment of their dead. It being forbidden by the Zoroastrian faith to burn, bury, or throw into water the dead, any of these constituting a defilement of the sacred elements, they cut off the flesh of their dead and feed it to the birds. The bones themselves are then carefully cleaned, polished, and hung in lettered sacks beside the family hearth, so that each family has the bones of its relatives ever before it. During a visit to the interior of a Gueber dwelling, I noticed a row of crudely embroidered sacks hanging above the fireplace, which contained, so my interpreter assured me, the bones of departed Guebers. That this astounding custom is actually practiced among the Fire Worshippers of the Caspian was verified by several Russian officials, but as I did not myself see any body in process of dismemberment, I must give it to you on faith. Personally, I believe it.

At Krasnovodsk, which is the starting-point of the Central Asian Railway, I was met by three policemen and a band. This does not imply that I was regarded as in any way a distinguished personage, for the policemen were on hand to examine my passport and make sure that I was not a British spy, while, as for the band, my arrival gave them an excuse for practice. The authorities had been informed by telegraph from St. Petersburg that I was coming, and so, as I stepped ashore, the bandmaster, who looked like the prophet Dowie, brought his baton down, and brass and cymbals crashed into "There'll Be a Hot Time in the Old Town To-night," which, after all, is regarded as our national anthem half the world around.

THE CITY OF SAMARKAND, RUSSIAN CENTRAL ASIA. AT THE LEFT THE TOMB OF TAMERLANE; AT THE RIGHT THE RIGISTAN.

To travel over the Central Asian Railway, or, indeed, to set foot in the Transcaspian region at all, is not nearly so easy as one would suppose. It is not a case of pack your trunk and go. To the great majority of foreigners, Central Asia is still a forbidden land, for the Russians see a spy in every traveler. In the first place, if you are an American (an Englishman had better stay out of that region altogether), you have to get a letter from your congressman or senator or some other person

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of standing, stating that you are not an anarchist or a secret agent or anything else which could be objectionable to the most suspicious government in the world; this you forward, together with your request, to the American Ambassador in St. Petersburg, and he forwards it, in turn, to the Russian Minister of Railways. If that official sees fit, he endorses the application and informs the authorities at Krasnovodsk to that effect. Then, when your steamer arrives after an eighteen-hour voyage from Baku, if your papers are in order and you tally with the description sent from St. Petersburg, you are granted permission to land in Transcaspia.

Travel on the Central Asian Railway is more enjoyable to read about than to experience, believe me. A journey across thirteen hundred miles of flat, deserted plain, broken at long intervals by glaringly new Russian settlements or mud-walled native cities, at an average speed of fifteen miles an hour, in a climate where the thermometer frequently marks 130 degrees even in the spring, and in ill-ventilated, ill-lighted carriages which are filled not only with all shades and conditions of Oriental humanity, but also with numberless passengers in the seat-cushions that pay no fare, is apt to put romance at a discount.

Askabad is 343 miles from the Caspian, and you reach there after a journey of eighteen hours. It is the headquarters of the Russian army in Central Asia, with a garrison of ten thousand men, and is the starting-point for Meshed, in Persia, a drive of 170 miles. Meshed is the capital of the Persian province of Khorassan and the scene of many of the exploits of Haroun-al-Raschid, who died near there. After Mecca and Medina, it is the holiest spot in the Moslem world, more than 100,000 pilgrims visiting each year the marvelous mosque which rises above the tomb of Imam Riza, the founder of the Shi'ite branch of Islam. It is one of the most remarkable buildings in all the East, its railings of gold and lattices of silver, its forests of marble and porphyry columns, its library of a thousand priceless Korans, and its doors studded with enormous rubies, making it fulfill even the glowing descriptions of Oriental splendor contained in the "Arabian Nights."

So holy is Meshed regarded by all Shi'ite Moslems that their chief ambition is to be buried in its sacred soil. Several times each year, therefore, the Caravans of the Dead, as they are called, start from the various cities of Persia, bearing the bodies of those who have died during the preceding intervals, and whose families can afford it, to their last resting-places in the soil of Meshed the Holy. Twice I met these grisly caravans—hundreds of bodies carried in rude coffins, four to a camel.

For real, dyed-in-the-wool fanaticism, it is

KUBACHI FIGHTING MAN (DAGHESTAN) CLAD IN CHAIN MAIL.

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to Meshed that you must go. Here is an example of the lengths to which the Shi'ites carry their intolerance of an unbeliever. In a small village near Meshed I bought some fruit from a Persian vendor. After the usual chaffering, without which no business may be transacted, my dragoman handed the vendor the few coins in payment. The man shook his head sullenly. "Put them on the ground," said he.

"What for?" asked the dragoman, curiously.

"Because I cannot touch money which has been defiled by the touch of one who is unclean. And you are unclean, for you serve an unbeliever." The dragoman tossed the coins on the ground, and the Persian, after having rubbed them in the dirt with his foot to remove the impurities, showed no hesitancy in putting them in his pocket. And this performance had, perforce, to be repeated nearly every time we made a purchase in Khorassan.

It so happened that I found myself in Persia at a particularly restless time, for the revolution which ended in the dethronement of Shah Ali Mirza was then commencing. The grim realities of an Oriental revolution were brought home to me before I reached Meshed. In a town in northern Khorassan, I had a call from the Chief of Police. Over the coffee and cigarettes, he remarked that it was a pity that I could not have been in Shiraz a year or two before. I had missed a great sight, it seemed. Yes? What was it? Five men who had been found guilty of plotting against the life of Muzaffar-ed-Din had been plastered up in gypsum and set up as pillars by the roadside, with only their heads exposed, and there left to die. It was a rare sight, my guest assured me. I agreed with him heartily and remarked that I trusted it would become still rarer. He regretted, he said, that he was unable to offer me anything so good as that, as the local prison was unfortunately almost empty at the moment, but two thieves were to be punished in the market place in the morning—one was to have his hand cut off, and the other was to be hamstrung—and if I cared to come I would be welcome. It was a quaint performance, though quite common, he assured me. I had no desire to see either the infliction of these inhuman forms of punishment or their results, but it seemed that I was not to escape, for as I rode out of the city the following morning I passed a man seated on a mule, whose face was of a chalky pallor and whose right arm was enveloped in a blood-soaked bandage. It was the man whose hand had just been chopped off in the market place, they told me.

AN ITINERANT BAND OF JUGGLERS AND STREET ACTORS NEAR SAMARKAND.

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THE ARK, THE PALACE OF THE EMIR OF BOKHARA. THE CLOCK OVER THE GATEWAY WAS BUILT BY AN ITALIAN PRISONER TO SAVE HIMSELF FROM TORTURE.

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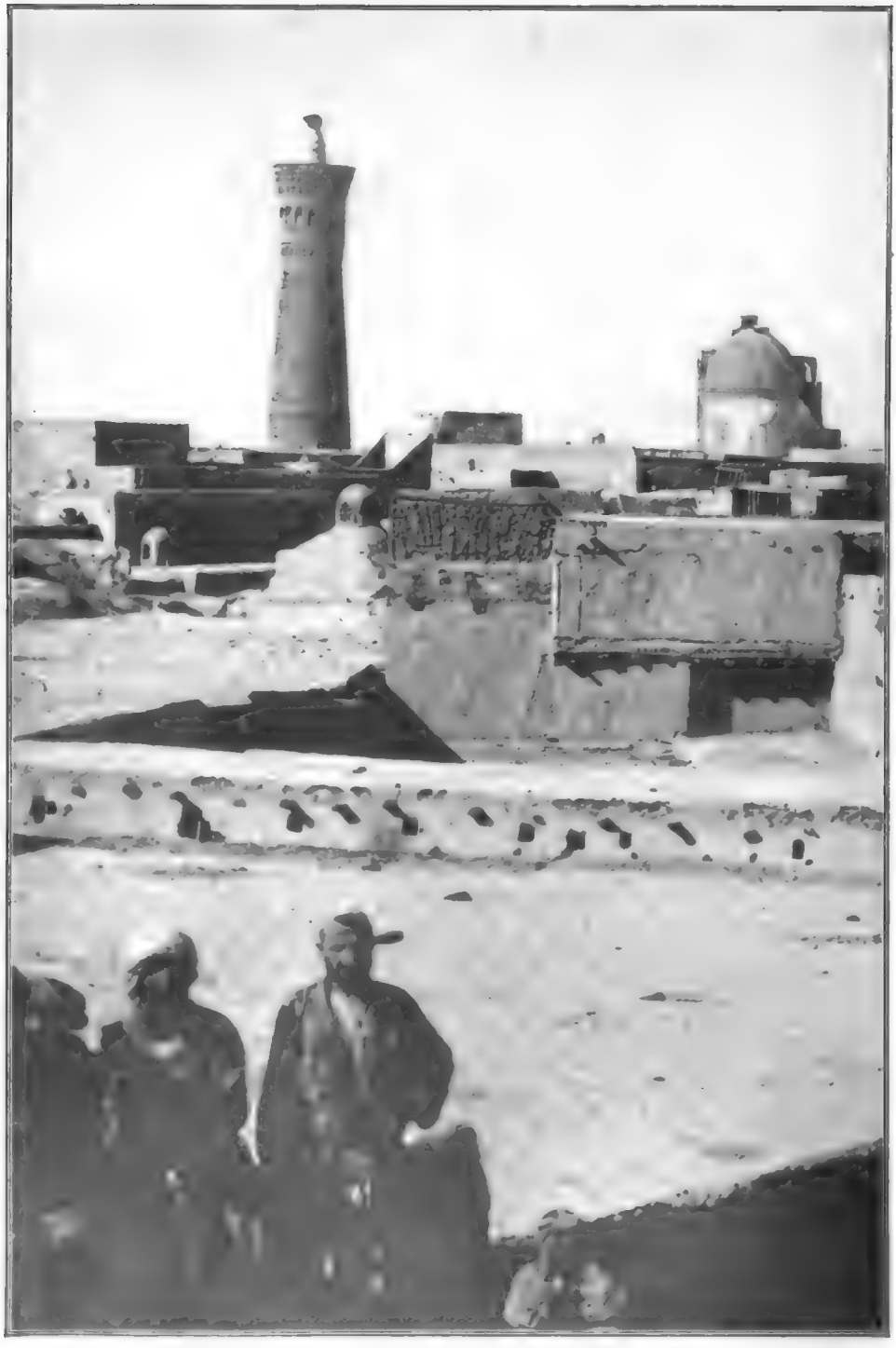

BOKHARA THE MYSTERIOUS. AT THE LEFT IS THE TOWER OF EXECUTION, FROM WHICH CONDEMNED CRIMINALS USED TO BE THROWN.

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All this does not make pleasant reading, as I am perfectly aware, but I am relating it to show that customs have changed but little since Haroun-al-Raschid held sway in Khorassan.

Turning my back on Persia the Barbarous, I reached the railway again at Merv, which is the junction for the forbidden strategic line to the Afghan frontier. From Merv it is only a night's journey to Bokhara, which, by the way, is pronounced by the natives as though it were spelled without a *k*. Bokhara, though now reached by railway, stands to-day by the side of Lhasa, Fez, Mecca, and those few other cities which still remain pure and untouched in their barbarism. Russia has taken good care not to annex the khanate, for, by letting the Bokharans have their own way under the watchful eye of a Russian resident, she is freed from the thankless task of trying to govern two millions of restless and unsubdued fanatics, while the people of her own Central Asian provinces are kept contented by having ever before them the contrast between the workings of a "good" government and that of a system of misrule, cruelty, and corruption.

At first sight, Bokhara impresses one as being cold and poverty-stricken. Its exterior is a wilderness of flat clay roofs above whose level surface tower the fortress-castle called the Ark, the great Tower of Execution, and countless turquoise domes. The interior of the city is a wilderness of dim bazaars and crowded alleys, which twist and turn between the windowless walls of clay-built houses, with stagnant pools of green-scummed water, used alike for washing and drinking, in every open place. From the unsanitary condition of this water supply results the dreaded Bokharan disease known as the *reshta*, a parasite which afflicts more than a quarter of the population, and the still more virulent "Bagdad button," a small black postule, usually about the size of a ten-cent piece, which appears on the face and eats its way straight across the countenance despite every effort to check its advance, and the cause and cure of which have thus far baffled all the investigations of European physicians. As the result of the warnings I received from many sources, I did not touch a glass of water during my entire stay in Central Asia, depending entirely upon tea to quench my thirst, while on the rare occasions when I ventured to wash, I had the water boiled under my supervision and then dissolved boracic tablets in it. It is such discomforts as these that make one forget the romance.

The same manners and customs prevail in the Bokhara of to-day that were familiar to our night-prowling friend of Bagdad. A blindfolded horse still plods round and round beneath a beam, grinding the corn between an upper and a nether millstone. The cotton is still carded by the primitive agency of a double bow, the smaller one affixed to the ceiling and the larger one attached to it by a cord and struck by a mallet so as to cause a sharp rebound. The *Reis-i-Shariat*, or censor of the morals, still rides slowly through the town, compelling the children to attend the schools and their parents the mosques, inspecting the weights and measures, and keeping a watch over the behavior of the community as a whole. When a tradesman is found guilty of cheating, he is stripped bare in the street, forced to his knees, and flogged with a stirrup-leather by one of the censor's attendants. The world moves slowly in Bokhara. The city gates still close with the setting sun, and after dark no one is allowed abroad, the only sound at night being the melancholy beating of the watchman's drum as he patrols the streets with a lantern, in his quest, unlike Diogenes, of a dishonest man.

Lepers and madmen alike run loose in Bokhara, and as a result the traveler is often rudely shocked. While lunching one day in a native café, I noticed about the place a man whose features bore unmistakable traces of the most terrible of all diseases. He made himself so much at home that I sent for the proprietor and told him peremptorily to put the man out or I would leave myself. "Why," said he, in a tone of surprise, "I can't put that man out, Excellency. *He's the cook.*" The madmen of Bokhara—and they are numbered by the hundreds—have chosen for a refuge, of all places imaginable, the local cemetery. I doubt if there is a weirder sight in all the world. Picture it for yourself: the plaster tombs looming up ghostly white from among the dark clumps of cypress, and among them the naked madmen, leaping, screaming, groveling, or stealing silently from grave to grave.

Close by the cemetery is the dwelling of a *mullah*, or holy man, who, for a consideration, will exorcise the evil spirits by which the Orientals believe the insane to be possessed. When I visited the place, the stone-paved courtyard was filled with madmen awaiting

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treatment, some of them picketed to posts like horses, while others, more violent, were chained to rings in the pavement, and all of them jumping and shrieking and snarling until the place was Bedlam itself. I saw one patient "treated," and the sight was not one readily forgotten. The poor fellow, who, so I was told, had been chained to a ring in the yard and fed on scraps of food for nearly a year, was thrown to the ground by two lusty men and held there, a third belaboring him unmercifully with a club while the *mullah* stood over him and chanted verses from the Koran. The *mullah* assured me that after three or four more treatments there would be no evil spirits left, and I quite agreed with him, for there would be no man left either.

Next to the madmen, the people who have the hardest time in Bokhara are the Jews; and yet, despite the treatment to which they are subjected, they seem to flourish. They may be recognized at once by their *khalats*, or robes, of grayish cotton—for the use of silk is forbidden them—their peculiar, fur-edged caps, and the invariable cord about the waist, this being a substitute for the rope which they are compelled by law to wear, that it may always be at hand to hang the wearer if he becomes annoying. Likewise, the law compels them to shave their heads, with the exception of a ringlet hanging down in front of either ear; they are kept within the precincts of the ghetto; they are not permitted to ride a horse, and in the fields a Jew must dismount from his donkey at the approach of a mounted Moslem, who, if he chooses, is at liberty to strike the Jew, without the latter's being permitted to retaliate or protest. In almost every respect, the Hebrews of Bokhara lead the same life that their ancestors did in the England of King John.

From an architectural standpoint, there are but two buildings in Bokhara of more than passing interest. One is the Ark, as the enormous mud-walled castle of the Emir is called. Standing high on an artificial mound, the dull clay of which it is built giving it a peculiarly grim and prison-like appearance, its towering walls may be seen from every quarter of the city. No spot on earth, perhaps, has witnessed more scenes of cruelty and horror. Here the two British officers, Stoddart and Connolly, after suffering incredible tortures, were beheaded; here scores of Russian captives died in one fashion and another at the hands of the executioner; here, to satisfy the blood-lust of the emirs, perished natives beyond all reckoning by deaths so terrible that beside them the wheel and the rack were kind.

The other notable building is the Minar-i-Kalan, a graceful minaret of peacock-colored tiles which rises to a height of 182 feet close by the market place. Until the Russians put a stop to the horrid practice some years ago, the Bokharans were accustomed to execute their criminals and at the same time provide entertainment for the populace by tossing the condemned men from its summit. So many have perished thus that the ground at the foot of the tower has been worn away by the striking bodies. Upon the intervention of the Russian resident, however, the Emir adopted the old-fashioned but effective method of cutting the throats of the condemned in the public market place.

Of all that I saw in Bokhara, one scene still stands out in sickening reality: the vision of its terrible Asiatic prison. I wished to see it because of its history, which is tragically connected with that of the struggle between England and Russia for supremacy in Central Asia, and now, after having explored its foulest depths, I would give much to forget all that I have seen.

The Zindan, or city prison, stands on a slight elevation close to the entrance of the Ark, and consists of three rooms, ill-lighted, ill-ventilated, and without sanitary arrangements of any kind. To confine three men in them I should have considered barbarous; when I was there they held no less than fifty. The walls were damp with sweat, the ceilings were so low I could touch them with my hand, the only furniture consisted of some water-jars and a few miserable mats, and so tightly were the prisoners wedged together that no one could shift his position without disturbing all the others, all of them being chained to the walls by their necks or ankles. Two of the men bore unmistakable signs of leprosy, while another, stretched at full length on the earthern floor and breathing in great gasps, was obviously at the point of death from typhoid fever. There are no terms of imprisonment in Bokhara, the smug-faced jailer told me, but the prisoners are kept in this pestilential hole until their cases are reached in the slow course of Oriental law, when they are either released or slaughtered like so many sheep to make a Bokharan holiday.

Twelve thousand white-turbaned, scarlet-trousered, top-booted ruffians, trained, fittingly enough, by a Russian, who had to leave his country between two days, and for

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his country's good, comprise the fighting forces of the khanate. One of the movements prescribed in their manual of arms is to drop on their backs at the word of command and wave their feet frantically in the air, this peculiar maneuver being copied from the action of a body of Russian soldiers, who, after crossing a stream in one of Kaufmann's campaigns against the Turkomans, were ordered to lie down and shake the water out of their high boots. So fierce and successful was the ensuing Russian attack that the Bokharans attributed their victory to this maneuver and promptly included it in their military curriculum.

With its filth, fanaticism, vice, cruelty, and corruption, Bokhara the Noble, as its people insist on calling it, comes nearer to being a hell on earth than any place I know, and that is the best that I can say about it.

One hundred and fifty miles to the eastward of Bokhara, nestled in a green valley, and surrounded on three sides by snowclad mountains, is Samarkand. What a flock of thoughts take wing as the word strikes on the ear! Few words in any language hold more of romance in them. It was at Samarkand, remember, that Alexander the Great made his headquarters in his wars against the Scythians beyond the Oxus. It was this same historic river—now called the Amu Darya—which was mistaken by Alexander for the Don and called forth the immortal exclamation, "There are no more worlds to conquer!" for the greatest conqueror of all time thought that he had made the circuit of Asia and returned to Europe. And it was in Samarkand, again, that Alexander killed his friend Clitus in a drunken brawl. It was conquered in turn by the Mongol warrior Genghis Khan, by the lame Tartar, Timur Long (whence our name of Tamerlane), by Baber, the first of the Mogul emperors, not to mention Haroun-al-Raschid of glorious memory.

But it was to Timur that Samarkand owes its greatest fame, for it was here that he established his capital at the close of the fourteenth century and from here that he well-nigh ruled the Eastern world, his dominions reaching from the Persian Gulf to the Urals, from Constantinople to the Ganges. He not only made Samarkand the greatest center of learning in Asia, but he and his successors adorned it with buildings whose exquisite proportions challenge, even in their ruins, the admiration of the world. Though close on five centuries of neglect and decay, with an earthquake or two thrown in, have all but destroyed several of these splendid edifices, they still rear their gilded domes and tiled façades in scornful dignity above the mud dwellings of the present wretched town, making the Rigistan of Samarkand even today one of the noblest squares in all the world. But with the architectural wonders of Samarkand the guidebooks deal more fully and more intelligently than I could hope to do, and so we will leave Timur lying under his great block of jade, in his blue-tiled mausoleum, and turn to those things of which the guide-books and the histories do not tell.

In Samarkand there are no hotels worthy of the name, so, unless you care to stay at the officers' club—in which case you might as well be in St. Petersburg or Moscow so far as seeing the native life is concerned—you must seek quarters in *numeras*, or numbered apartments. The room which my dragoman found, after considerable trouble, was a square, plastered box, reasonably clean for Asia, its furniture an iron bed, a rug, a samovar. My food was brought in from outside, which was a good idea, perhaps, for if I had seen the way it was prepared I should probably have preferred to starve. Being ignorant of the details, however, I found my meals picturesque and interesting. Thrice a day a Sart, wearing a turban of spotless muslin, a mulberry silk dressing gown, and silken trousers stuffed into green boots, would slip silently in and lay the table, which consisted of spreading a piece of striped silk on the floor.

The bread of Turkestan, though thin and wafer-like, is overseasoned with ashes for the European taste, for it is baked by plastering the dough on the inside of a clay oven shaped like a beehive and not unfrequently falls among the coals. The chief stand-by, of course, was mutton, called *kobab*, small pieces of the meat being impaled on skewers and fried in lard; then, in quick succession, came carrots chopped in honey; *pilau*—small balls made of rice and raisins, which must be snapped into the mouth—an operation, by the way, which requires a considerable degree of skill; *mantuy*, a sort of pudding filled with hashed meat mixed with fat and spices; and for dessert a really delicious dish consisting of chipped ice covered with raisin syrup, which is as commonly sold in Samarkand as ice-cream cones are in New York. And always, of course, there is the tea.

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And until you have tasted the *chai* of Central Asia, you do not know what tea really is. In Central Asia green tea is used to the exclusion of all others, it being pressed in the form of bricks and drunk with either salt or lemon from tall, thin glasses. Of the various brands used, *Lonka* is by far the most costly, a single leaf of it sufficing to make an ordinary pot. Some particularly delicious tea which was served me by a high Russian official in Turkestan was brought overland from China by dromedary in sealed leather bags, that the sea air might not affect it, and cost him, he modestly remarked, about eighty dollars a pound. I afterward learned that a brand reserved for the use of the imperial family is even more expensive.

Samarkand has long been celebrated for its swords, its silks, and its fruits, and none of them proved disappointing. In ancient days the weapons of Damascus were the most famous in the world, but Timur captured the city on one of his periodic raids and carted all the armorers off to Samarkand, where their descendants carry on their trade to this day. For temper of steel and beauty of inlay their workmanship is unequaled even in Toledo, though I might add that even in this remote corner of the globe a good weapon is never cheap, and if you want a Samarkand blade you must pay handsomely for it. The silks and velvets of Samarkand, long famous for the rainbow blending of their colors, have a season, exactly like fruits or garden truck, and can only be purchased at that particular time of the year. When the worms are ready for spinning, they are all brought to the silk bazaar and sold. The silk is then spun and dyed, and all that is not used in the maker's family is exported in the form of cloth. Thus, unless you happen to be in Samarkand during the season, it is all but impossible to find any of the native silk for sale except in the form of ready-made *khalats*, which are a sort of glorified dressing gown. The fruits of Samarkand and the vicinity are of such exaggerated size that I rather hesitate to tell about them for fear that you will not believe me, and skepticism is quite pardonable when I assure you that the currants of this region are as large as grapes, the grapes as large as apricots, the apricots as large as peaches, the peaches as large as cantaloupes, and the cantaloupes as large as watermelons, all of them retaining to the full their quality and flavor.

One thing more is worthy of mention, and that is the fur variously known as astrachan (so named from its port of entry into Russia), Persian lamb, and *karakul*, the latter being the name by which it is known to its producers. It is the skin of the very young lamb—not of the unborn lamb, as is commonly believed—and the finest quality comes from Afghanistan, its high cost being due to the heavy export duty placed upon it by the Emir. Skins of the first quality are rarely seen in Europe, selling for five dollars apiece even in Central Asia, the exquisite fineness of the fur making them in great demand for the caps of high officials.

Three hundred miles beyond Samarkand lies Andijan, "the end of communications, the furthest point on the line," and there, at the foot of the Pamir range, you find yourself in the very heart of Inner Asia, thirteen hundred miles inland from the Caspian shore, with the back of China only a few days' march away across the snow-covered Roof of the World. As easily as though seated on Aladdin's magic carpet, we have traversed a region which, within the memories of all of us, was hermetically sealed except to the adventurous few, who, knowing the customs and the languages of the peoples, were prepared to penetrate it at the risk of death by torture. Together we have visited those wild, world-famous towns of Asia, once so far away that a man could make a reputation by riding to one of them; we have crossed the mighty Oxus, most ancient of rivers; we have journeyed through the land where dwelt the founders of mankind, where Noah settled after the Deluge and whence started the Noachic Dispersion; where Alexander and Genghis Khan and Tamerlane held sway, and of which Hafiz and Omar Khayyam, Keats and Matthew Arnold, wrote in imperishable verse. Together we have wandered at will through the most mysterious cities and sought adventure among the strangest peoples on the globe to-day, and now, with your permission, we will come back from our Haroun-al-Raschidic expedition to the comforts and cleanliness of home.

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SPUD DRIVES OLD IRONSIDES

By ELMER BLANEY HARRIS

Illustrations by Dan Smith

IN the old San Francisco before the earthquake, when tipsy shanties paraded the water front like an awkward squad, there was an alley off Sacramento Street where was usually stored an inviting collection of sweet-smelling pine packing boxes. Here Spud Murphy slept.

On this morning Spud rose early. At the mouth of the alley stood a horse trough. The boy stretched, unbuttoned his shirt, and, with a glance up and down the street, ducked into the water. Then, his chin dripping, he groped into a saloon where a darky was scrubbing the tiling, and dried his face and hands on one of the soiled towels that depended from the deserted bar.

These unusual ablutions ended, he gathered up the crusts of bread from the lunch counter and crammed a few lonely Saratoga chips into his mouth. A little cheese and some fragments of boiled ham followed.

"Why do dey call you-all 'Spud'?" asked the dusky one, wringing his mop into the pail. "Spec' dat's shawt fo' Murphy, eh?"

"I spec' so," agreed the boy, imitating the darky; "shawt fo' Saratoga chips! Say, Chocolate, but dis ham's tough."

"Dey let it stay on too long," explained the negro.

"Too long on the hog, whut?" grinning over the ham bone. "Whut'll yuh gimme fer a knife?"

"Le's see." The porter stood his mop against the bar and wiped his hands on his breeches. Spud produced the knife.

"Dat ain't wurf much," said the darky. "Whut'll yuh take?"

"I'll trade yuh fer dat necktie pin an' tyou bits."

"Whut cher take me fo'? Dat pin's wurf fo' dollars. I'll gib yuh two bits widout de pin."

"No, yuh gimme de pin widout de tyou bits."

"Aw, go-wan!"

"Gee, if I get de pin don't I haf t' buy a necktie? Dat's fifteen cents more!" Spud adopted an injured tone. "Keep de pin! Here, gimme back the whittler."

"I'll trade yuh," capitulated the darky, and the exchange was made.

Spud hereupon drew a bright red necktie from his coat pocket and put it on, adjusting the pin carefully.

"I t'ought you-all said——" began the new owner of the knife.

"So I did. I bought de tie yesterday. I knew I cud skin yuh out o' de pin, Chocolate! Say, where do dey keep de comb an' brush?"

His hair combed, and his new pin flashing in the sun that just now topped the tower of the ferry building, Spud set off for the news wagon where the papers were delivered. Around it the urchins were already buzzing like wasps, darting away as a new ferryload of suburbanites spread fanwise through the city.

The necktie naturally drew attention. It was the one bright spot of color in the dark cloud of newsboys. Finally the moment for which it was designed arrived.

It was the ten o'clock boat from San Rafael. Among the passengers was Will Haverly, president of the California Jockey Association, and for him Spud watched. His little game was to draw the admiration of the horseman and thus pave the way for soliciting a job as jockey or stableboy on the race king's brood farm. It was the custom of the horseman, on coming from the boat, to bundle together the papers collected among his friends *en route* and toss them to the newsies, who then resold them or turned them back to the office, money refunded. The shower of papers came as usual. The knot of men paused to laugh as hands leaped to possess them like trout after a swarm of flies. Spud, by strategy or actual fisticuffs, captured more than his proportion of the prize.

"Look at that rusty-haired little Mick with the red tie, will you!" exclaimed Haverly, laughing. "He gets two to their one."

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At that moment Spud, hugging his spoil, wiggled from the protesting hands and boldly winked at the horseman, who, in return, summoned him with a friendly jerk of his head. Spud's heart lost a beat. He raced over, feeling for the pin and making sure the "diamonds" were face outward.

"Sportin' edition o' the *Bulletin*, Mr. Haverly?"

"How did you know my name?" asked the race king.

"I seen yuh at Ingleside. I use t' work fer Tony, de bookmaker."

Which happened to be true. Spud had worked for the bookies at Ingleside in the balmy, sea-blue days before that popular trotting park went out of commission; had there learned the names of men and horses and the interrelated ways of both; and the process, always a hardening one, had put an edge on his naturally keen Irish wit and left his conscience as smooth as flint.

"Tony works for me now," said the horseman.

"Yuh doan' say!" rejoined Spud with an attempt at conversation.

"What do they call you?"

"'Pends on how big dey are!" The men laughed. "Spud, if dey smile."

"How'd you like to ride for me?"

To have the plum thus put into his mouth made Spud's breath come audibly. It was a moment before he could trust his voice. "Any money in it?"

"As much as you can earn."

"Well——" There was a pause while Spud hesitated as though mentally calculating whether he could afford a change so radical. "Well, I'll go yuh."

"Then meet me here this afternoon in time for the three-thirty boat for Oakland," said the horseman briskly. "And here—you may need a few things to take with you—some other shoes, perhaps, and some clothes, eh?" He slipped a ten dollar bill into the boy's hand. A moment later Haverly had disappeared.

"Well, dere's sure sumpen takin' care o' muh!" snickered Spud, and removed the headlight from his necktie to inspect it. "He hooked *hisself!*"

The trip that afternoon was the most remarkable Spud Murphy had ever made. Crossing the ferry, he strutted around the outskirts of the group that smoked and chatted with Will Haverly, his turkey gobbler chest inflated, his new shoes squeaking at every step.

And the trip on the train was no less remarkable. They rode in the smoker. This was Spud's initial ride inside. He had beaten his way on brake beams and in box cars, but never had he sunk back thus comfortably in a red plush seat, his feet on the one opposite, and indulged his pride in the luxury of giving a blue-coated conductor the glassy eye.

"GEE, DON'T I HAF T' BUY A NECKTIE?"

That evening toward sunset found Spud and his new employer cantering away toward the scorched foothills which are the curled-up edges of the Sacramento Valley. They forded a field of knee-deep stubble, where the headers had been at work, and entered the Haverly Brood Farm. A group of horses and colts waited inquiringly at the bars. They were a band of scrubs sorted out to be killed and sold for chicken feed. Leading them, as they started off, was a sorrel pacer, his coat knotted with burrs, his nose black to the eyes from tarweed. He swung away with a clean stride, his rat tail straight as a pointer's.

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"He kin pace some, can't he!" exclaimed Spud, as they spurred after the band.

"He's done a mile in twelve."

It was Old Ironsides, once famous.

"An' him to de poulets! Gee whiz!" This in a tone of utmost commiseration.

"Yes. He has glanders."

Now Spud Murphy was a very precocious person. Not in the ordinary sense, but in his manner of keeping alive, and the shrewd use to which he put every chance that came his way. In the tragic predicament of the speedy sorrel he at once saw opportunity, writ large. For certain reasons, however, he decided to make his old friend Tony, rather than Mr. Haverly, partner to the scheme.

They trotted down an avenue of box stalls. On both sides a long line of pretty heads watched them with cocked ears, and whinnied as they passed. In the ruddy glow of a forge, a colt trembled powerless in the hands of three sweating blacksmiths, her lip in a twisted rope. Trainers, jockeys, and stablemen, their suspenders down, were washing up in front of their sleeping rooms. Spud had glimpses of saddles and surcingles, walls covered with lithographs and cigarette pictures, or adorned with silver-plated shoes from famous racers. Everywhere men stood at attention while Mr. Haverly rode by. It was like a military post.

"Gee, but we're some potatoes here—whut!" muttered Spud, deeply impressed by the discipline.

At the end of the avenue Tony met them. He was head man. Bald, red-faced, he wore a diamond as large as Spud's thumb-nail in the bosom of his black sateen shirt, and kept shifting a quill toothpick from one side of his mouth to the other. His smooth, rotund baywindow escaped from his unbuttoned waistcoat. To him the recruit was turned over, and he, remembering the boy as a familiar and eager figure in the paddock at Ingleside, now favored him with a place at his table in the men's dining-room.

After supper, Spud drew the trainer aside and proposed a business talk. They strolled by the low-roofed, rose-latticed villa where Mr. Haverly lived, and perched on the fence overlooking the trotting park.

Mr. Haverly, smoking a cigar and walking under the walnut trees with a Beautiful Lady, bowed to him, and said something to his companion which made her bow too. Warmed by his success and encouraged by the recognition he received, Spud broached his scheme to the trainer.

"I see yuh goin' to dispose of dat sorrel pacer you got—de one wid de glanders."

"Yes," replied the trainer. "He's incurable."

"Now say, Tony, I didn't say nuttin' to de boss about it, but if you let me enter dat hoss in de t'irty class at de fair I see they're goin' to have nex' week, you kin earn some money."

"How?"

"Why, if he kin pace in seventeen, dem Rubes'll need a telescope t' see who's second!"

"But they won't let you enter a horse with glanders."

"Dey won't know de diff: I'll doctor'm like I would me kid brudder."

"But is that fair?"

Spud bored a pair of shuttle-like eyes into Tony's, sideways. "Fair! Why not? This ain't no soul-fest. You take dem sharks wot manages de races, an' if youse kin trim dem, yer de real t'ing. Wot dey got a jury fer? If de jury passes de sorrel in, he's in, ain't he? 'Tain't my fault if he catches glanders after leavin' de post. Gee whiz!"

"But where will you get the fee?"

"How much?"

"Fifty dollars."

Spud spat through his teeth. "Say, why doan' cher go in wid me?"

The fair was not an official event, merely an informal meet of the farmers at which they displayed their stock and raced their horses. Otherwise Tony would never have consented to this sort of practical joke. As it was, in spite of his sense of humor and the pulse of the sportsman which was in him, he hesitated.

"I don't think the boss would like it."

"Doan' tell 'im till after; den yuh kin blame me."

"They'll have a couple of horses there that can pace the hoofs off the sorrel."

"I'll take a chanct; I'll enter 'im as a joke—see? Aw *kum*-mon! I need de relaxation."

"I'll tell you what you can do," agreed Tony. "You can open a pool and let the boys in with you on half shares, they to put up the money, you to do the work."

"Tony, you're a perfec' lady!" said Spud.

Back at quarters, the proposition was received with cheers. A pool was started. The amount went to twenty-five dollars,

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then stopped to get its breath. Its second wind carried it to thirty—and there it fell dead. Nothing daunted, Spud promised to find the other twenty himself.

The plotter left early for his stall, and at the door sat down and pondered. From both sides and opposite came the regular grind of jaws and the swish of hay as the thoroughbreds tugged it from the ricks, and occasionally the crash of a hoof as one of them in the exuberance of life let fly a kick. On the air was the soft breath of tarweed. The moon rose. The voices and laughter of the jockeys and stablemen reached him, the sputter of shuffled cards, and the twang of a banjo. He wandered down to the deserted oval, out of the noise of them, and again perched on the fence like an owl in the starry silence of the night.

By and by from the villa came a few notes of the piano and a song, low and vibrant. It was the Beautiful Lady singing. Spud listened intently, his face knotted with a sudden idea. Gradually the kinks left it, leaving a look of bland confidence and satisfaction. He climbed down and started back toward the parallel of box stalls, bursting into a whistle as he went. He drew a line in the dust and, toeing it, jumped once or twice, as the tension of his thought relaxed and the energy he had been giving it discharged unconsciously in more playful forms. One last leap, a punch at the grain sacks piled near the door, and, entering his room, he peeled off his clothes and huddled into the blanket, the first one he had felt above him for many months.

The next day Spud drove the pacer, according to Tony's stop-watch, a mile in two minutes and forty seconds. The little army of men and boys, in stable clothes, striped sweaters, and jockey caps, applauded him as he crossed the wire. His arms dangled like pieces of rubber hose, but he grinned as he stepped out of the spider, saying:

"Tony, we got 'em whipped to a dust spot! You trow anodder week o' oats into his face, an' I'll sign to clip dat by twenty!"

The sorrel was put up in an improvised stall where he could be fed and watered in a manner safe for the other horses; for glanders, Spud learned, was a contagious disease; and Tony then gave the boy a runner to exercise, outlining his duties. These kept him busy until near noon.

He waited about until he saw the Beautiful Lady appear on the porch and begin cutting roses, then he limped over. He reached the fountain and sat down gingerly, looking everywhere but in her direction. He did not even know that he was trespassing, that the jockeys were not supposed to make free of the immediate grounds of the villa. He heard one of them call out to him, but he only turned his back. He even whistled fragments of a tune he had learned in the ten-cent gallery of the Orpheum. Finally, he glanced up casually—the Beautiful Lady was looking at him! He lifted his cap.

"Good morning, Spud," she said.

"Mornink, lady!"

"I saw you driving the old sorrel this morning. I suppose Tony was just breaking you in with something gentle."

"Yessum."

"How fast?"

"'Forty, lady. Need any help?"

"You may hold these, if you like."

Spud tossed his cap on the porch and took the roses. She had black hair that gleamed like the coat of the thoroughbred he had ridden, and cheeks as pink as the roses he now held.

"Nice day," he remarked, by way of opening fire.

"The days are all nice here," she assured him. "So you're going to become a jockey. Do you like horses?"

"Yep. 'Tain't so much fer me, dough, as fer m' mudder."

"Your mother?" She stopped her cutting and faced him inquiringly.

"Yep. Yuh see, mudder's dyin'."

Sub rosa, Spud had been reared in an orphanage, and knew his parents only vicariously through the blessings they received from the minor authorities of that institution for bringing such a pill as he was into the world! The Beautiful Lady looked distressed and sat down to listen.

"Have you a father?"

"Nop. Dat's de trouble. When de ol' man was alive, t'ings was different; we alluz had enough to eat and lived swell out on Valencia Street."

"Where do you live now?"

"Over Haggerty's saloon on de water front."

"What seems to be the matter with your mother, Spud?"

"Sinkin' spells, lady. Scared o' bein' buried in de Potter's fiel'. Make yuh colder'n ice sometimes t' hear her!"

The Beautiful Lady looked away at the

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foothills, now veiled in a bluish haze that welled up along the edges of the valley. So deep was her preoccupation that Spud feared his shot had missed fire, when she turned her eyes on him and, studying him intently, said: "What do you propose doing for her?"

"I guess it ain't much but worry, lady. Yuh see, times is hard and dere ain't been much doin' in de wash line. Whut's eatin' her is de back rent. If she cud jes' pay de rent, I guess she'd be better."

"How much is that?"

"I ain't sure—but I t'ink it's about twenty dollars. It ain't been paid now fer t'ree mont's."

"Suppose I lend you the money?"

"Aw, lady, I cudn't take it! Not from youse!"

"Why not?"

"Well—" Spud waited, hoping to be coaxed. "A' course. But d'yuh t'ink yuh kin trus' me?"

"I'm sure of it, Spud."

"Well, den, lady, I'll take it!" He pocketed the double eagle, and, lifting his cap, said: "Mornink!"

He joined Tony on top of the paddock fence.

"What's tickling you, Spud?"

"Tony, it's a shame to take de money! Here's de rest of de fifty!"

There was a week of suppressed excitement in the stables, and finally the great day came. Spud and Tony were up before dawn, feeding, doctoring, and, above all, grooming the speedy sorrel to make him look as innocent as possible, like a scrub just off the range. With his long, burr-knotted coat, and forlorn rat tail, he seemed a ludicrous apology for a race horse—except to those who had seen him pace, for Spud had kept his word and lowered the initial record by the promised twenty seconds and one to spare. The chances were that the sorrel would do the mile in eighteen, or better. And the fact that all this ginger was dissembled beneath so unprepossessing an exterior kept the ring of his admiring friends and backers rippling in merry expectation. Another pool had been made up as a betting fund; Tony, it was agreed, would run over and attend to this end of it himself.

HE SWUNG AWAY WITH A CLEAN STRIDE, HIS RAT TAIL STRAIGHT AS A POINTER'S.

A light breakfast of coffee and ten or twelve wheat cakes, and Spud was ready. He shook hands all around and climbed into the sulky. It was not one of the feather-weight, ball-bearing spiders that were in popular use, but an old-style wooden-wheeled chariot, with rattly spokes and a broken cane-bottom seat, making, with the mournful steed and the boy in his farmer's jeans and jumper, as antiquated an outfit as could be found outside a museum or a funny paper.

"By the way, what are you going to call the pacer, Spud?" asked Tony.

The term for knocking out two at once in

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playing marbles occurred to the boy. "Dubs," he replied promptly, "becuz his tootsies moves in pairs."

Three cheers were given for Dubs, and Spud started him.

It was a long walk to the fair grounds, and Spud ambled lazily, resting under the dusty walnuts and keeping the sorrel fresh and fit. At last the bunting and flags came in sight. There came also the cries of the lemonade spielers, a blether of sheep, a bull's grumbling, and a hum of many voices. Spud chose a back way and tied up at an oak-shaded roadhouse to get Dubs into the best possible condition. Rather worried, he cast about for a ruse to distract the judges' attention, should the horse's state become so apparent as to endanger his getting in.

There was a sudden strange whistling chatter in his ear. Startled, he stared up into the oak, then under the horse trough. It came again—behind him; a little old man monkey was chained to the fence, mechanically scratching his furry belly, like a toy that has run down, his alert, squint eyes on Spud.

"Whut's his handle?" the boy asked of the white-aproned saloon keeper.

"Darwin."

"Want ter rent'm?"

"What for?"

"Mascot."

"Sure."

Spud tied a red bandanna round Darwin's neck and, standing on the trough, set him on Dubs's back.

It worked.

The squirming mass of straw hats parted to make way, and a wave of laughter followed the monkey's efforts to disentangle himself from the bandanna handkerchief and stay on the horse at the same time. The judges looked the outfit over and accepted it without close inspection as a good joke. They saw exactly what it was: a farmer's boy out for a lark, with money to spend that was as good as the next person's. If he wanted to enter his plug and could pay for the pleasure, why, enter away.

Spud's heart, shivering in his shirt, gave a bound of pleasure. He put his hand down after the fifty dollars and—swallowed. He felt again. He tried another pocket, then another. A coldness started back of his jaws and raced like cracked ice and lightning down his spine to the tips of his toes and back again. The perspiration burst out cold, then hot, all over him. Another hurried round of the pockets, standing up in the sulky, while the crowd gave way to laughter at his discomfiture. The truth hit him like a blow: his money was gone!

"Well, come on," ordered the judge; "cough up!"

"Whut time's dis event?" asked Spud, his voice trembling.

"Three o'clock."

"See yuh later." And he drove off.

He unhooked Dubs and put him up. It was lunch time and people were opening shoe boxes and paper bags of eggs and sandwiches, and boiling coffee over little fires. It smelled good to Spud, but he only ran here and there along the way he had come, like a terrier tracking his master. It was gone, all right. He must find Tony. But where? He searched the paddock and grand stand—no Tony. What could he do? The sweat poured from his face. The sense of his loss made him sick, like too deep an inhale from a cigarette. What would the fellers say? What would become of the distinction he had earned and enjoyed during the past ten days? Some of the jockeys were too big to lick, and they would all guy him, big and little. They'd want their money back,which was worse. And the Beautiful Lady—what of hers?—after all that "con" talk about his mother. He wouldn't be able to stand it; he'd have to lose his new job—the best he had ever had. They wouldn't believe him, might have him arrested!

"Holy Crimenny!" he cried in agony, clenching his fists. "Whut de *hell* am I goin' t' do!"

With staring eyes, he wandered hither and thither, smearing his dirty hand over his streaming face and wiping the palm of it on his jumper. He asked the time of every third man he met, and with the passing of the hopeless minutes, his step quickened, until every now and then he broke into a run. Once he caught a glimpse of Dubs, his head in an empty manger, and of Darwin, who had torn the red bandanna into ribbons. He hated them both.

Suddenly he stopped. The monkey, a farmer's wife dodging the smoke over a coffee-pot, four men playing horseshoes for money, and a game he had seen in the window of a toy store down the road rushed together in his mind like a chemical reaction—and an Idea was born. Instantly his nerve steadied. He cooled off. Even though he raced at the top

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of his speed for the toy store, his breath was regular again, and the hot air felt as good as a swim. He shinnied over the fence, entered the store, and bought the game—a game of lotto—with some of the money left from the ten dollars Mr. Haverly had given him. Then he scooted back to the fair grounds and into the thick of the wagons, where he opened an entertainment with Darwin playing the juvenile lead, his "props" a new tin coffeepot and the game of lotto. He began by singing:

"Eff yuh haven't got no money, why yuh needn't kum aroun'!"

The monkey himself was a drawing card, and when the picnickers understood that they were invited, the crowd which collected suggested an accident or a fight. From all over the fair grounds others came running. They elbowed and crushed forward to such an extent, in the effort to see what had happened, that they threatened to put the show out of business. Always from the interior of the circle came the shrill, tuneful injunction in ragtime:

"Eff yuh haven't got no money, why yuh needn't kum aroun'!"

The song stopped, and a monologue began:

"He won't hurt yuh, gents. Perfeckly tame—eat right off yer han'—or yer leg! Before we begin, gents, I jus' like t' menshin dat dis game is conducted on honest principles. Now, I have in dis hand what cher see before yuh—e-leven cards. Yuh kin hev 'em fer tyou bits apiece. Mr. Darwin will den kinely accommerdate us by extractin' a number from de solid silver coffeepot whut cher see stan'in' on de velvety green before yuh, an' d' gent whut has the correspondin' card—are yuh all nex'?—wins tyou dollars! Now, who'll take de first? Tyou bits apiece—tax of a shave, shine, an' a hair-trim. Five buck nickels. Thank yuh, sir! Nex'? Hyere!—dat's plugged! Slip us some o' d' real Bryan! Nex'? One at a time, please. One at a time, I say! Yuh got all day!"

On every round Spud realized seventy-five cents. Before long his pockets were bulging with silver.

"Cheese it!" warned somebody from the outer circumference of the game, and dropped his card like a hot waffle.

A special officer pushed through the crowd, pounced upon Spud, and dragged him away by the ear for gambling without a license. He landed Spud and his monkey accomplice behind the bars of the box-car jail, and left him to his reflections.

Spud waited only till the officer had disappeared, then began a deft, hasty examination of his prison. Every bar was tried quickly, with all the force of his body; but all were firm. So hot were they on the sunny side of the car that they burned his hands. The padlock was out of reach. He glanced round; not a stone nor an implement of any kind. Springing, he caught the windows, one after another; they, too, were fitted with immovable iron bars. Each failure whipped his nerves to a higher pitch of excitement, until, as his helplessness was at last forced clearly into his mind, he lost his head and, running the width of the car, threw his side against the implacable gratings of the door. Again and again, like a wild bird in a cage, he hurled himself upon the square of daylight, and each time it felled him like a blow.

TONY GAVE THE BOY A RUNNER TO EXERCISE.

To make his torture more maddening, the festivities began. Between freight cars he caught glimpses of the procession: the giant

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drum major, his baton shooting sparks as it whirled in the sunlight; the huge, prancing, dapple gray stallions, a man at each head; the cream-colored bulls with copper rings in their noses; the black and white milch cows, their teats like the legs of a milking-stool, jetting milk as their swollen udders swung from side to side; the float of wheat sheaves, presided over by a queen in yellow hair and a gold crown. Immediately after, the first race was called. His race was next—and here he was, a prisoner; the twenty odd dollars he had made lay in his pocket, useless.

Just then—footsteps.

"Spud!"

Tony's voice! The padlock snapped, the door opened, and the monkey, escaping, leaped to the officer's shoulder, where he perched, staring wildly back at Spud and indulging in a flow of jungle talk that was positively uncanny.

"Spud, I bailed you out. Come quick, or you won't get that horse entered." Tony pulled him out of the car and they started off on the run.

"Tony!" The boy paused, trembling. "I tied de fifty up in my handkerchief, but I lost it!"

"Lost it! Well, you're a——!"

"Don't tell de kids. Here's summore I made. Gee, look at me shake!—worse'n a dope fiend! Tony, *please* doan' tell de bunch!" He kept shoveling out the silver—nickels, quarters, half-dollars and whole.

Tony's eyes set in his head like marbles. "How much have you got there?"

"Twenty-seven and a quarter. Stake me fer de rest! Please, Tony!"

"Of course, I'll stake you," said the good-natured trainer, hugging the boy to his side and cackling softly.

"Tony, yer a prince! I alluz said so. Kum-mon, help me put the harness on Dubs: I can't reach 'im!"

He led the way to Dubs's stall, stooping to snatch up a sandwich which some one had thrown away and cramming it into his mouth as he ran; took a pull at a water faucet, and mopped his face on his arm, while Tony put the sorrel into the shafts.

"Kid," said the trainer, helping him into the sulky and shaking hands, "you're a wonder. Listen. There are nine starters, and a five hundred dollar purse. If you can win this race, I'll see that you're all to the good with Haverly. Now go out and work."

When Dubs entered the speedway, driven by a wee blue starfish, a ripple of laughter waved over the grand stand, and applause crackled like musketry. The bookmakers had started the odds at twenty to one, but the appearance of the horse on the track spread his name like fire from lip to lip, and the betting on so dejected an object dwindled until the bookies were obliged to lower the price. As Spud passed the paddock, he could see them standing waist deep in the sea of straw hats, their heads bare, offering the newcomer at a fabulous figure.

"Dubs, fifty to one! Here you are, gentlemen, fifty to one shot!"

Cheering greeted the arrival of the favorite and other contestants. They formed a splendid spectacle and a formidable array of talent. Among them Dubs walked like a cart horse. Only, when rapid hoof-beats thudded alongside, he would cock his ears, and lose an inch or two in height, his shaggy rump shrinking suddenly into the breeching. Once he got away from the boy—and the odds changed to thirty. But soon he was quieted and dropped back into his dirge-like stride. This was sufficient, however, to awaken a more lively interest in Dubs, and men kept calling from the fence:

"Let him out, kid. Give him his head."

The gong sounded, and from various points along the stretch the other drivers, who had been warming up with exhibitions of speed, turned and paced leisurely toward him. Spud's nerves began to tingle, and he took a firmer grip on the checks. They wheeled, formed a platoon, and began to drive. With practiced eye, the boy saw that they would never cross the wire together, for one or two of the animals balked at the start, so he dropped behind to save his horse and avoid entanglements with the judges or bookmakers. Again they started, again flunked. For fifteen or twenty minutes they wore their horses out in this foolish effort to obtain the advantage of an uneven start, but the man with the flag held them as tenaciously as a professional starter, and it was with satisfaction that Spud saw the soapsuds start from under the harness of his opponents, while Dubs was as cool as a cucumber. The judges commenced to fine, and that fixed the over-anxious farmer-drivers. Again the platoon wheeled, and this time they started flank to flank. The ground trembled with the thud of forty hoofs. They crossed the wire. The flag dropped.

"They're off!" A cheer from the grand stand.

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Spud heard it dimly. He was a unit in the moving mass. The pungent smell of sweat and wet leather, the stertorous blowing of the horses, the frightful thunder of their hoofs, the tension on his arms, the fierce, hot blast of wind in his face, the harsh voices of the men urging with whip and rein, the hail of gravel and dust from the hoofs, sank into his senses, swept them of all fear, and left him vibrating with the fierce frenzy of conquest, cruel and determined, his eyes mad, his mouth like a tight-healed scar.

The sorrel, loosed at last, was transfigured. The memory of old victories returned to lend him youth and valor. His horse soul awoke once more to honor the long line of speedy progenitors from whom he sprang. And honor them he did. He seemed to know that this was his last race. Nose out, ears back, eyes unblinking in a crescent of red, his hoofs swinging with the steady rhythm of steel drive-wheels, he held the bunch of youngsters, some of them ten years his junior, with a grim persistence that made his boy driver moan with pleasure.

As far as the curve in the oval they clung together. That reached, they straightened into a string led by the favorite. She was young and limber. The sun gleamed on her neck and flanks like burnished copper; the rest of her swinging body was black velvet, with snow where the harness touched. Easily she widened the gap between her driver's burst suspenders and the outstretched muzzle of the horse following. Dubs was ninth.

Suddenly, toward the middle of the string, a roan horse went down with sunstroke. A knot formed, the horse next heaping on top, and the next. There was a tangle of horses, humanity, and wrecked steelwork; a kicking, cursing, groaning tangle in a cloud of dust like an explosion. With all his strength Spud pulled the sorrel to the outer edge of the course and sped by, grazing the twirling wheel of an upturned spider, and hugged straight back to the fence—sixth.

He couldn't swallow. His arms began to wilt. But he gritted his teeth and hung his weight back from the lines, panting. So great was the tension at which both mind and body were working, however, that the fright wore away almost as quickly as it had come; and the stronger impulse of battle, coupled with the exhilaration of partial victory, tightened his muscles.

The quarter was reached. Five men to beat.

"Hurry up, there!" yelled Spud, the imp in him finding voice. "Walk up his back, Dubs! Bite off his elbow!"

"THE BEAUTIFUL LADY."

The driver turned, and his horse broke.

"Back to de woods!" jeered Spud, as he whirled by.

With an oath, the driver cut viciously at the boy and missed.

"Never touched me!" jeered Spud. "*Hayseed!*"

Horse number four was likewise overhauled. Dubs wore like an engine, his neck rigid, his scantily-clad rat tail protruding from under the boy's arm. His shaggy hair took on a deeper brown from the sweat that foamed under the reins. He might have just forded a river, he was so wet. Even the stump of tail glistened with trickles of moisture, and the soaking process, which left his coat like sealskin, allowed the play of the full-netted muscles to show under the skin. He was rejuvenated, and looked, every inch of him, the predestined racer he was, with an air of assurance and determination that bespoke breeding and almost conscious superiority. In him was no uncertainty. Childish

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things, like going off his feet, he had long since put aside. There were no frills on his method of racing. It was the sober old warrior fighting with a minimum expenditure of energy, unexcitable, deadly true in his reach, and a gentleman always. Horse number four was easy. Spud grinned.

From the grand stand, faintly but prolonged: "Dubs! Dubs!"

"Dubs, if yuh'll only get near enough to dat black mare fer me t' holler, I'll bury yuh wid a brass band! Oh, let out jes' a little link more! Jes' a *little* link!"

The fence jigged by like a kinetoscope.

The boy spared the whip, though his hand ached to use it. He urged soothingly. He pleaded. He squeezed the stump tail under his arm, like the reservoir of a bagpipe. He fastened his eyes on the backs of the next men: he saw the tip of a handkerchief in the hip pocket of one, the other's hair, like a frayed, rat-eaten grain sack. A flying pebble closed his eye. Dubs waded through the hail of gravel like a cavalry horse through bullets, the boy ducking his head and peering with one eye from under his hat brim, the other smarting with tears. A fleck of spume stung his face like a spit-ball. He pulled out, trying to pass the pair in front, they going wheel to wheel. But pass them he could not. The gilt disk at the three quarters shot by with the flash of a mirror. They reached the turn together. Dubs dropped behind.

Spud could bear it no longer. He threw mercy to the wind, and laid the whip smartly across the sorrel's flanks. The result almost keeled him backward out of the sulky. His hat blew off. Dubs sank his belly to the ground and began to skim.

"How kin I bear t' leave yuh!" shrilled Spud, catching his breath, and not daring to take his eyes from the frantic machine he was driving. A dull roar from the hill of faces which was the grand stand greeted him as he bested numbers two and three.

A straightaway now to the wire. Only one horse to beat—but she was the favorite. Her four bright shoes swinging like double pendulums glittered ahead of them with exasperating ease and swiftness. The driver was confident.

Inside the fence a long line of farm wagons, buckboards, and covered buggies was bustling with people shifting their positions for a better view. They were standing on seats and clinging to one another. They were cheering and waving their hats. Far down the stretch the judges in their tower were watching through field glasses. The favorite was only a dozen yards to the good.

They reached the first of the vehicles, and Spud heard the cheering, distant as through a dream. His mind was fastened like a leech upon the black mare in front. He urged and whined and chirped over Dubs's rump in agonized intensity. He kept his eyes on the favorite's driver. All the venom in his stunted vagabond body was focused on that back. He heard the man talking in a low, quieting voice to the nervous mare.

"He's afraid to whip!" thought Spud. "I'll make 'im! Dubs! Dubs!"

Old Ironsides stood the punishment, exerting himself now to the utmost. He did not shrink nor dodge. He had been trained to pace. Dam and sire for many generations had combined with the infinite care of owners to produce that perfect steadiness of gait which no amount of beating could now divert into the speedier escape of the gallop. Had he once left the ground, his last race would have ended in failure, and this he seemed to appreciate better than the reckless lad who gave him the lines and plied the coaxer.

He couldn't make it. The younger horse had the more reserve. Spud went wild. He sucked his lips, wet them quickly with his tongue, and took a long breath.

"Hi-yi-yi! Whoop-la! Ice-wagon! Shove on her tail! Change feet! Move over, you tangle-foot, an' gimme some room! Whew-ah!" His newsboy's shriek ended in a prolonged screeching whistle. It scored.

Instantly the black mare, flecked with snow, sprang into the air—and broke, her driver trying to saw the gallop out of her gait. But Spud was alongside. He rose in the sulky and, yelling with redoubled fury, snapped his whalebone over the sorrel's ears. The black mare, driven without blinders, thought the blow was for her. She made a wild jump for the fence, sending the near spectators tumbling to the ground.

"Go it, Dubs!" yelled Spud, his eyes bulging. "Go it, you old son of a sea-cook!"

The favorite was now behind, but coming fast. The grand stand lost its head and churned down like a waterfall, spreading over the paddock and along the fence as against a dike. It seemed to have a million arms beckoning the favorite to come in.

"Lady May! Lady May!"

"Dubs, fer the love of God!" begged the wee blue starfish.

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"GO IT, YOU OLD SON OF A SEA-COOK!"

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And then instinct did what whip could not. It required the palpable presence of this horse behind him to shake the last kinks of old age out of Dubs's legs. The nearer she came, the faster he went. And, when he heard her breath and felt it beside his, the instinct to go where she was going and to get there first, his law of survival, rejuvenated his dying energies.

Five yards more.

"I told yuh! I told yuh! I told yuh!" reiterated the frenzied Spud, whipping. "Beat to a custard, you freckled-faced squash-eater! Dubs, we got 'em! We got 'em! Now! Ah-h-h—! We DONE it! Pie-face! Spinach!"

The gong sounded. Spud was whisked under the wire like a charging Indian, foaming with exulting taunts of victory. And Dubs won the first race for pacers. Time: two minutes, fourteen and a fifth seconds.

The boy dropped his whip and tried to ease up the pacer. He might as well have tugged at a stone wall. He threw his weight against the sorrel's mouth without budging the rigid neck and head. Old Ironsides had gone speed blind.

"It's over!" cried the boy. "Didn't cher hear de gong?"

But Dubs heard nothing. On and on he went in the killing heat of the afternoon. Like a trained fighter who could not quit nor foul as long as life lasted, he continued racing as though the favorite were still beside him. The others gave them the track. Spud now was silent and frightened. Two miles—three. A throng poured into the stretch in the effort to stop them, flagging the sorrel with their coats as he came. He scattered the bunch like rabbits, would have trampled them under foot but, just as he crossed the wire on the fourth mile, something in the wonderful mechanism of the old racer snapped and he went down as though shot, ploughed through the dust, and lay still, while the limp, helpless driver was pitched headforemost out of the sulky. The panting, sweat-soaked flanks, corded with whip cuts, ceased palpitating. Only the muscles of the legs quivered. Old Ironsides had gone out in victory and honor to join his illustrious forefathers in the land beyond the turf.

That night, after the supper of lamb curry and beans, at which, as may be imagined, Spud, his victory sobered by the sorrel's death, was guest of honor, Tony informed the boy that Mrs. Haverly wished to see him. In the half light of the candles, the profusion of luxury in the villa bewildered him. The Beautiful Lady sat at the piano, a wolf-hound stretched on the bear skin at her feet. Mr. Haverly, too, was there, reading.

"Well, Spud," he said, quieting the dog, "Tony has told me of your exploit with the old sorrel. Of course, I'm glad you won—I'm proud of you; but I don't want you ever to play a trick of that kind again while you are in my employ. Don't you see what a position it places me in with the farmers?"

"Yessir." Spud hung his head, one hand on the gold pieces in his pocket.

"I don't think he'll do it again," said the Beautiful Lady, drawing him to her. "And Spud—where did you say your mother lived. I had Mr. Haverly's man hunt for Haggerty's saloon, but he couldn't find it. I hoped we could do something for your mother."

The boy looked up, frightened. A poignant something had begun to pain and suffocate him. It was strange and disconcerting. He shut his teeth, but, in spite of his effort to restrain them, the hot, exasperating tears pricked through his eyes, and, to complete his humiliation, before he knew it, he was crying like a "skirt." He didn't know why this was, except that he had "done" some one he liked, some one who had been kind to him and helped him out.

"Lady," he explained, the tears choking him, "I didn't mean t' kid yuh. I ain't got no mudder. I was only workin' on yer sympatees. But I'll pay yuh back, lady, I'll pay yuh forty dollars; dat's double!"

The Beautiful Lady and Mr. Haverly exchanged glances. Her lips twitched, and he became absorbed in the evening paper.

"Thank you, Spud," she said gravely; "the twenty will do."

Thus ended the greatest day of Spud's young life; he had become a hero, made more money than he could count without pencil and paper, and discovered within himself a strange new sort of pain commonly called conscience.

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The Players

IF the theme of "Mid-Channel" and the people in it were as fine as the technical excellence of the play, it would rank as a truly great drama. But its nature is dross, and the most skillful of workmen, though he execute the design of genius, cannot make gold of dross.

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Certain intellectual luminaries maintain that the true critic of the drama has no business to concern himself with the morale of a play, insisting that his function is merely to determine whether the dramatist has made a play that presents his idea in the most effective dramatic form.

If the playwright be classed as a craftsman only, then possibly this view is correct. There are many craftsmen among the dramatists—some crude ones who never lose the heavy touch of apprentice hands; others with a highly developed artistic sense coupled with great ingenuity, but only craftsmen for all that. It requires a high order of intelligence to be a fine craftsman; but if all dramatists were merely craftsmen, there would be no big plays. After all, the idea is bigger than the play, because it can live after a drama made to interpret it has failed, whereas the play whose only merit lies in its mechanical perfection has small permanent value.

Sir Arthur Wing Pinero is probably the ablest playwright who works in English, and

Photograph by Byron, New York.

IN "THE WITCH."

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"Mid-Channel" is, technically, his greatest achievement. While it demonstrates his mastery of the art of playmaking, it also proves that he is anything but a big man. For his chief concern is with unworthy motives and unworthy people, and he portrays both with a kind of photographic accuracy, apparently without any definite purpose beyond obtaining the maximum of sensation. The play has a morbidity, a kind of sentimentality which, if skillfully handled, always has a wide appeal, especially to certain classes of women. But those of clear and wholesome minds usually describe it by a colloquial expression that in this case is definitive. They call it a "rotten" play.

The name of the drama comes from a little preachment by the only really decent character among the men—and he wouldn't take any ribbons in a Man Show—who talks about a reef in the English Channel which menaces all voyagers that cross it and near which most of them get seasick. Somehow, to Pinero, the "sea of matrimony" always seems to mean the English Channel, and those that embark in the Pinero craft are invariably wrecked, after great misery.

The effectiveness with which the nature and the lives of the people in the play are pictured is marvelously telling. Nothing could be more natural, more illuminating than the bitter but silly quarrel of the *Blundells* as to what hotel they will stay in when they go to Paris to celebrate the reconciliation of a few minutes before. That's the kind of people they are. Moreover, its clearness, the coordination of incidents, and the succession of apparently inevitable situations give the play unusual dramatic power. Never have I seen a drama more closely knit together. It moves swiftly, convincingly, and the cunning of it is beyond description. But apart from the feeble kindliness of *Peter Mottram*, who attempts to reconcile husband and wife, there is not a fine action nor a noble motive in it from beginning to end. It deals with the meaner side of a people whose lives are sordid and useless, people who are mere cumberers of this good green earth. They are not big enough nor important enough to be tragic.

The acting of the play is really superb. Ethel Barrymore demonstrates in it that she can do big things; that she is not dependent upon her charming personality, but that she has skill and power. It is a great advance on anything she has done hitherto. Charles Dalton, as the middle-class husband, is almost too realistic in his acting, which reveals strength and technical mastery; while H. Reeves Smith—as the kindly friend with a creed of manners—is as nearly perfect as an actor can hope to be. Indeed, the whole cast could hardly be improved. But one feels that the fine achievement in writing the play and in acting it is wasted upon something that is not worth while.

"Madame X" is one of those sensational melodramas that come along every few years and make a tremendous financial success because of the cleverness in playing upon the emotions of susceptible persons until they become hysterical.

In this French play the action revolves about a recreant wife who, in the first act, discovers an overwhelming love for her child after the man for whom she deserted her husband has died, and she seems much pained because her husband will not forgive her There is an interval of twenty years in which she sinks lower and lower in the social scale, a victim of absinthe, of drugs, consorting with criminals. But she remembers what she has been and kills her ex-convict paramour because he plots to blackmail her husband. Her own son is appointed by the court to defend her, without either of them knowing of their relationship—a point which seems rather far-fetched, unless the woman had completely forgotten her name.

The whole drama is planned to make the last act the great climax, and everything is sacrificed to it. This court scene is worked out with consummate skill, and it is truly a marvelous illustration of the thaumaturgic power of the theatre. The audience is made to forget what the woman has been, to put aside all sense of justice, of proportion, of decency, and to open the floodgates of sympathy for the mother. By the most skillful manipulation, it is worked up to a point where hysterical outbursts from women are not uncommon. Even the sanest men are held in the grip of the drama, only to growl their resentful disgust when the falling of the curtain breaks the spell and they realize that they have been the victims of trickery—and rather cheap trickery at that.

It is interesting to know that Chicago didn't make much of a fuss over "Madame X," partly because the reviews were unfavorable. The idea found lodgment in the minds of the critics that the melodrama was intended for a great moral show, whereas it is a nerve-

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JULIA SANDERSON AS *EILEEN CAVANAGH* AND ALAN MUDIE AS *JACK MEADOWS* IN "THE ARCADIANS."

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DOROTHY DONNELLY AS *MADAME X* IN THE PLAY OF THAT NAME.

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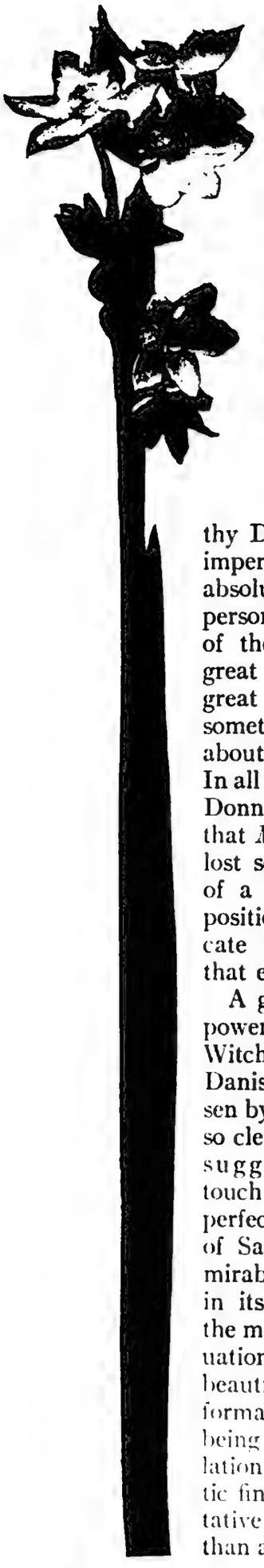

racker and nothing else. Another reason may be found in the fact that the morbidity which is a concomitant of sophistication isn't so marked in Chicago as in New York, where degenerate drug fiends are more familiar, and therefore less shocking.

The most important, the most interesting, and the most extraordinary thing in "Madame X" is the acting of Dorothy Donnelly. It is a real impersonation, a portrayal absolutely foreign to the personality and character of the player, and it has great power. It is truly great acting, and that is something we talk much about and see very seldom. In all her degradation, Miss Donnelly makes it plain that *Madame X* never has lost some of the attributes of a woman of birth and position, and it takes delicate touches to produce that effect.

A gloomy, tremendously powerful play is "The Witch," adapted from the Danish of H. Wiers-Jenssen by Hermann Hagedorn so cleverly that there is no suggestion of a foreign touch—the story fits so perfectly into the dark days of Salem. It is truly admirable in its development, in its characterization, in the moving power of its situations. Moreover, it was beautifully acted, the performance of Bertha Kalich being something of a revelation in its charm, its artistic finish, and its interpretative force. But stronger than all these things, which go to make a real success, is the repugnance that the play arouses. This would be true if it were the greatest drama ever written, because there is nothing blacker in our history than the fanatical wickedness of the Salem witchcraft days, nothing we are more eager to forget. It is hardly conceivable that an American could have written "The Witch." And only a truly artistic institution like the New Theatre would have produced it. That is the trouble with Art, as Mr. Schopenhauer discovered—it recognizes no responsibilities, except to itself.

A most entertaining play is "*Alias* Jimmy Valentine," about as good a drama of its unimportant kind as the stage has known in years, because every moment of it is interesting, much of it highly amusing, and there is a real thrill in the end, all of which is provided without asking the audience to think at all. It is so purely objective and direct that even the dullest brain can record it, and it is ingenious enough to command the attention of a keen one. Paul Armstrong took a short story by O. Henry, called "A Retrieved Reputation," and practically the whole play is in that; but apparently Mr. Armstrong was the only playwright to realize its possibilities for translation to the stage. And he has done his work with skill and effectiveness. Also H. B. Warner, who made his first appearance in New York as a star, has created *Jimmy* artistically and well, an achievement that counts, for it would be very easy to make the hero of the story a cheap and uninteresting person.

Jimmy Valentine is a professional criminal, in the beginning—an immensely clever rogue, who is serving a sentence in Sing Sing for a crime he did not commit. Mr. Armstrong grips interest at once by presenting prison types, and making them perform the specialties which distinguish them in the underworld. They take keen delight in showing off, and the bits are extremely well played. The interest of a sweet young girl secures *Jimmy's* pardon and a place for him in her father's bank in the West. *Jimmy* also persuades his two pals to "turn straight."

But there is a sleuth on *Jimmy's* trail; it's a personal sort of struggle, in which professional pride is engaged, and it runs all through the play. When *Jimmy* is assistant cashier of the bank, and engaged to marry *Rose*, the nice young girl, he wriggles out of a dangerous situation in which the detective appears to have him cornered, only to face a pretty big problem. *Rose's* little sister is locked up in a

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Photograph by White, New York.

MAY DE SOUSA IN "A SKYLARK."

new safe, and *Jimmy*, in order to save the child's life, is compelled to fall back on his old burglarious specialty of opening a combination lock by the sense of touch. Thereby he reveals his identity to the detective, whom he had thrown off the track, and the truth about his criminal career to his sweetheart, who believed he was honest. It makes a most exciting scene, and it comes where it should, at the very end of the play, which has exactly the value of a well-constructed detective story, depending upon cleverness of invention to sustain the interest.

Mr. Warner's portrayal is notable in its artistic sincerity. In the first act he looks and acts the crook who is so clever as to give the impression of being exceedingly dangerous. In fact, until the very end one never feels absolutely sure of *Jimmy*, so subtle is the star's characterization. And there is never the slightest hint of exaggeration. Very fine also is Frank Monroe as the detective, a rôle that usually is played badly; while Laurette Taylor, by sheer personality, makes *Rose* a real and delightful human being.

"A Man's World," by Rachel Crothers, who wrote "The Three of Us," has fine possibilities, most of which are realized, until the end of the third act, when the drama goes to pieces along with the problem she presents. Except when she is trying to handle real men, Miss Crothers has a wonderfully clear insight into character, and the ability to portray it effectively. Also she has a brilliant gift for natural, convincing dialogue. The theme of Miss Crothers's latest play is the sin-

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Photograph by Gilbert & Bacon, Philadelphia.

VERA FINLAY AS *MRS. HUNTER-CHASE* IN "BRIGHT EYES."

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gle standard of morality—which, of course, refers only to sexual morality—for men and women. She presents her problem in a very interesting and highly dramatic form; but when she tries to work it out, she ignores the real and only solution of the particular problem she presents, in order to assert, when she can't prove, the truth of a general proposition.

The heroine, *Frank Ware*, a novelist, has an adopted child who bears a remarkable resemblance to *Malcolm Gaskell*, her devoted admirer; and this causes gossip and no end of interesting complications in the Bohemian household where *Miss Ware* lives. It comes out that *Kiddie* is really *Gaskell's* child, the mother having died in *Frank Ware's* house in Paris. That creates a gulf between *Miss Ware* and *Gaskell;* and when the woman asks her lover whether he would forgive her if *Kiddie* were her child, and he says he wouldn't, she sends him away for good.

The real trouble with this play is that it is immoral, and the grave offender is *Miss Ware*. It is because of her immorality that the audiences go away disappointed. Her position is exactly like that of the pious folk of Salem, who tortured the witches to death. She is just as sincere as they were, and not much more enlightened. She has made a Law. She can conceive of no mitigating circumstances, no possibility of a sinner's having grown wiser and better. She hasn't the slightest consideration for *Kiddie*, who may need a father's care more than anything in the world. All she thinks about is the literal enforcement of Her Law. For that she is willing to sacrifice herself, the man, *Kiddie*—the whole world, if need be.

Miss Crothers's mistake is that she establishes a universal law, and then proves Professor Lounsbury's sage observation that when one states an axiomatic truth the first thing we set about is to find out wherein it is not true. It seems doubtful whether Miss Crothers could have found, had she searched for years, a more effective or more convincing exception to the rule she has laid down. It is the business of a play to solve its own particular problem. If it deals with generalizations, it is usually a pretty poor play.

Of course, as Miss Crothers has drawn the characters of *Frank Ware* and *Malcolm Gaskell*, they act consistently and get exactly what they deserve. The idea of finally separating them by a hypothetical question is a joyous, if unconscious, bit of ironic humor. One doesn't feel in the least bit sorry for the pair, but one does feel profoundly sorry for *Kiddie*, doomed to be raised by *Miss Ware*. One is sorry, too, for *Clara Oaks*—one of the Bohemians—the most perfectly drawn, the most real, and the most pathetically humorous character that has appeared on the stage in many a day. She is one of those thin, anæmic, untidy creatures that no man ever wanted, who is struggling to be a miniature painter and has known ten years of failure. Helen Ormsbee plays the part perfectly.

Mary Mannering, who is the star of "A Man's World," is lovely to look upon and always charming, and she does as much as she can with the rôle. So does Charles Richman as *Gaskell*, but the part is hopeless from an acting standpoint.

After having two phenomenal successes with "Paid in Full" and "The Easiest Way," in which he demonstrated himself a photographic dramatist of extraordinary skill, Eugene Walter made an effort to write what he probably meant for an intellectual play in "Just a Wife," and the result is really sad. It has a beginning, and that is all. It doesn't get anywhere, but wanders along aimlessly until the curtain drops on the final act. Had anybody but Belasco produced it, it would hardly be considered a play at all; but the "Wizard of the American Stage" has so large a following who believe implicitly in everything he does that any play he presents is sure to make money for a time.

William Collier is his clever, smooth, deliciously funny self in "A Lucky Star," which is a kind of comedy, perhaps—there are a few comedy situations. As a matter of fact, it doesn't seem to make the slightest difference what kind of vehicle Mr. Collier has. All that is necessary is a means of keeping him on the stage. He is bound to provide laughter all the time. Within very narrow lines he seems to have endless invention. No matter what the comedy may be at the beginning, it is all William Collier when he presents it.

Maxine Elliott is another star who seems to be superior to a comedy. Never was there a flimsier trifle than "The Inferior Sex"; but it is cheerful and pleasant and amusing. The remarkable thing about it is that the whole three acts are played by practically three people—the star, Arthur Byron, and O. B. Clarence. The last named is a really finished character comedian, who has the part of a valet, and who gives one of the most finished and at the same time one of the funniest portrayals this season in New York has known.

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FLOWER IN BLOOM

By BESSIE R. HOOVER

Author of "Pa Flickinger's Folks," etc.

Illustrations by John Conacher

"OPAL," shrilled Ma Flickinger from the kitchen, "there's company a-comin' up the walk, and we look like a pigpen. What'll we do? It's somebody stylish a-comin' to call on you."

"Maybe it's just an agent," encouraged Opal, who, with a pile of schoolbooks beside her, was studying for a teacher's examination.

"No, she ain't a-carryin' nothin'; it's the land knows who from the land knows where! Nobody that I ever set eyes on afore; but style!—don't say nothin'."

"Maybe she just wants to inquire where somebody lives," suggested Opal.

"I've a sinkin' that she's a-comin' here. She's a-rappin' jest like she was sure we wanted to see her. For a penny we'd keep mum and leave her rap till doomsday—what say, Opal?"

But Opal was already at the door, and Ma Flickinger heard her cordially welcoming the obnoxiously stylish young lady.

"Come in, Ma; it's only Fairy Jones," Opal assured her mother.

"Land o' Goshen!" exclaimed Ma when she beheld Fairy, who had lived neighbor to them on Loretta Avenue.

"I told my ma that I betche you'd have a fit at seein' me," giggled Fairy, delighted at the impression she had made. "Ain't I the swellest kid yit? It's my new white dress—made long—and my pomp, and rats, and high heels. Lookie!" And Fairy flirted her head and spread out her skirts before the astonished eyes of Mrs. Flickinger and Opal.

For Fairy Jones, whose mother had for several years persisted in dressing her too young for her age, was no longer a little girl with abbreviated skirts, lanky legs and arms, and a brushy mop of red hair down her back. She was clothed as a young lady in a new, well-fitting gown. Her hair was drawn back from her fair, freckled forehead in an immense brick-colored roll that was carried around her head like a circular embankment, with a hard, shiny mound on top, from which flapped several gigantic white ribbon bows, like flags of truce. She wore no hat, for it was considered "stylish" on Loretta Avenue to go bareheaded in warm weather. And Fairy's heart danced with joy at this transformation.

"I must say, Fairy, that your ma shows sense in so doin' you up," approved Opal's mother.

"Nobody can call me daddy longlegs now," declared Fairy complacently.

"Nobody ever did but Little Butch Panner," Opal reminded her.

"And he oughter been cuffed," said his grandmother.

"But he jest did it for a josh," admitted Fairy generously.

"Josh or no josh—'twa'n't a very pretty name," asserted Ma.

"I come over, Opal, to git you to go to St. Joe with me this afternoon, 'cause there ain't nobody else that I could git," announced Fairy frankly. "Ma's busy, and I'm mad at Fern Bistle, and I don't want none of the little kids on our street a-taggin' after me."

"Why not go, Opal?" put in Ma quickly. "Then you could visit the school commissioner and find out where there was a vacant school. Opal's a-goin' to teach this fall," she proudly informed Fairy.

"I know it," said Fairy. "I heard it at the grocery store. Come on, Opal—it'll be fun to visit the commissioner. I'll go with you."

"But I dread so to go to his office," demurred Opal, who did not want to teach school.

"Why?" demanded her mother.

"He's so dignified—all the girls are afraid of him."

"To my mind that's a p'int in his favor," praised Ma.

"Is he married?" inquired Fairy Jones greedily.

"Yes, he is," answered Ma shortly; "and I'm glad of it. I never see him myself; but Mis' Bistle has, and she says he's got a grand

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education and that he looks like a governor ought to."

"That's it!" cried Opal. "I'm afraid I won't know what to say."

"Shucks!" exclaimed Ma. "If you can't find words at first, remember there's always the weather to talk about. And, Opal, I'll betche you'll like him—they say he's a lovely man," encouraged her mother. "Jest ast him where all the vacant schools is; how you git out to 'em; who the officers be, and which one is most likely to take a shine to you; and when the teachers' examination is."

"But that's so much to remember," dissented Opal. "Besides, I'll have to get a certificate first."

"A high-school graduate can always pick up a stiffcut," stated Ma confidently. "And tell him you're a graduate or any other old thing about your education that you think he ought to know," she continued, unmoved by Opal's objections. "But not in a swell-headed way, remember," she cautioned. "And don't do nothin' unladylike; but try to git on the good side of the commissioner if you can; if he *is* a turribly well-educated party, he ain't more'n human."

"You'll go, won't you, Opal?" teased Fairy.

"Of course she'll go," agreed Ma. "And I shouldn't wonder a bit, Opal, but what the commissioner'll be so smit with your bein' a graduate and the way you tackle him that he'll hand you out a neat little school to-day; and if he does, don't, for the land sakes, forgit to say 'Thank you kindly, sir,' for I do hate these shut-mouthed folks that takes everything for granted. It looks tight."

"And Opal can wear the new white togs she made for the picnic that Seftie Woods was a-goin' to take her to—and then didn't," said Fairy, who knew all the gossip of the neighborhood.

"Jest the thing," agreed Ma. "Opal's never had 'em on since that mornin' she set around all primped up a-waitin' for Seftie to come. She jest won't wear 'em. And you'll see now, Fairy," declared Ma with considerable bitterness, "that Opal'll come down in her old duds. Why don't you go and dress, Opal? What're you hangin' around here for?"

Dispiritedly Opal went upstairs to do her mother's bidding. And as she took from the closet her pretty white dress, which had never been worn away from home, and her dainty white hat and long white gloves, a wave of homesickness for the happy times with Sefton Woods passed over her. And the memory of that picnic morning when the roses were just beginning to blossom came poignantly back to her; but she put the thought of it resolutely away and went downstairs.

"Gee! What lovely togs!" exclaimed Fairy with hearty admiration. "I heard at the grocery store that your pa said you looked jest like a bride in 'em."

"How on earth does such a personal thing as that git loose in the grocery store!" flared Ma angrily.

"Mrs. Flickinger, you can search me," returned Fairy solemnly. "But probably Seftie and Opal'll make up yit," she added hopefully. "Seftie's an awful nice boy."

"Probably they won't," denied Ma shortly; "and Opal Flickinger knows it. And I'd 'a' give Seftie Woods the go-by myself if he hadn't got ahead of me. I never did want him here; but he couldn't seem to see it."

"And Little Butch Panner is turrible mad at Seftie, too," contributed Fairy, "'cause Seftie stopped him scarin' us girls with a snake."

"Butch is always a-makin' trouble somewheres," complained Ma.

"Have you heard from Butch lately?" asked Fairy.

"Yes, we have," affirmed Ma. "He thought it was cute to run away from home, but he soon got enough of it and begged his pa to send for him to come back. But William Panner he wrote Butch a real upliftin' letter, tellin' him to stick by his job and a man never regrets it, which made Butch so spunky that he sent a postal sayin' he was mad at his pa and had left the thrashin' machine and was goin' where gold is. And we dunno whether it's Alasky or Californy."

"Then mebbe we'll never see him ag'in," said Fairy, so dolefully that Ma immediately took offense.

"I know that you always stuck up for Butch," she said; "but you can see now that he never had no feelin's for nobody."

"But a boy like Butch don't like to show his most intermut feelin's—even if he's got 'em, Mrs. Flickinger," defended Fairy.

"You might say that of Opal's brother Jed—he's a gump with a good-sized orgin for a heart; but Butch jest naturally ain't got no signs of an orgin at all. He's all heels and holler, as his grandpa says; and when I add stummick, there you have Butch's auterbiography—all there is to him."

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"And Butch's pa's sick, Mrs. Flickinger. Do you know Big Butch Panner's sick?" demanded Fairy, instantly alert to tell a piece of news.

"Yes, William's sprained his foot; besides, he's worried hisself into a fever over Little Butch. He needs the boy at home the worst kind of a way; but he can't git word to him. I dunno as Butch'd come home if he knowed his pa was sick, either, such is his ornery make-up. And it seems all the worse to me, 'cause Butch used to be here about half of his time; I kinder miss the little tyke myself—I don't care if he is disagreeabler'n tunket. But his ma's spoilt him."

"And Butch's pa's feelin' worse," informed Fairy.

"Yes, he is," assented Ma gloomily. "Panner's a-worryin' his head off about the boy."

"Butch wrote to me onct, and he seemed kinder homesick in his letter," related Fairy.

"Yes—in his letter—" echoed Ma. "He jest wanted your sympathy; it's the baby a-showin' in Butch. And now, girls, go on. And, Opal, be *sure* to call on the commissioner. Don't you dast to sneak out of it! And don't stay after you git through; the commissioner's a busy man—or ought to be," corrected Ma, remembering that she knew nothing of the habits of that exalted personage except by hearsay.

"I'll betche it won't be hard for Opal to git a school," prophesied Fairy.

"Of course it won't," responded Ma. "Land! it's the dream of my life to see Opal a schoolteacher; it beats gettin' married all holler.

"Opal," she yelled, as the girls started down the walk, "remember to introduce Fairy—she's old enough to be made known; you mustn't let him git the idee that you're woodsy. Why, I'm tickled to death to think that you're actually goin' for a school," exulted Ma. "And this schoolteachin'll put an end to all foolishness about Seftie Woods or any other beau," she thought complacently, then added generously aloud:

"Have a good time, girls, and git an ice-cream cone if you seem to need it; but I'd let sodie water alone—it's treacherous stuff."

"Gee! but it hurts to hobble along on these here high heels," Fairy confided to Opal; "but look how swell they be."

On the street car, Fairy, who was having a good time, did most of the talking; and Opal thought idly, as Fairy chattered on, how delightful it would be if she were really

SHE HAD SAID OVER AND OVER AGAIN A LITTLE SET SPEECH IN WHICH SHE WAS TO DISMISS HIM FOREVER; NOW, AS THEY WALKED UNDER THE ARCHING ELMS, SHE COULD NOT REMEMBER ONE WORD OF IT.

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going somewhere with some one that she cared to be with.

"Here's the courthouse where the commissioner's office is at," announced Fairy when they reached St. Joe. "But let's go on to the Lake Front. It'll be a longer ride. And we can come back here any old time. I want to see Silver Beach first."

"All right," agreed Opal, glad of a little respite from the dreaded visit to the school commissioner who looked like a governor ought to.

As the dusty blocks shunted by the car window, Opal felt that they were very much like the dreary days that now passed for her in gray, joyless succession. And when they reached the boulevard and she saw the lake lying beyond the gay little park, an immense semicircle of blue waters, its skyline, dim and remote, suggestive of so many far-off, dearly desired things, filled her with unrest.

"The inter*rub*an car's jest in. Gee, ain't it big and yallow!" admired Fairy, devouring it with her bulging light blue eyes. "And chuck-full of folks. We'll watch 'em git off," she announced, as she and Opal left the street car. "Mebbe there'll be somebody on the inter*rub*an we know."

Opal, glancing carelessly at the large yellow car, was astonished to see a strangely familiar figure swing down the steps with as bored an air of foreign travel as ever a cosmopolitan felt or assumed.

It was Little Butch Panner. But he was wonderfully metamorphosed. For Butch, who had been a blundering, overgrown boy when he ran away from home, now posed as a full-fledged young man. He wore an ultra-fashionable green hat, and his formless chin was upheld by a very Chinese wall of a white collar. His suit was a turbid tan, and an aggressive brick-red necktie flapped brilliant ends; while his feet were encased in offensively yellow shoes. There was nothing left of Butch to tell the tale of his former hoodlumship except an old gray canvas satchel, which now bulged with his discarded clothes.

But, as if this were not sufficiently surprising to Opal, behind him came, handsome and eager, Butch's old enemy, Sefton Woods, upon whom Butch had vowed to be avenged.

Opal was so confused that she would have turned aside and escaped their notice; but not so Fairy Jones, who joyfully hailed Butch and Sefton.

"Why, Miss Jones!" exclaimed Sefton Woods, so taken aback by the grown-upness of Fairy that he could not remember her first name.

"Glad to meet you ag'in, Miss Jones," followed up Butch politely, which was probably the first civil remark he had ever addressed to Fairy. Then he dropped his satchel and grabbed Opal by both hands, inquiring heartily: "Where you been a-keepin' yourself lately, Old Girl?" as if it were Opal and not himself who had run away. "Gee, but your white duds is swell! How's Gramma?"

"Your grandmother is well; but, oh, Butch, your father is sick!"

"I know," said Butch soberly. "Sef Woods here, he told me. Why don't you shake hands with Sef? You used to be turrible thick."

"She hasn't had a chance yet," declared Sefton Woods, offering his hand to Opal with a smiling cordiality that she would have given much to be able to resent properly. But she found herself greeting him with a responsive smile of welcome.

"Ain't Pa no better?" burst out Butch, as Sefton tried to talk to Opal.

"No, Butch, he's worse." Opal felt very severe with him. "We thought you had gone west. Why didn't you stick to your work as your father wanted you to? Oh, Butch, how can you act so?"

"Thrashin' machine's busted," answered Butch importantly. "Nobody can't work now till a new piece gits there from New York."

"When are you a-goin' west, Butchie?" questioned Fairy breathlessly. "Say, how much'll it cost you?"

"I ain't a-goin' west," grinned Butch. "I'm a-comin' home to visit the folks till the machine gits mended."

"Then why did you write you was for?" demanded Fairy. "A-scarin' everybody into fits!"

"I was a-goin' west when I first got Pa's letter; but Jake Friday, you know, the feller I work for, he got on to it; and he don't care what he does to you," said Butch reminiscently, rubbing a long scratch on his nose. "Then I got to thinkin' Pa's letter over, and I stayed by the machine."

"Butch has enlightened me about certain things concerning old Willie Briggs," said Sefton Woods eagerly to Opal, as if anxious to explain his neglect.

Opal, listening with averted face, did not encourage him to go on, having firmly de-

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cided that she did not care for a reconciliation. The lonely weeks that she had waited for Sefton to return now rose grimly before her, and she would not look at him.

But Fairy Jones struck in, greedy to talk: "I knowed you was set up, Mr. Woods—everybody said so at the store. Nobody blamed you nor Opal neither for the go-by."

"'Twa'n't a real lemon that Seftie handed you, Opal," declared Butch earnestly.

"I don't see, Butchie, how they'd leave you work on a thrashin' machine when you ain't but fourteen," said Fairy, reverting to Butch's affairs.

"I told 'em I was a-goin' on twenty-one," explained Butch with a sly grin. "Besides, I'm big enough."

"What makes your grip so heavy?" demanded Fairy, lifting it, and feeling its bulging sides with open curiosity.

"Boots," stated Butch briefly.

"Aw, more'n that," declared Fairy.

"Arrer heads and stones from St. Joe River," added Butch, with an uneasy glance at a receding street car.

"Butchie's bringing some of the country back with him," explained Sefton Woods.

"That's right, Sef," agreed Butch, resting one great red hand affectionately on Sefton Woods's shoulder. Opal, remembering Butch's many threats against Sefton, was mystified.

"Are we all a-goin' to stand here till doomsday?" demanded Fairy. "Me and Opal was a-goin' to Silver Beach. Would you boys wish to go along?"

"I'd ruther see my pa first," said Butch wistfully.

"Why, Silver Beach we can go to any old time," broke in Fairy generously. "Come on, Butchie, let's go home; here's a Pipestone Street car," and Fairy caught hold of Butch's arm.

"Do you suppose Pa'll lemme work in the meat market—after you know what, Opal?" asked Butch anxiously.

"Yes, Butchie, he'll be glad to have you. And remember to go in quiet," cautioned Opal, "because your father is sick."

She saw a sudden mist pass over the boy's eyes at the mention of his sick father; but he mopped his face ostentatiously with a dingy white and green handkerchief, and said swaggeringly: "I suppose the first thing Pa'd like to do when he sees me would be to lam me for runnin' away; but such is life! So long, folks. See you ag'in, Sef."

"We'll haft to hustle if we git this car, Butchie," warned Fairy, jerking at his arm.

"Why, Fairy," remonstrated Opal, "aren't you going to stay and go home with me? We came together," she explained to Sefton Woods.

"Land, Opal, ain't you bright?" called back good-hearted Fairy. "Would I hang around after you know who's come?"

And the last they saw of Fairy and Butch that day was the fluttering flags of truce on Fairy's red head and the back of Butch's green hat, for his face was set unwaveringly toward home.

"I must go with them," Opal told Sefton. "I don't know why I didn't think of it in the first place. Oh, yes, there was something my mother wanted me to do in St. Joe; but I can't think now what it was."

But as the bell rang warningly, Sefton Woods detained her by the arm.

"Then I shall take the next car," said Opal with offended dignity.

"Certainly, if you wish," agreed Sefton; "but first I have something to say to you, Opal. Have you blamed me entirely for this long separation?"

She could not answer; but as she looked at him now that they were alone, there was something in his face that she had never seen there before: it was the pain of their estrangement that spoke with insistent pleading.

"There are too many people here," he said. "Shall we walk through the park? You can take the car from Main Street."

Opal had thought many times just what she would say to Sefton Woods if he ever returned to her. She had said over and over again a little set speech in which she was to dismiss him forever; now, as they walked under the arching elms, she could not remember one word of it.

When they had passed beyond the last loiterer in the park, he placed her hand on his arm, though he did not speak to her. But the farther they went, the more beautiful the way grew. The strip of green on the lake bluff was a magic garden, whose beds of geraniums glowed with a mysterious flush. The elms held high above them a gracious roof, made of the living green of fluttering leaves and the blue of heaven itself. The path, stretching straight ahead, dappled with sun and shadow, was a precious mosaic prophetically symbolic of life. And the great lake seemed intimate and near, its skyline no longer suggestive of the unattainable.

When at last he spoke to her, and would

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have explained what kept him away, Opal, who had been so long and so painfully trying to adjust herself to his absence, was conscious only that he, too, had been unhappy, and she said: "Oh, Sefton, don't, please don't tell me. I know now that it was just a mistake. You know I trust you."

They did not take the first car home. Many cars came and went while Sefton and Opal wandered into the country. The road that they followed would have seemed rather ordinary and commonplace to the unprejudiced observer; but to them it was the veritable path of their hearts' desire; and the dusty green of the trees, and the ragged plumes of the wayside goldenrod, were touched with a radiant beauty.

That her mother was sure to object, that she ought to visit the commissioner and inquire about a school, never once occurred to Opal. That there would ever be any unrest, or anxiety, or trouble in the future she could not foresee. The flower of love, which had budded under such untoward circumstances as her mother's disapproval and Sefton's seeming neglect, had bloomed this wonderful summer afternoon into a perfect blossom. For Opal and Sefton had arrived at the beatific understanding that nothing should ever part them again.

THE TALE OF THE YEARS

By OWEN E. McGILLICUDDY

SUMMER and winter and spring,
Heat and the cold and the rain—
This is the tale the years bring,
Blessing and bane.
Labor and reaping that's sweet,
Twilight and day and the night,
Seed and the soil and the wheat,
Darkness and light.
God made His earth for man,
Home for a little span.

Sowing and gleaning and rest,
Sorrow and mirth and a smile,
Glow in the East—in the West,
Day for a while.
Flowers to garland the earth,
Flowers to lay o'er the dead;
Tears and some sighs and some mirth,
Earth for a bed.
God gives His call to man
After a little span

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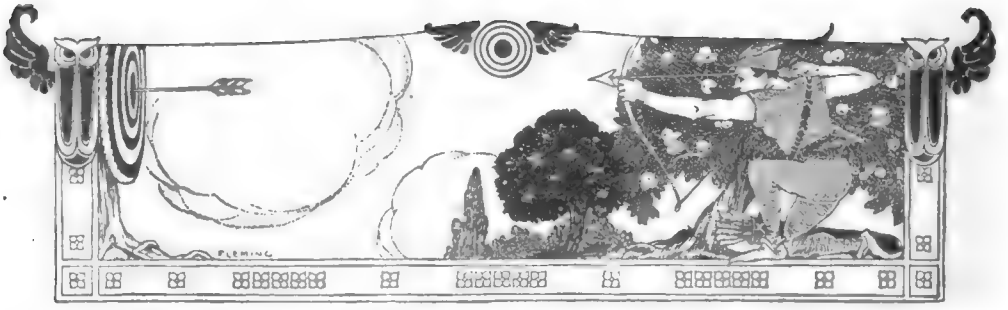

STRAIGHT TALK

"SINCE USING YOUR POLE I HAVE USED NO OTHER"

I have just finished my perusal of this month's magazines, and the most interesting fact to me was the discovery that Commander Peary really found the Pole just where we have been told it would be by eminent astronomers, artists in the employ of harvesting companies, and Santa Claus. I am glad that the momentous question has been at last positively settled.

In the settling, a great good has been done to suffering humanity, for now we know the only watch that can be trusted on our next trip to the cold depths of the cellar to fix the furnace, the single brand of breakfast food that can be depended on in an emergency to act either as food or life preserver, the peculiar kind of pencils that will serve, from signing affidavits to the practical duties of bill paying; the really reliable bottle that will give us a hot drink as we struggle through six-foot drifts to the 7:30 car; the original and only razor that can be used in shaving in the cold, gray dawn of the early morn; the shaving brush that will remain forever, as the Pole itself; the one mechanically perfect camera that works as well in the spot-light as in the dark of an Eskimo's "tupik"; the unbreakable, only-one-of-its-kind piece of aluminum ware that will convert a cubic foot of ice into a gallon of boiling water with only the heat of a match; the solitary brand of shells with which it is wise to kill a burglar; the head-and-shoulders-above-the-rest store in the country where a fellow may buy mosquito netting for next summer while ordering a couple of tons of coal for this week's burning; the real kind of tobacco with a "cool," refreshing flavor; the ideal deodorant and bed-bug exterminator; the special kind of powder adapted to blowing our enemies to a place as hot as the Pole is cold—and one enterprising advertiser goes so far as to say that he will furnish us with the same underwear that Peary wore.

Father (waist measure 48) has written for the shirt that warmed Peary on his famous dash, as the one he now has on is too thin for this cold weather. Of course, Father knows that he is larger than Peary, but he is willing to squeeze himself somewhat if he can only say that he is wearing the same shirt that Peary wore when he discovered the Pole.

I, myself, am really beginning to believe that Peary got there, for, although he took Dr. Cook's motto "Inveniam viam aut fake it," and said that he found none of Cook's sardine cans nor affidavits near the Pole, the fact that advertisers throughout the country have so unanimously acknowledged Commander Peary's right to the appellation "Pole Discoverer" is sufficient proof to me. But there is one point on which I am still at sea, Which brand of gum-drops is best?

H. B.

Lincoln, Neb.

WE, TOO, WISH IT WERE FICTION

I am not a regular subscriber, but every month as soon as the magazine is out I buy two copies; and ever since Judge Lindsey's articles have been running, the first thing I do is to stick my nose down and keep it there until I have devoured all his instalment. Then I turn to the balance. The first thing that claimed my attention this month was "How Cronan Went to Athens."

Now, don't tell me that story is a true one! Of course, if you say so, I'll believe you, but I'd hate to think that American sport has descended so low, in common with American politics! Has it really got to that point, as described in the story? Or is it only a piece of fiction? It doesn't have the fiction ring, but I hope you will tell me it is. And is there really such an American as that "Commissioner"?—God save the mark!

I saw a game of basket ball here the other day between two rival high-school teams of pretty girls—athletic beauties, every one of them. The

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left guard of one team was the buxom daughter of an Irish washerwoman, her opponent was the pampered daughter of the biggest grain dealer and warehouseman in town. It was rare, clean sport. Both teams were fit as figs and in fettle—as light as feathers on their feet. Both crowds were strictly and rampantly partisan, to be sure, but do you know, when the referee decided on a foul that the home crowd saw differently for the opposing team, they howled him down against their own darling girls and made him reverse himself! Clean, honest sport! And at the banquet that followed, the banker's daughter got up and said if there had been another player on the opposite team equal to Mrs. H——'s girl, whose shoulder she was proud to encircle with her arm, the D. H. S. would have been bested in the first half! Hurrah and horroo!

In '82 when, as a 'prentice boy to a blacksmith, a young giant won for his home company the nineteenth yearly first prize in Georgia's State Firemen's tournament, with water over the line in 19⅘ seconds, 100 yards dash—the captain of the ex-champion team, a son of one of the proudest families of slave owners, himself looking like a dilettante but able to break horseshoes with his naked hands, pinned the medal upon his opponent's breast, and took the blacksmith boy home in his own carriage, and gave him the place above the salt in his father's house.

Later, the dilettante, in a flood that swept down houses and plantations, manned a boat with negro workers from his father's own plantation to rescue a family of blacks perched in a tree. When the boat could hold only one more and was then nearly swamped, the dilettante gave his place to a pickaninny and took the swift current for his return to shore. And he made it; too! That dilettante fell under the first fire from the Spanish guns on San Juan, and among the last words he uttered, were: "Give 'em hell, boys; we're all Americans to-day." The "boys" were the colored gentlemen of the Tenth, who, I heard an ex-Confederate general (it was Little Joe) say, won the day at San Juan. And that was good, clean Americanism. In his last breath the Georgian aristocrat was still a fair-minded American, always willing to give credit where credit was due, even to a "nigger." I wonder if your "Commissioner" would have done it!

C. F. W

Dalhart, Texas.

THE PSYCHOLOGY CHAP WAS A PROPHET

I was greatly entertained this morning in reading Mr. Kellock's amusing story in the April number of your magazine. I noticed he spoke of Clarence, in his search for 1317 Clay Avenue, being compared to Dr. Cook by a facetious street-car passenger, and later also speaks of a little butterfly child playing in the garden, which one must infer is the offspring of Clarence and Gertrude, who had not met when the story opened. I am inclined to think it was not the "Psychology chap who knows all about the human coco" that wrote the story, but either Clarence or his equally absent-minded father-in-law, for there seems hardly time since Dr. Cook acquired sufficient fame as a polar seeker to be discussed in the street, to raise a child large enough to be allowed to play in the garden.

J. A. B.

Enfield, N. H.

THE EMMANUEL MOVEMENT

I have read with interest the article of Samuel McComb, D.D., entitled "Nervousness—A National Menace," in the February EVERYBODY'S.

Will you allow me a few paragraphs for some minor comment? No doubt we possess to-day a number of national menaces. Many of these EVERYBODY'S is bravely opposing. The dangers it as a magazine seems to see are real dangers; but the danger Dr. McComb himself sees is only an imaginary one. He may, if he likes, call me dogmatic (which is his way of disposing of Münsterberg and others who have taken exception to this ridiculous talk about our national nervousness), but I wish to say there is not an iota of evidence tending to show that a national nervousness is about to overwhelm us. It is true that many of the psychoneuroses are now recognized and treated, whereas formerly they were misdiagnosed or neglected, but it cannot be shown by statistics or otherwise that they are increasing. I think that such an idea can only be the product of a strange indifference to medieval social and psychological conditions.

It might easily be imagined by any one reading Dr. McComb's paper, and ignorant of developments in medical science during the past twenty years, that the clergy of the Emmanuel cult are the only individuals in the United States who know anything about those nervous disorders of which the assistant director of the Emmanuel Movement writes with such facile dilettanteism, or who are interested in, or practice, psychotherapy. The facts of the case are that, while these clergymen are the only persons who persistently advertise themselves as practicing it, there are very many physicians who recognize and use constantly many different forms of psychotherapeutic procedure. There is scarcely a city of any size in the United States where there are not at least two or three men in the medical profession who are doing good work along this line—indeed, much more scientific work (if we may judge from the magazine articles that come from its Boston headquarters) than is being done in the circles of the Emmanuelists.

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Every idea of value expressed in Dr. McComb's article is the product of whom?—the clergy of the Emmanuel Movement, conducting prolonged clinical and laboratory experiments in the field of abnormal psychology? Not at all, for they conduct no such investigations; they merely make an amateurish use of the results of others. What we know of abnormal psychology and psychotherapy has been given us by such men as Janet, Liebeault, Freud, Binet, Prince, Boris Sidis, Münsterberg, Jung, Duboise, Forel, and many others I might name, who, every one of them, were, or are, not clergymen at all but first of all physicians, next psychologists, and then psychotherapeutists Furthermore, they were working in this field long before the Emmanuel Movement was ever thought of.

Writers on this latest form of church activity continually speak of the much-to-be-desired coöperation between religion and medicine, but I am totally unable to find anything in the literature of the cult that convinces me that their methods are religious at all. Dr. McComb himself refers much more frequently to the authority of Janet than to that of Jesus. In what way did religion enter into the treatment of the cases he cited? I am sure that when I get a case that I feel religious consolation will help, I do not hesitate to refer the patient to his minister; but as for the application of psychotherapy—well, I look upon that as one of my own duties. I believe in coöperation between medicine and religion, but in thousands of hospitals in the United States this coöperation has long been an accomplished fact. I have the honor to belong to the staff of one such hospital, but its directors, who are clergymen, do not consider it their duty to treat the patients Evidently what Dr. McComb and his co-laborers choose to call coöperation is nothing more than the exappropriation of a special field of medicine by men totally unfitted by education and training for its cultivation. If there were a grave and irremediable neglect by the medical profession of these forms of nervousness, some excuse for the Emmanuel Movement might exist. But is there such a neglect? I should say that there is not, and in proof of that statement I might name some half dozen physicians within a street-car ride of Dr. McComb's study who are much better prepared to treat the conditions he describes than he is himself.

Most all forms of nervousness, even though they may be very simple to treat and not at all serious in themselves, occupy a place between ordinary physical diseases and true mental or brain disease. No one who, therefore, is not more or less familiar with mental disease as well as general medicine is competent to cultivate the field that Dr. McComb so nonchalantly enters. As to Dr. McComb's personal ability I cannot say, but I do not hesitate to add that however competent he himself may be, any attempt on the part of the clergy in general to assume this work will be fraught with a danger graver than the danger of that national nervousness which this author seems so greatly to fear. I am, of course, aware that case anecdotes constitute better advertising copy than do replies to critics; but when Dr. McComb writes his next magazine article on the Emmanuel Movement will he be good enough to answer the following questions?

Does he consider himself competent to differentiate between the early symptoms of paresis and a simple neurasthenia; between certain hypochondriacal states and the depressed phase of the manic-depressive psychoses; between hysteria and, on the one hand, any organic nervous disease, or, on the other hand, dementia praecox? Suppose that the physician who has referred the case to him has himself made a mistake: would Dr. McComb be able to recognize it? Would not a neurologist be more likely to recognize it? Would not an incorrect diagnosis of the diseases mentioned possess elements of inconvenience, if not serious danger?

Suppose an organic disease develops upon the basis of some functional disorder under treatment in Dr. McComb's clinic: would he readily recognize that?

Suppose the organic disease complicates the functional, as it frequently does: is his custom then to pass the patient back and forth between the clergyman and the physician?

Can he, or any one else, for that matter, draw any sharp line of demarcation between the organic and the functional?

Does he seriously believe that diagnosis and treatment can be divorced to the extent he evidently advocates? Would not the physician who is able to diagnose these disorders with sufficient delicacy to justify the referring of his functional neuroses to Emmanuel practitioners, be wiser to treat them himself?

Since the treatment of the psychoneuroses demands a knowledge of general medicine, psychiatry, and psychology, how can the author justify the undertaking of this work by a class of men who have had no training in the first two of these branches of science and only a superficial training in the third?

Will he tell us why clergymen, any more than any one else, should assume to practice medicine without a state license based on the usual educational qualifications?

Lastly, I ask, since his profession has begun to busy itself with medical problems, can it be that the great moral problems of our civilization are all settled?

RALPH WALLACE REED, M.D
Visiting Neurologist to the Bethesda Hospital and the Ohio Hospital for Women and Children, Cincinnati, Ohio.

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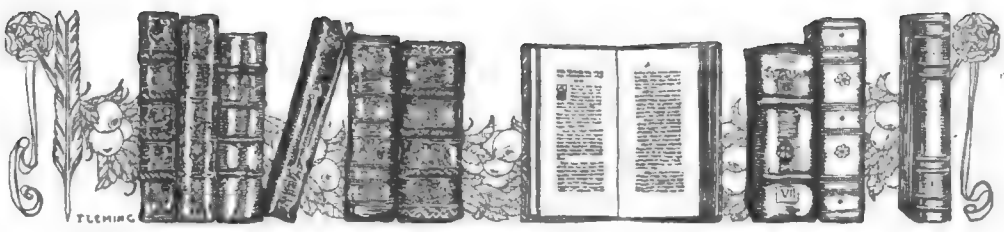

A ROW OF BOOKS

By J. B. KERFOOT

Mr. F. W. Bain, an Englishman resident in India, a student and lover of Eastern literature and a linguistic lapidary of exquisite skill and taste, has exhumed for us from the ancient Hindu manuscripts a semi-precious moonstone gem of Oriental folklore, recut it, polished it, and offered it for our appreciation in "A Mine of Faults" (Putnam). Lovers of beauty will do well to seek it out; and those of us who are most alive to the restless, questioning, analytical, modern efforts to "get wise" to human nature will do well to turn for a moment to examine this calm and yet canny wisdom of the past, the sum of whose simplicities so nearly balances the total of our complexness. The story is one which Maheshwara, the Himalayan Jupiter, is represented as telling to his wife Parwati, when she objects to his calling her by one of the Hindu names for woman, a name which by a play upon sounds means either "the moon" or "a mine of faults." It is a love story in which a young war lord of the plains who deems himself a woman hater is robbed of this illusion and of a victory by the subtle wiles, and even more by the appealing weakness, of a daughter of his rival. It is told to prove that woman's charm is half dependent on her faults, and when Parwati asks if the story does not also prove the same of man, the lord of heaven leaves her in the nearest approach to a huff that Himalayan deities permit themselves. Truly there is nothing new under the sun. Here (from across how many centuries and oceans?) there faces us that woman question we are so concerned over, and also that woman's question which we still answer by begging it.

But before passing on, I should also like to say that it seems to me this literary visitor from another age and race, so wholly idyllic in form and so searchingly fundamental in its implications, can help us to see in a little truer perspective some features uncomfortably salient in our present fiction. The most forceful and most vital novels of the moment, both here and in Europe, are almost entirely concerned with an earnest study of sex; and it follows, by an invariable law, that the flippant and time-serving fiction of the day is busy exploiting the same theme. And the fact that the forgotten writer who first crystallized this dainty Eastern legend into words could hint most of our conclusions, while ignoring all of our analyses, seems at first glance to discredit the necessity of our none too lovely labors. But if, after reading "A Mine of Faults," one will stop to think how little of the wisdom underlying its romantic glamor we should have discovered ten years ago, one will get an inkling of what these ten years have done for us. The truth seems to be that just as, after some centuries of distorted endeavor to exalt the soul by mortifying the body, we of the West have been forced to take lessons of materialism in order to re-arrive at truth; so, having for generations pretended to deify sentiment by denying sex, we are now in train of relearning the A B C's of life in order to be able once more rightly to interpret its poetry.

It is, quite possibly, an unformulated recognition in the popular mind of some such truth as this that has recently gained nearly half a million French readers for a novel written by a woman who has so far successfully hidden her identity under the *nom de plume* of Pierre de Coulevain. This novel, translated into English under the title of "On the Branch" (Dutton), takes the form of a diary kept by a woman novelist of nearly sixty, whose misfortunes have softened her judgments, whose literary career has trained her

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insight, and who, in face of a peculiarly disturbing situation, finds herself at once puzzled by her own impulses and interested in their analysis. It is, I had almost said, essentially a woman's book. But what I mean is that it is an essentially feminine book. It shows us a particular woman's solution of an exclusively feminine problem, and it makes no pretense of viewing the situation from a neuter standpoint. It is largely concerned with the less obvious psychology of sex, but it is utterly free from eroticism. It is keen, clever, and worldly-wise; yet it is saturated with sentiment and sedulously preaches a naïve fatalism and an optimistic faith. In short, it is a genuine, if somewhat obvious, attempt to reconstruct the poetry of life from the elements of the modern literary laboratory.

If you knew that eight or nine men and women —men, say, like W. D. Howells and Henry James and William Hanna Thomson and Thomas Wentworth Higginson and John Bigelow and H. M. Alden and Guglielmo Ferrero, and women like Elizabeth Stuart Phelps and Julia Ward Howe—had agreed to hold a meeting behind closed doors and tell each other frankly what they really thought about immortality, and if some complacent fairy offered to turn you into a fly and let you sit on the chandelier during the meeting, would the proposition interest you? If so (which I believe is tantamount to saying, if you have thought enough about the subject yourself to have become curious as to what other, and older, and clearer thinkers really think about it), a recent volume called "In After Days" (Harper), to which these men and women have each contributed an essay embodying their thoughts on a future life, offers you, as near as ink and paper can, a substitute for that magical chance at eavesdropping. You cannot, of course, look into their faces as they talk; but you can, if you try, look into their minds, one after the other, as they write. And although (naturally) no one of them can tell you anything about immortality, yet, together, they can and do tell you a great deal about that more immediate and almost equally alluring mystery, the intellectual chemistry by which one man's meat becomes another man's poison.

When we sit on one foot until the blood stops circulating in it, we say, when we try to use it again, that it is "asleep." So, after leaning lazily on a word till meaning ceases to flow through it, we find, when we try to mean something by it again, that it has become cant. And these phenomena are both productive of inconvenience. At the moment the words "art" and "artistic" have become cant words, and meaning either altogether refuses to flow through them or flows painfully to the accompaniment of mental prickles. Only the other day I heard three people seriously discussing whether, in fiction, "unhappy endings" were "artistic." It was, of course, quite apparent that they did not clearly know what they meant and, when I was obliged to leave them, they were still monotonously jumping up and down on the word "artistic," trying to restore its circulation. If they had begun by (no matter how crudely) paraphrasing the benumbed expression; if, for example, they had asked if "unhappy endings" are interpretative, how quickly they would have realized the absurdity of the general question, have seen the possibilities of its discriminative applications, and so have been enabled to get somewhere in their discussion. I choose, therefore, to say of Mrs. E. L. Voynich's skillfully contrived study of two sensitive characters and picturesque story of early nineteenth century France, "An Interrupted Friendship" (Macmillan), that it is unescapably and yet unobtrusively interpretative. It invests an unforeseen miscarriage of sentiment with the dignity of the inevitable. And, whether we are conscious or unconscious of the connection, the satisfactions of "art" are dependent upon the measure and the method of its investiture with that dignity.

I had intended in this number of EVERYBODY'S to say something of A. Radclyffe Dugmore's "Camera Adventures in the African Wilds" (Doubleday, Page). I had had, to be quite frank about the matter, some misgivings in arriving at this decision, because I had read the volume with altogether too personal an interest to be critical in regard to it. Not only have I had occasion myself to pull the detonating string of a flash-light apparatus in the face of animals sufficiently supplied with teeth, claws, and ferocity to make the adventure thrilling, but Mr. Dugmore had actually asked me to be his companion on this expedition. And it does not clarify your judgment about a book to realize that it came near to depending on your promptness with a .450 cordite rifle whether the author lived to write it or you to review it. But the splendid and, indeed, unequaled photographic results of Mr. Dugmore's trip, and the interest I have reason to know that many readers of EVERYBODY'S take in wild animal photography, determined me. And now I pick up an April copy of the magazine and find Mr. Dugmore and his lions "at home" in its pages, and also an invitation to a rhinoceros party in the same number in which these notes appear. So I content myself with saying that twenty other animals hold a reception under Mr. Dugmore's auspices in the very handsome volume in question.

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UNDER THE SPREADING CHESTNUT TREE

EDITOR'S NOTE.—A good story is a treasure, and, like other precious things, hard to find. Our readers can assist us, if they will, by sending any anecdotes they find that seem to them good. Though the sign is the Chestnut Tree, no story is barred by its youth. The younger the better. We shall gladly pay for available ones. Address all manuscripts to "The Chestnut Tree," enclosing stamped, addressed envelope.

A COLORED man, who was much worried by the attentions paid to his wife by a man of the same color, went to the judge and told him all about it. The magistrate advised him to begin at once proceedings for a divorce.

"But I don't want a divorce," protested the complainant; "I want an injunction."

There is a theatrical manager in New York who, in his early days, piloted a small circus through the villages of the Middle West.

"At that time," he says, "I was featuring an Italian as 'Biancialli, the Strong Man from Rome.' One day, traveling from Kansas City to Omaha in a day coach, the strong man and myself were seated just ahead of a tall man with side whiskers. Whether or not the man overheard our conversation, I am unable to say; but after a time, he leaned over and tapped my companion on the shoulder, saying, 'Excuse me, sir, but are you not Biancialli the Strong Man?'

"Biancialli admitted the soft impeachment.

"'Is it true that you can lift two and a half tons in harness?'

"'Yes.'

"'You can hold two men at arms' length?'

"'I can.'

"'And put up five hundred pounds with one arm?'

"'Yes.'

"'Then,' concluded the man with the side whiskers, 'would you kindly raise this car window for me?'"

"Darling," he breathed rapturously, "I swear by this great tree, whose spreading branches bear witness to my sincerity—I swear that I have never loved before."

The girl smiled faintly and observed:

"You always say such appropriate things, George. This is a chestnut tree."

"Tommy," the schoolma'am asked, "why are you scratching your head?"

"'Cause nobody else knows just where it itches."

At the International Sunday-school Convention at Louisville, in answer to the roll call of states, the reports were verbally given by the various state chairmen. When the Lone Star State was called, a brawny specimen of Southern manhood stepped out into the aisle and with exceeding pride said:

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"We represent the great state of Texas. The first white woman born in Texas is still living—she now has a population of over three millions."

There was a pause of bewilderment for a moment, and then a voice from the gallery rang out clear and distinct:

"Send that woman out to Wyoming—we need her."

"That's right," said the teacher encouragingly to the very small boy who was laboriously learning his A B C's. "Now, what comes after G?"

"Whiz."

A teacher in a New England grammar school found the subjoined facts in a composition on Longfellow, the poet, written by a fifteen-year-old girl:

"Henry W. Longfellow was born in Portland, Maine, while his parents were traveling in Europe. He had many fast friends, among whom the fastest were Phœbe and Alice Carey."

"What's this I hear about Casey?" asked McGinnis.

"He's been trying to asphyxiate himself," said O'Reilly.

"G'wan! What did he do?"

"He lit every gas jet in the house and sat down and waited."

A schoolteacher instructed a pupil to purchase grammar, and received, next day, this note from the child's mother:

"I do not desire for Lulu shall ingage in grammar, as I prefer her to ingage in useful studies and can learn her how to spoke and write properly myself. I have went through two grammars myself and I cant say they did me no good, I prefer her ingage in german and drawing and vocal music on the piano."

Two young women went to the matinée. They could not get seats together, but were told at the box office that each could have an end seat, center aisle, in adjoining rows, and most likely somebody who came alone and had a chair next to one of them would obligingly exchange seats. Near the close of the first act, one of the young women timidly whispered to a heavy, middle-aged man at her side, who had been sitting stiffly and looking straight ahead:

"Are you alone, sir?"

The man buried one side of his face in his program and breathed:

"Sh! Wife."

The wife of a literary man of the Indiana school, who had taken up chicken raising as a side issue, was telling of the poor success she had with a brood of eleven chickens. They seemed to be doing all right for a few days, she said, and then, one after another, they all died in the coop.

"What did you feed them?" asked the wife of a farmer neighbor.

"Feed them?" exclaimed the author's helpmate. "I didn't feed them; I thought a healthy young pullet like that should have milk enough for her chicks."

"There was one man whose life was perfect," said the Sunday-school teacher. "What one of you can tell me who he was?"

Little Mary Jane's hand went up and the teacher nodded to her.

"He was Mamma's first husband," she said.

Standing before his dresser after coming home rather late from the club, he picked up his hair brush when he reached for his hand mirror. He held it before his face for a moment and then said to himself:

"Great Scott, old man, you need a shave!"

"No man can serve two masters," said the priest to one of his parishioners.

"I know that, yer Riverence. Me brother tried it, and now he's doing time for bigamy."

"I hear, doctor, that my friend Brown, whom you have been treating so long for liver trouble, has died of stomach trouble," said one of the physician's patients.

"Don't you believe all you hear," replied the doctor. "When I treat a man for liver trouble, he dies of liver trouble."

A small boy returned from the home of his grandparents and was told that while he was away the stork had brought him a baby brother.

"Go right in and see him," said his aunt.

"I'd rather see the stork," replied the boy.

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Everybody's Magazine

PUBLISHED BY

THE RIDGWAY COMPANY

ERMAN J. RIDGWAY, *President* JOHN O'HARA COSGRAVE, *Editor* WM. L. JENNINGS, *Sec'y and Treas.*
RAY BROWN, *Art Director* ROBERT FROTHINGHAM, *Adv. Mgr.*

SPRING AND MACDOUGAL STREETS, NEW YORK CITY

WITH "EVERYBODY'S" PUBLISHERS

WE repeatedly take part in a dialogue about as follows:

Friend: How much do you get for advertising in your magazine?

Everybody's: Our rate is five hundred dollars a page.

Friend (interested): And how many pages do you have?

Everybody's: Oh, it varies with different seasons. Some months one hundred—some months nearly two hundred.

Friend (calculating): If it averaged one hundred and fifty, that would mean seventy-five thousand dollars a year.

Everybody's: No, seventy-five thousand a month.

Friend (startled): Do you mean that an advertiser will pay five hundred dollars for one page just for one month?

Everybody's: Exactly.

Friend (mental arithmetic): Why, that would mean the advertisers pay close on to a million dollars a year just to one magazine.

Everybody's: Correct.

Friend (flabbergasted): But I don't understand it at all. How can an advertiser afford to pay five hundred dollars for one page just one month? Five hundred dollars is a lot of money. Think what that will buy.

Everybody's: Can't think of any better way to spend it.

Friend (sarcastic): Of course you can't. You get it.

Everybody's (patient): The most wide-awake and successful business men in this country pay it month after month. They speak a year ahead for the chance to spend two thousand a month for that back cover.

Friend (dazed): But why do they do it? How can they afford it?

Everybody's (facetious): Oh, they are rich men and they love us so much.

Friend (completely muddled): I don't understand it. I can't see how it could possibly pay, and yet it must or they wouldn't do it. I'm really interested. Can you make it clear to me?

Everybody's (mollified): Happy to try. But it is a big subject and we have space only to sketch it.

Briefly, then: The fundamental purpose back of all advertising is salesmanship. The advertiser who takes a page in EVERYBODY'S believes he will sell enough more of his product to the readers of EVERYBODY'S to pay for the advertising and make a profit besides. If he asks the readers to mail their orders direct to him, we call him a "mail-order" advertiser. If he describes his product and expects the readers to go to the stores and ask for it, we say he is advertising for "general publicity."

"But," you ask, "how does the 'general publicity' advertiser know his advertising pays? He has no check on it."

Yes, he has. Take the case of a house which has been in business a great many years (a better test than a new house). They are not satisfied with their sales in, say, the state of Ohio. They advertise in the newspapers

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of the state. The sales jump. The connection is obvious.

Another house wants a bigger national business. They advertise in newspapers or magazines or both. Their sales jump. By experience they learn what kind of advertising and what mediums bring them the biggest returns for the money spent.

"Of course," say you, "advertising must pay, but I don't see yet how a page in EVERYBODY'S could possibly be worth five hundred dollars to an advertiser."

We ought to be able to make that clear. Suppose any advertiser or, to make the illustration more effective, suppose Mr. Heinz wished you to try one of his famous 57 varieties. He could not call on you personally, so he sends a representative. A gentleman to represent a gentleman. Prepossessing to get your favor. Intelligent to convince you. Now, this representative of Mr. Heinz's, however prepossessing, could not possibly secure more than twenty interviews a day, five hundred a month, and, however intelligent, he probably would not persuade more than half the people interviewed to try Mr. Heinz's product. Two hundred and fifty a month.

The price Mr. Heinz would have to pay such a representative to cover salary, traveling, board, and administration, would probably be about a hundred dollars a month, and he could employ five representatives for the price of a page in EVERYBODY'S, and the five might persuade twelve hundred and fifty people a month to try Mr. Heinz's product.

If you take exception to these figures, make your own. Make it ten people at fifty dollars each and five thousand persuaded.

Now, let us see what Mr. Heinz gets for his five hundred in EVERYBODY'S. EVERYBODY'S is so prepossessing, so intelligent, so convincing, that five hundred thousand people not only invite it and welcome it, but actually pay money for its monthly visit, and, when it arrives, the whole family wishes to hear what it has to say, believes in it, believes it. What an opportunity for Mr. Heinz. Two million readers of EVERYBODY'S, wide-awake, well-to-do, receptive, sitting at home comfortably chatting with a welcome guest who says quite naturally during some lull in the conversation: "Oh, by the way, I was talking with Mr. Heinz of Pittsburg last week and, do you know, he has a wonderful plant, enormous business, happy people, fine products. Have you tried that latest one of his? Mrs. Up-to-date has tried it, and she tells me it's delicious."

Do you begin to see how it works? And every day it works more and better. More and more people are reading advertisements. More and more care is taken to have them honest and attractive. How many of the two million readers of EVERYBODY'S would see Mr. Heinz's advertising? How many of those who see it would be won by it? Nobody knows. How could anybody know? But we do know that so many would see it, would be won by it, so many times more than by the five or ten canvassers as to make that method seem rank extravagance.

The publisher who by brains (or luck) has secured a great circulation has developed a mighty merchandising aid of which the live merchant is not slow to avail himself. Do you understand a little better now? A page of EVERYBODY'S is a real power, has a wide reach and superb vitality.

Some day we will take up the subject again and try to show you the mysteries of advertisement writing, how you are all unconsciously influenced by it.

Just a word more. Look on page 96b of the advertising section. We are beginning a series called "Little Advertising Stories," picturesque, human, informative. We are running these stories at considerable extra expense in order to help our readers to a better understanding of advertising, and a larger appreciation of the advertiser and the advertising agent.

The more you appreciate and patronize the advertiser through our pages, *the better for us*, and so we give up to this work the two pages of advertising index in the front of the book and these four to six pages in the back of the book—space with a market value of three thousand dollars devoted to this work every month—thirty-six thousand dollars a year to bring the reader and advertiser closer. You see how worth while we think it. You like to hear how a success has been built, don't you? Some of the most daring, thrilling stories of real life will be found in the tales of advertising successes and failures. Be sure to read the new Department, Page 96b of the Advertising Section.

Mr. Frothingham knows his subject. He will tell you some stories to make your blood dance. The Romance of the Kodak Girl. Williams of Glastonbury. The Sad Decease of Sunny Jim. Post's Reason—and many more. Doesn't it sound inviting?

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